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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XXI

CONCORD, N. H.

PUBLISHED BY THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

1896

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*Printed, Illustrated, and Electrotyped by
Republican Press Association (Monitor Press)
Concord, New Hampshire, U. S. A.*

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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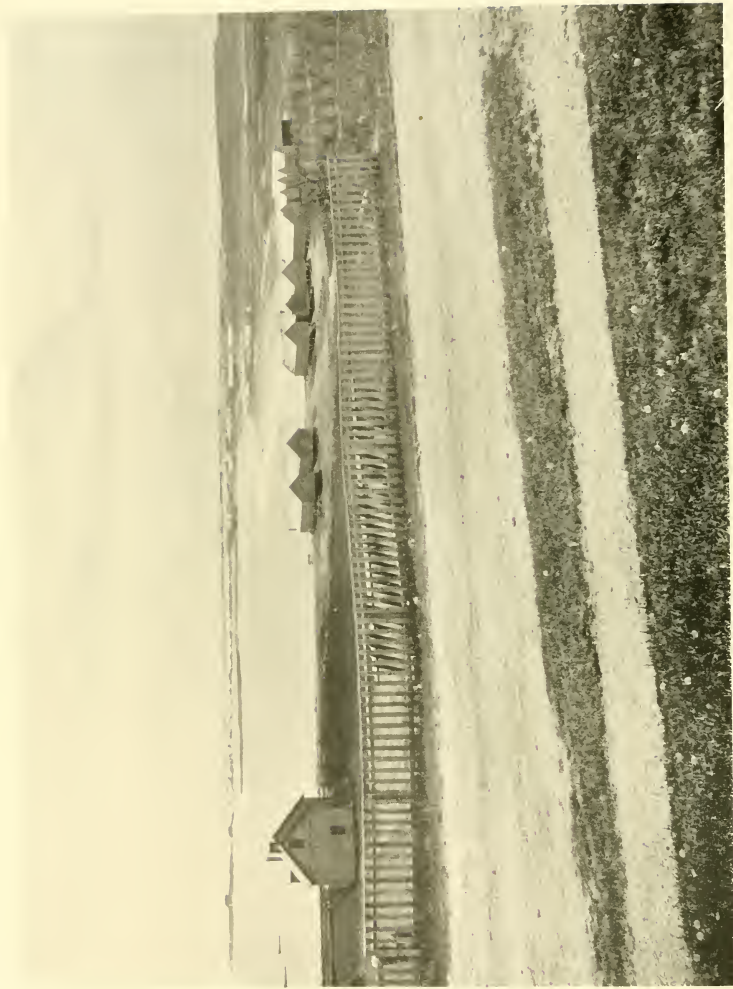
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HAMPTON NORTH BEACH FROM LITTLE BOAR'S HEAD.

Alfred Barnard
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

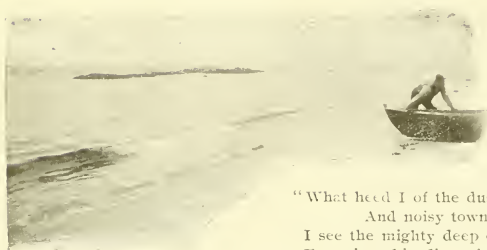
VOL. XXI.

JULY, 1896.

NO. 1.

HISTORIC HAMPTON.

By L. K. H. Lane.



"What heed I of the dusty land
And noisy town?
I see the mighty deep expand
From its white line of glimmering sand
To where the blue of heaven on blue
Waves shuts down!"—*Whittier.*



PARTICULAR interest attaches to the early history of the beautiful town of Hampton, so charmingly situated on the Atlantic seaboard, it being one of the four original towns of the province of New Hampshire, settled the same year with Exeter, and fifteen years after Dover and Portsmouth.

More than two hundred and fifty years have been counted off by old Father Time since the smoke from the chimney of the first white settlers' cabin, nestled among the towering pines of Winnacunnet, went curling

skyward, telling as it pursued its upward flight, that a new people had come to occupy this land of the red man. Perhaps it also foretold how unequal the contest for supremacy between the whites and their dusky brothers would thenceforth be, but if so, its concealed prophesy was then uninterpreted. Yet by the end of the first century of its joint occupation by the two races, the fate of one of them had already been told. Its numbers had decreased, slowly but nevertheless surely; the Indian had abandoned the trail, his scalping-knife no longer tortured its victim,

HISTORIC HAMPTON.



Old Nudd Place,
Ballard Place,
Norman Marston,
Charles Sargent.

Residence of Dr. Merril,
J. A. Lane.

and his wigwam had gone to decay. Only a fragmentary remnant of this once large and powerful race remained, and it offered no remonstrance to the assumption of the white man that

"I'm monarch of all I survey,
My rights there are none to dispute."

Winnacunnet, said to mean "Pleasant Place of Pines," was the original Indian name of Hampton. It embraced at the time of its settlement

by the
whites,
the larger
part of the
territory ly-

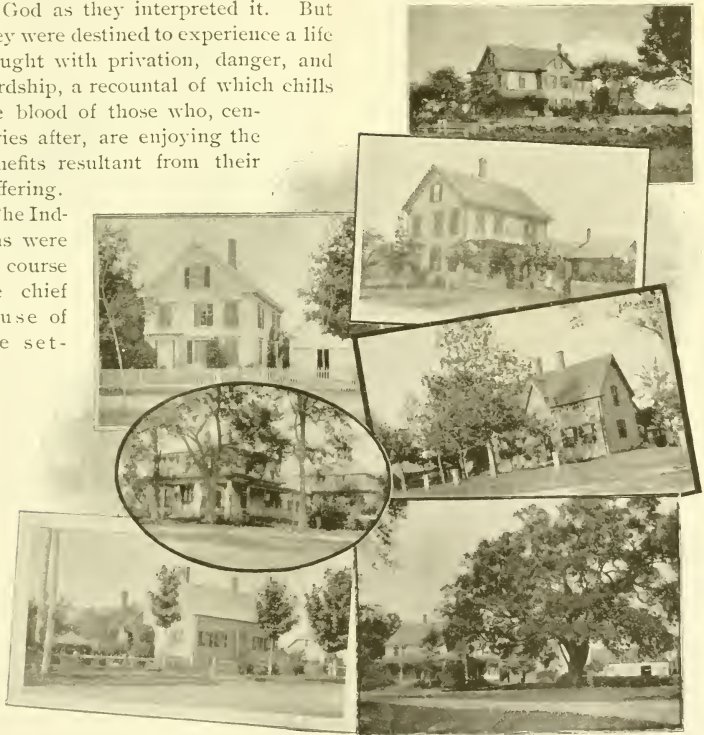
ing between the Merrimack river on the south, the Piscataqua on the north, and extending from the Squamscott on the west to the ocean, covering an area of more than one hundred square miles, including fully one half of New Hampshire's seacoast. Since that time, when Hampton formed one fourth of the entire province, her territory has been greatly reduced, six towns, viz., Kingston, East Kingston, Danville, Hampton Falls, Kensington, North Hampton, and a part of three more, Sandown, Seabrook, and Rye, having been taken therefrom.

Winnacunnet was included in the grant of New Hampshire in 1629, from the Council of Plymouth to Capt. John Mason. Seven years later the first house was built there, and was known as the "Bound House," it standing on the boundary line of Massachusetts. In 1638, Winnacunnet remaining yet unsettled, the general court granted to

Stephen Bachiler and others leave to locate here, and at that time the township can be said to have been practically founded. Mr. Bachiler and his associates, like the Pilgrims who landed from the *Mayflower* at Plymouth, were people who had been persecuted in England because of their religious belief, and sought in this new country, place and opportunity to exercise, untrammelled by obnoxious restriction and interference, the rights which they believed were justly theirs, to practise the religion of God as they interpreted it. But they were destined to experience a life fraught with privation, danger, and hardship, a recountal of which chills the blood of those who, centuries after, are enjoying the benefits resultant from their suffering.

The Indians were of course the chief cause of the set-

tlers' woe. In fact it may be said that they exceeded the combined force of all other adverse elements with which they had to contend, although each of itself was formidable enough, it would seem, to dishearten any endowed with less than the almost super-human power of endurance, and determination, which was exhibited in the lives of these early pioneers. The Indians, naturally belligerent, soon became envious of the whites and a constant strife waged between



Residence of Joseph Batchelder.
Dr. Smith.
Miss Isabelle Winthrop Stuart.

Residence of W. M. Pray.
Horace M. Lane.
"Crisey Corner" C. H. Turner.
Hampton Elm.



Miss Lucy E. Dow.

them, and many a life was sacrificed to appease the morbid frenzy of the savages. From the very beginning of the settlement the whites were in constant peril. Attacks and murders were of frequent occurrence. The settler who left his cabin to work in the clearing, in doing so took his life in his hands and often delivered it up a victim to the cruel weapon of his remorseless foe, or, spared such a fate, returned to find his cabin laid in ashes and the life of his wife and little ones gone out, a sacrifice to savage butchery. The founding of Hampton was prolific of such tragedy.

But the settlement grew in num-

bers rapidly, and in the spring of 1639 numbered some seventy-five persons, and on June 7 of that year the general court enacted as follows: "Winnacumnet is allowed to bee a towne & hath power to choose a constable & other officers & make orders for the well ordering of their towne and to send a deputy to the Court."



Joseph Dow.

During the next fall session of the general court, the Indian name of the place was changed, and the fact recorded as follows: "Winnacumnet shall bee called Hampton." The settlers were not permitted, however, to relax their vigilance, the attacks of the Indians continuing constant and unremitting. The meeting-house which the settlers hastened to build, completed and in use early in 1639, was enclosed within a fortification, and sentinels were stationed to give an alarm should the enemy appear while the people were engaged in worship. There were garrison houses, located in different parts of the town. The old Toppan house, now standing, was at one time used as such,



The Exeter Road.

and was enclosed by a stockade. Verily the church was the foundation upon which the town of Hampton was reared. Of the first trees that were felled in the forest, a part were used in the construction of a meeting-house. The settlers were a devout people, and as their numbers increased, this meeting-house, with others that followed it, became inadequate to their needs, when each in turn was superseded by a larger and more elaborate structure.

Of the first meeting-house, but little is recorded; it was built of logs, and was undoubtedly a very rude



Joel Jenkins's Cottage, North Beach.

any p'son shall discharge a Gunn in the Meeting House or any other House, without the leave of the owner or Householder, Hee or they shall forfeit five shillings, unless the p'son so offending doth peaceably make satisfaction, nor shall any p'son Ride or lead a Horse into the meeting House under the like penalty."

Another vote is thus engrossed on the town record: "To prevent danger by fire itt is ordered that if any p'son shall take any tobacco, or Carrie any fire or make use of any fire in the new meeting House or the fort



Hon. Amos Tuck.

affair, but yet served its purpose, and presumably the devotion of the worshippers within its walls was as ardent and sincere as that witnessed within the more pretentious sanctuaries of the present day, and yet it appears that there was even then a disturbing element, for in 1645 the people of Hampton made a regulation as follows: "It is ordered yt if



Judge Thomas Leavitt.



The old General Moulton House.

yard they shall forfitt
ten shillings for every such
offence the one Halfe to the Inform-
er & the other Halfe to the Towne."

The second meeting-house, which
was first occupied in 1650, was
without pews, having only narrow
benches, and a committee allotted
seats, observing the following rule:
"All the men to sett at the west end
and all the women sett at the east
end of the meeting house and the
devotion to be at the greet poest that

steeple was built at a cost of \$900,
and a bell placed therein.

Rev. Stephen Bachiler, who came
from England, was the first pastor
settled in Hampton, his pastorate ex-
tending from 1638 to 1641. He re-
turned to England in 1655, and died
at Hackney, a village in Middlesex,
near London, in 1660, in the one hun-
dredth year of his age. He was the
progenitor of the Batchelders, now
quite numerous in New Hampshire.
Mr. Thomas I. Batchelder, of North

is between the two
windoes."

The meeting-house
built in 1797, the fifth
in order, had "square
pews" and "singing
pews," also galleries.
The pulpit was a re-
markable specimen
of the joiner's art, of
lofty height, reached
by winding stairs,
and surmounted by a
great sounding-
board. In 1811 a



Rev. W. A. Pratter

Rev. D. H. Adams.

Rev. J. A. Foss.

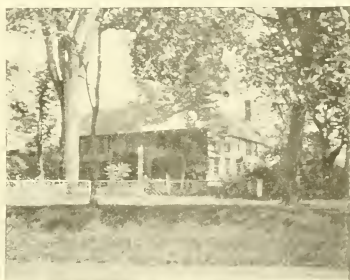


Hampton, has in his possession several articles that have been handed down from generation to generation of Batchelders, that formerly belonged to Rev. Stephen Bachiler. One of these articles is a contribution-box that was used in Hampton's first meeting-house. Still another is a wooden chest that he brought from England when he embarked for the new world. The advance in the religious conditions of Hampton has kept apace with the growth of the town, and there are now four religious societies in flourishing order, with attractive houses of worship, viz.: The Congregational, the oldest church in New Hampshire, having maintained continuous existence for more than two hundred years. During that long period of time were enrolled the names of many eminent divines installed over this church. Rev. J. A. Ross is at present its honored and beloved pastor. The Free Baptist, of which Rev. D. H. Adams, is pastor. The Methodist Episcopal, Rev. W. A. Prosser, pastor, and the Second Advent, which is without a resident pastor.

The progress of civilization was

Methodist Church. Congregational Church.
Baptist Church and Prison. Grammar School.
Town Hall.

rapid, the people appreciated the importance of education, and in less than ten years after the settlement of the town, a public school was established. John Legat was the first teacher, and his engagement is thus recorded. "On the 2 of the 2 Mo; 1649: The Selectmen of this Towne



Old Garrison House.

of Hampton have agreed with John Legat for this present yeare ensuing. To teach and instruct all the children of or belonging to our Towne, both mayle and femaile (weh are capiable of learning) to write and read and cast accountes, (if it be desired), as diligently and as carefully as he is able to teach and instruct them; And so diligently to follow the said imploymentt att all such time and times this yeare ensuing, as the wether shall be fitting for the youth to com together to one place to be instructed; And also to teach and instruct them once in a week, or more, in some Arthodox chatechise provided for them by their parents or masters. And in consideration hereof we have agreed to pay, or cause to be payd unto the said John Legat, the som of Twenty pounds, in corne and cattle and butter att price curreant, as payments are made of such goods in this Towne,

and this to be payd by us quarterly, paying £5 every quarter of the yeare after he has begun to keep school."

From this beginning, interest in educational matters continued, and as the town increased in population and wealth, new means and methods were adopted to improve the public school system, and Hampton became famous for its fine schools. Nearly all of its teachers before the Revolution were college graduates, and Latin was taught here in 1714. In June, 1810, Hampton academy was incorporated under the name of Hampton Proprietary school, which name was never changed by act of legislature. It soon took high rank among the preparatory schools of New England, and although less fortunate in the matter of endowment than many similar institutions, notably its neighbor, Phillips academy at Exeter, it continued to maintain an enviable record. On its list of instructors



John H. Fogg.
Jacob T. Crown.

D. O. Leavitt.
D. W. T. Merrill.

Ernest G. Cole.
O. H. Whittier.

Abbott Norris.
Dr. M. F. Smith.



were the names of many able men, including that of Andrew Mack, its first preceptor, whose term of service was three years, Roswell Harris, A. M., Amos Tuck, Timothy O. Norris, A. M., whose preceptorship covered a period of twelve years, Joseph Dow, and others.

Hampton academy has graduated many young men who have won distinction in public life; judges, representatives, and senators in congress, railroad magnates, and governors of states are included in the number. Rufus Choate, the eminent jurist and statesman, completed his preparatory course here, as did the Hon. Amos Tuck, who afterwards was preceptor of the academy, and for many years served on its board of trustees. He was a man of recognized ability, and became prominent as a lawyer and representative in congress. He was also one of the founders of the Republican party. His ancestors were among the early settlers of Hampton, and his great

and life-long interest in Hampton academy, combined with his many fine personal qualities, greatly endeared him to the people of the town.

On January 22, 1883, the academy building was moved from the site it had so long occupied on "Meeting-house Green," to a lot donated by Christopher G. Toppa, near the town hall. A wide, public thoroughfare was laid out, connecting the two roads leading to the ocean, and named Academy avenue, on which the academy fronted. On September 14, 1885, Hampton academy and high school began its consolidated career with Prof. Jack Sanborn as principal, and he has since successfully conducted the school. The people of Hampton feel a just pride in this time-honored institution, and its alumni, scattered over the globe, cherish for it an endearing love and veneration, and the hope is entertained that the future has rich blessings in store for it, and that it will continue to occupy a prominent place



Odd Fellows' Building.

among the famed educational institutions of the land.

This brief sketch of Hampton academy would be to many readers incomplete indeed, did it not contain a reference to "Grandsir Harden," who might not inaptly be termed the beloved mascot of the school, whose humble abode, a little, one-story, unpainted house, stood for many years within the shadow of the academy building. Its latch-string was always out to the pupils of the school, and

each of the great number that came and went during many years of its most prosperous career, felt an interest, reciprocated by the venerable man, that amounted almost to joint ownership in the little home. Samuel Harden was born in 1792, and died in 1877. He was a pensioner of the War of 1812, and for many years the faithful village sexton, one of whose devolving duties was the ringing of the curfew bell.

Superstition was rife in colonial days, and witchcraft was accorded undue prominence in affairs, in which Hampton shared to too great an extent, thereby producing a blot on her otherwise fair fame. There were within the borders of the town no less than a dozen persons who were



S. W. Dearborn.



Col. S. H. Dumas.

called witches, and regarded with hatred and fear. Conspicuous among them was Goody Cole, whose name has been made famous by the poet Whittier, in "The Wreck of Rivermouth," and other poems. This unfortunate person was publicly whipped, and twice sentenced to

Boston jail. After being indicted by the grand jury for witchcraft the second time, and spending several months in jail, the court rendered the following unique decision in her case: "In y^e case of Unis Cole, now prisoner att y^e Bar not Legally guilty according to inditement butt just ground of vehement suspissyou of



J. Parker Blake.

her haveing had famillyarryty with the devill.

Jonas Clarke
in the name of the rest."

She was thereupon liberated and returned to Hampton, where the remainder of her days were passed.

There are strange legends concerning this eccentric character, and her shadowy life has been made the subject of many a story, interwoven with fiction and embellished by fancy. To this day, children sitting on their mother's knee, listen to weird stories of the mysterious power exerted by this odd creature in Hampton, more than two centuries ago.

In earlier years the people of Hampton engaged in commercial as well as agricultural pursuits, and the privileges afforded by the waterway of Hampton river were utilized for the purpose of traffic with other sea-ports, and by means of the shallop at



J. A. Lane.

first, and later by larger and more pretentious vessels, trade was carried on with Boston, the West Indies, and other foreign ports. Vessels were built in Hampton and sailed thence commanded by Hampton men, and manned by sailors of the town. Hampton was at one time dignified as a port of entry, and in April, 1696, Nathaniel Weare, Esq., was appointed naval officer there, "to enter and clear all vessels for what goods imported or exported and to receive all duties & imports, as by Law."

Of the more prominent ship builders of Hampton, those who acquired a large competency from vessel traffic



A Wreck.



J. A. Lane & Co's Store.

J. W. Mason's Store and St. John's Hall.

D. O. Leavitt's Store.

and fishery, were Col. Christopher Toppan, David Nudd, and John Johnson.

The schooner, *William Tell*, belonging to the last named, made fifty-two trips in one year from Hampton to Boston and return, one each week. The schooner, *Harriet Neal*, owned and commanded by the same party, made two voyages to the West Indies. In 1849 she took a hundred passengers to Chagres on the Isthmus of Panama *en route* to the gold mines of California.

The rocky formation of portions of Hampton's sea-coast make it a dangerous shore that is much dreaded by mariners, and upon which many an unfortunate craft has been driven to destruction. On Sunday, February 9, of the present year, the three-masted schooner, *Glendon*, coal laden,

from Port Johnson, N. Y., to St. John, N. B., during a terrible snow storm was wrecked near Boar's Head. The crews of the Rye Beach and Wallis Sands life-saving stations were summoned by telephone, and brought their life-boat and other apparatus a distance of six miles, over hard and badly-drifted roads. After a long and very nearly fatal delay, a line was fired across the doomed craft and being secured by the almost exhausted sailors, their entire number of seven men were taken off by means of the breeches buoy. One of the most notable wrecks here was that of the British steamship, *Sir Francis*, in February, 1873. The frequency with which wrecks have occurred here has demonstrated the importance of having a life-saving station on Hampton beach, a matter

that has been too long deferred. Senator Gallinger has recently introduced a bill in congress favorable to that end, and already the establishment of such a station is an assured fact.

During the perilous times of Indian wars, when the fate of the colonies was problematical; in Revolutionary days, while struggling for independence and the casting off of the yoke of British oppression; and through the dark years of the Civil War;—the brave men of Hampton were foremost in volunteering their services in defence of their country and the blessed cause of freedom, and their heroic actions and deeds of valor are accorded the highest honor within the power of the people to give, and are worthy of emulation by all coming generations.

Space will permit of only a brief allusion in this article to a few persons whose names have been prominently connected with the history of Hampton. General Jonathan Moulton was born July 21, 1726, and died September 18, 1787. He took an active part in the Indian wars, and

also in the Revolution; was rich in lands and cattle, and transacted a large commercial business. His house is yet standing, a conspicuous object of interest to tourists and to students of the history of "the times that tried men's souls."

Col. Christopher Toppan, who was born January 18, 1735, and died February 28, 1818, was a man of great intellect and fine educational attainments; was engaged in shipping and mercantile pursuits, served as a representative, senator, councillor, and two years as one of the justices of the court of common pleas.

The name of Joseph Dow will long claim honorable remembrance. He was born April 12, 1807, and died in 1889; a learned man who graduated at Dartmouth College in 1833. He wrote the history of Hampton, a most valuable and comprehensive work, published in 1893. In this labor he was ably assisted by his daughter, Lucy E. Dow, whose death occurred since the advent of the present year.

Uri Lamprey, who died in 1881, aged 72 years, was during his life a prominent man in public affairs of



The Shoe Factory.

town, county, and state, and a politician whose influence was recognized far and near, and although a member of the Democratic party, the minority party in Hampton, he held many town



offices. He was a delegate to the constitutional convention in 1850, represented the town in the legislature, and was a member of the executive council. He was a man of great natural ability, and possessed the qualities that made him a leader among his fellow men. By some he was termed a dictator, so great was the influence he exerted over certain numbers of the inhabitants, who, as one party put it, "thought him a bigger man than old Jackson," and associated him in their minds as connected with all passing events, illustrative of which we will relate the following anecdote:

One day in the autumn of a certain year, an advertising team drove through some of Hampton's principal streets, including the one to

Boar's Head, and painted on fences and rocks the letters "T L," for the purpose of exciting curiosity, and to cause people to inquire as to their meaning, while another team was to follow some days later, and supply the missing letters of the two words, which when completed was the name of a patent medicine. Two gunners who had during the night gone down to the shore and out on a gunning trip off Boar's Head, when they came in in the morning and started for their homes up town, loaded with ozone which was blown over from the classic shades of Newburyport, first saw the mysterious letters referred to and wondered what they meant; and as

each pair of bars on the way up was reached, on every one were the mystic symbols, before which they stopped, queried and commented at such length that



Jacob T. Brown and Frank B. Brown,
S. W. Dearborn,

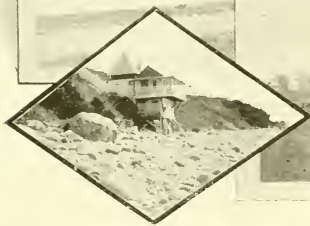
Clarence T. Brown,
John H. Fogg,

Moses W. Brown.

their journey home threatened to consume the greater part of the day.

But the mystery only deepened. "What can the letters mean?" At last one of them threw up his hands and shouted, "Hurrah! I have it: T for Uri, and L for Lamper. Oh! holy, how plain I see it." The days of Uri Lamprey are now no more, but the quaint saying, "T for Uri, and L for Lamper," is a common proverb in Hampton to-day.

here from 1797 to 1807, and who later was president of Bowdoin College, a daughter was born in Hampton, Jane Means, who became the accomplished wife of President Franklin Pierce, and as the first lady of the land presided over the White House with a dignity and charming grace that reflected honor upon herself and the town of her nativity.



Cottages at Hampton Beach.

Cottages of A. L. Japlin, W. H. Carier, C. R. Mason.
Dr. Mitchell's Lodge.

Beach's Cottage.

Manchester Cottages at Hampton.

Hon. Thomas Leavitt, judge of probate for Rockingham county, is a Hampton man by birth and education, and is devotedly attached to the old town. The Toppans, the Shaws, the Mars tons, and the Towles, have all been prominent families in Hampton for generations past.

To Rev. Jesse Appleton, D. D., settled over the Congregational church

Of secret and fraternal societies in town, that of Odd Fellowship occupies the more prominent place. Rockingham Lodge Number 22, I. O. O. F., was instituted at Hampton Falls in 1848, and removed to Hampton in 1883. This lodge now numbers 170 members, and is one of the most prosperous in the state. It has recently erected and completed a large and



Ocean House.

elegant building of colonial style of architecture, to be dedicated to the use of the fraternity. Winnacunnet Rebekah lodge and Hunto Encampment, are both prosperous branches of the order. Winnacunnet Council, Junior Order United American Mechanics, another fraternal organization, has a membership of 100.

Hampton has a public library in a flourishing condition, established in 1881, and now numbering more than two thousand volumes.

A general store was opened in Hampton in 1786, by Elisha Johnson. Two rooms in his dwelling-house were used for store purposes—one for groceries, the other for dry goods. In the latter a bed was utilized for a counter.

"Uncle

'Lisha," as he was familiarly called, was proverbially honest and generous, and treated others as being the same. He never had locks on his store doors. He transported his goods from Boston, first in whaleboats, and afterwards in larger vessels which he owned.

It is related that on one occasion the captain of one of his schooners purchased a cargo of goods of a firm in



Boar's Head Hotel—East side.

Boston, with which he had not previously traded. It being in the days before mercantile agencies were established, the firm became uneasy about their new customer in New Hampshire, and sent one of their number by stage to Hampton, to look after what they feared was a bad sale. The time that had elapsed was but three weeks, and goods in those days were sold on six months' time, hence Mr. Johnson was not a little surprised when waited upon by the representative of the Boston firm, but he quickly sized up the situation, and asking his caller into the other room, pulled from under the bed a china receptacle filled with golden eagles, and counting out the amount of the bill handed it to the astonished merchant, who was profuse in his apologies and solicited another order, but "Uncle 'Lisha" good-naturedly told him he would not cause him further anxiety, and he never afterwards patronized that



Cutler's Sea View House.

firm. He amassed a large competency, and business was continued at that stand by him and his successors for more than one hundred years.

Of the merchants now in business in Hampton, the firm of J. A. Lane & Co., established in 1848, is the oldest and, as general traders, they do an extensive business. There are other well-kept grocery, hardware, drug, dry goods, millinery stores, etc., all conducted by enterprising and prosperous firms.

Although Hampton has superior railroad facilities, it has developed no particular manufacturing enterprise. The shoe business flourished for a time, and some three hundred hands found employment in the large factory on the "new road," which was built with local capital, and the



New Boars Head.

Marston & True manufacture, by steam, specialties for the use of carriage manufacturers.

A new industry here is that of piano-making, established the present year by Moses W. Brown, an artisan skilled in the business, having been engaged for years with one of the leading piano manufacturers of Boston. Mr. Brown manufactures high-grade pianos in all styles of finish.

To the summer boarding business, however, must be awarded the palm as the leading industry of Hampton, as it is elsewhere throughout the Granite state.

In 1654 the first public house, or ordinary as it was then called, was opened in Hampton by Robert Tuck, who was allowed by the county court "to sell wine and strong water."



Hampton Beach Hotel.

quiet old village took on an air of surprising activity. The building boom was something before unknown, and owners of corner lots wore complacent smiles, and entertained exalted ideas of the value of their possessions, but all at once the shoe business here stopped, like "Grandfather's Clock," never to go again, and the big factory has for years remained in a state of innocuous desuetude.



Hotel Whittier.

Other public houses, from time to time, succeeded this one, and about 1735 Lieut. Jonathan Leavitt opened a tavern in the village, on the site of the present Hotel Whittier, which latter structure was erected in 1816. Thus it will be seen that for a period covering more than one hundred and fifty years, this famous corner has been a place of entertainment for the traveller on business or pleasure bent, and there is no more popular house to be found to-day than Hotel Whit-

temment revealed the fact that Nature had not been chary in bestowing her beauteous charms upon this section of the universe, termed by one enraptured visitor, "The garden-spot of New England." Hampton North Beach with its wild surroundings is a most captivating retreat, where the balsamic pine and fir grow luxuriantly close down by the shore, and their fragrance mingling with the ozone wafted in from over old ocean make it an ideal resort for the seeker



The Leonia.

tier, or a more genial host than its landlord, Otis H. Whittier. This house is largely patronized by summer guests, and in winter by sleighing parties as well; its favorable location, being situate about equal distance from Portsmouth, Exeter, Amesbury, and Newburyport, makes it a most attractive Mecca to which the youthful pilgrims journey by cutter and barge, during the cold and biting days and nights of winter, in search of the pleasure that can always be found in the music halls, and at the festive board of the Whittier.

The attention of tourists was early attracted to Hampton, and quick dis-

cernment revealed the fact that Nature had not been chary in bestowing her beauteous charms upon this section of the universe, termed by one enraptured visitor, "The garden-spot of New England." Hampton North Beach with its wild surroundings is a most captivating retreat, where the balsamic pine and fir grow luxuriantly close down by the shore, and their fragrance mingling with the ozone wafted in from over old ocean make it an ideal resort for the seeker

for health and recuperation. This locality bids fair to become most popular, and real estate here is fast increasing in value. The large summer boarding-house of Jacob B. Leavitt is located on the spot where the first beach house was built in 1800.

There are other private boarding-

houses, and the new and commodious hotel, "The Leonia," was opened the present season by F. M. Crosby, who is the proprietor and manager.

This house is delightfully situated amid romantic scenery, and is thoroughly equipped with all conveniences and appliances known to modern hotel art, and no effort is spared



Leavitt's, North Beach.

to make the entertainment of its guests complete. Here are to be found some very pretty and attractive cottages, including that of Joel Jenkins of Montclair, New Jersey, the wealthy inventor of the safety pin, picturesquely situated near the old mill on "Nook Lane." Also the "Red house," the summer home of Mrs. Susan B. Hill, a cultured lady of recognized literary ability, among whose published works is a history of Danbury, Connecticut, just issued. Mrs. Hill is enthusiastic in her adoration of Hampton north side.

From Hampton shore, reaching its nose far out into the ocean, as in a vain endeavor to connect with the Isles of Shoals, is the promontory known as Boar's Head, which has a reputation as a seashore resort that is of more than local extent. It is a strikingly odd formation of earth, thrown up by nature, with a gradual rise from the westward, to a height of sixty feet above the level of the ocean. Its surface of twenty acres is covered with velvety green grass, while its base is bathed and buffeted by the waves of the Atlantic. It is an ideal spot, with which no other on the New England coast can compare for a summer hotel. This fact was long since established, for Boar's Head was one of the first watering places to be opened up in New Eng-

land, its history as such antedating by more than fifty years that of Bar Harbor and other of the popular summer resorts of the present day.

The first hotel was built on Boar's Head in 1819 and opened to the public one year later. It stood very near the site of the present Hampton Beach hotel, and was conducted first, by Richard Greenleaf, and later by Uri Lamprey. In 1827 the property was purchased by Thomas Leavitt, who enlarged and otherwise improved the house, and became a very popular and successful landlord. The house was burned in 1854 and was not rebuilt until 1872, when two of Mr. Leavitt's sons, T. and J. L. Leavitt, opened the present commodious and well appointed Hampton Beach hotel, which has enjoyed a liberal patronage. Its location is exceptionally fine, from its broad piazzas a sea breeze is always to be obtained, no matter from what point of the com-



End of Boar's Head.

pass the wind may blow, while every window in the house commands a view of the ocean.

In 1826 a large hotel was built on the summit of the promontory and named the Boar's Head Hotel. It was owned by a company, and managed by different parties until finally sold, together with the Granite House, situated at the base of the Head, to Col. S. H. Dumas, who had previously conducted the Phenix, at Concord, and other well known hotels. He immediately introduced many improvements, and made extensive additions to the Boar's Head, and under his management it had a most prosperous career, until in 1894 it fell a victim to the devouring element, fire. Its loss was a staggering blow to Hampton Beach, but Colonel Dumas transferred his attention to the Granite House, and with commendable enterprise, remodelled and enlarged the same, fitting it with modern improvements, and had it in readiness for the next season's travel. This house which has been renamed the New Boar's Head, is a cosy, as well as roomy, house, situated close by the water, and here Colonel Dumas receives his guests with that hearty welcome and hospitality that has made him famous as "an ideal boniface." Fire has more than once visited Hampton Beach with disastrous result, and its effect is still painfully noticeable. In 1885, the Ocean House, the largest hotel there, was burned, and has never been rebuilt. South of Boar's Head, about midway of the long stretch of the pretty cottages that skirt the roadway as it follows the circuitous shore of the bay, is Cutler's Sea View House, and who has not heard of this famous

resort, of its fish dinners, and bird suppers, that are the delight of the epicurean? Cutler's is to Hampton Beach, what Taft's was to Point Shirley, and any one to be familiar with the highest degree of excellence in the gastronomic art, must have sampled the larder at Cutler's.

The visitor to Hampton who inclines to sport with gun and rod will find ample opportunity to exercise his skill. The salt meadows afford good feeding ground for small birds, while during the late summer and early autumn the off-shore gunning is excellent, as is both fresh and salt water fishing. Then there are the Hampton clams, famed for their superior quality. One can at will go down and dig these succulent bivalves, and amid the rocks and seaweed on the shore, prepare a bake that will outrival any that Demonico's chef can produce.

Another and not the least attractive or important feature that Hampton possesses, is its hard, smooth roads with their shade of evergreen foliage. They are unsurpassed in the way of country roads, and in these days of pneumatic tires hold out inducements found by many to be simply irresistible. As a seaside resort, the place lays no claim to the excitement and glitter incident to summer life at Newport, Sorrento, and Bar Harbor, but one can journey far, and not find a more pleasing combination of scenery than that with which Hampton is adorned. Highlands upon which are finely cultivated fields, contrasting in pleasing effect, with meadows green, through which flow shaded brooks of clearest water, and broad acres of salt meadows, coursed with numberless streams, supplied by Atlantic's

ceaseless tide. A shore diversified enough to charm a disciple of Acadia. Miles of hard, white, glittering sand, stretches of pebbly waste, over which the waves ripple with constant motion, and headlands bold and picturesque. Coupled with these attractions, is the fact that the famous White Mountain range, with its incomparable scenery, the state of Maine, with its wonderful coast, Casco and Penobscot bays, Mount Desert and numberless summer-haunted beaches, coves, and islands, and the great business centres of Boston, and New York city, are all within a few hours' ride of Hampton in New Hampshire.

A WARRIOR.

By Samuel Hoyt.

I see the cliff the storm defy,
Though all the winds and waves assail;
It lifts its knightly crest on high
And mocks the fury of the gale.

It spurns the breakers at its feet,
Breasts the fell blasts' impetuous shock,
And sets 'gainst javelins of sleet
Its adamant shield of rock.

Here at the harbor breach it fends
The inland hamlet from the wrack,
And to the tempest's teeth it sends
Its wrathful challenge headlong back.


And when, with broken ranks, the storm
Beats quick retreat beneath the stars,
Still towers erect its dauntless form,
All covered with its battle-scars.

THE BENEFACTION OF MELANCTHON DOWNS.

By Francis Dana.

I.

THE SOWING.

“ND now,” said Miss Eglesworth at the end of a long discourse in which she had tried to set Melancthon's faults plainly before him, “you git along spry and go to sweetenin' them garden' beds!”

One might think the “sweetening of garden-beds” a light, fairy-like employment to be plied amid the charming influences of dew-moonlight and the music of the nightingale, and by no means unenjoyable.

But the proposed sweetener was aware of the euphemism, and frowned,

well knowing that sweetenin' as applied to gardens is mineral phosphate—a homely substance beloved of none of the senses (except the common which esteems it for usefulness) and to be imparted to the soil by active labor with hoe and rake.

Usefulness was no recommendation to Melancthon, who hated the quality in theory and was consistent in practice.

He had been taken by Miss Eggleworth into her home in his helpless, unattractive childhood, and she had done her best to bring him up kindly and well, and fit him for life. She had been well off for an inhabitant of Caraway village, and he had shared all her comforts and small luxuries.

But recently Miss Eggleworth had lost much of her property, if one can lose much of little. With hardly enough left for her own support she had still kept the boy, for she knew that "Lanky" Downs, as he was generally called, had succeeded in making himself disliked by all the village and that no other home would be open to him if he left hers.

Melancthon, however, did not feel the obligation. On the contrary he held himself aggrieved that *her* losses should have obliged *him* to bear privations and do work to which he was not accustomed, and grew sulky, obstinate, and impertinent.

He had a great opinion of himself and felt that his abilities would make their mark in a wider sphere than Caraway.

He despised the Carawayans.

In a state of mind to which all these thoughts and feelings contributed, he went to the garden.

"I ain't a-goin' ter break my back

a-workin' to keep Elviry off'n th' County Farm," he said to himself. "Not me!"

And having crept unobserved into the house, he put on his best clothes, and wishing the worst of luck to Miss Eggleworth, her neighbors, and Caraway at large, went out over the hills.

But first he said, "*I'll put that bag o' sweetenin' where it'll do some good.*"

If he had known how truly he spoke when he said that he never would have said the words nor have done the act to which they had reference.

II.

THE SUMMER.

There are times when the people of this world may be seen to congregate in open places and stare blankly, but earnestly, skyward at some other, whose actions are not at all likely to affect their interests at all and with which they have no business whatever.

Sometimes, indeed, it leaves a message for one or two, but the many are vaguely pleased, remark "Oh! wonderful" and go home none the wiser.

Moved by a like impulse the inhabitants of Caraway were wont to gather at evening on the platform of what was known to them as "the Deep-Oh" to behold the transit of the north-bound train.

In the summer that followed the departure of Melancthon, one warm evening in July, their punctuality met with an unexpected reward. The train in defiance of precedent and custom, stopped. "*Caaaara-aaaay!*" the brakeman shouted, with that happy blending of the stentorian and the nasal which none but railroad officials can achieve.

A large trunk was hurled upon the platform and the people clustered about the car steps to look at the new arrival. Now the "city-boarder" with his puzzling eccentricities, strange paraphernalia, and shocking disregard of the rural proprieties was as yet unknown to the region.

It was, therefore, with no little amazement that the Carawayans saw emerge from the smoking-car a stout man of middle age, clad in such apparel and so mannered as their eyes had never beheld nor their fancies even dimly shadowed forth.

On the back of his head, framing his ruddy countenance, like a golden halo round the harvest-moon, hung a straw hat, broad of brim as any hay-maker's but stiff, neat, and shiny, as an elder's Sunday best.

His ample shoulders and hippopotamic back and sides, displayed a gay flannel jacket ("striped fer all th' world like a tater-bug," said one) and its open front left bare a wide expanse of checked shirt, adorned with a scarf of like ornamental pattern, tied in a jaunty knot.

The upper and the nether man were divided by a crimson sash some six or eight inches wide, below which bulky white flannel trousers extended to a pair of shoes of russet leather, each sharpened to a fine point.

This apparition bounced off the train, closely followed by another whose apparel was even more startling, for it was evidently a series of selections from the last year's wardrobe of the stout person himself and flapped (as good Queen Bess is said to have danced, "high and disposedly") about the long, lank person of its second tenant.

He, laden with many burdens, in-

cluding a valise, a basket, a coffin-like leathern case, and a bundle of shawls, walking-sticks, umbrellas, and fishing-rods in a strap, stumbled awkwardly after his employer who called out to him with an impatient voice, "Come-come-come! Don't stand idling about there—can't you see the train wants to start? Go get me a carriage and mind you don't drop any of those things! Get a move on!"

The man thus adjured, grinned, touched his hat (ducking his head to meet his heavy-laden hand), and disappeared round the corner of the station in search of a vehicle.

The throng was divided. The more active followed the man of burden, others gathered close about the gentleman in the blazer, and two small boys set off at full speed to spread the news in the village.

The new-comer bore the thrusting of eyes a moment, and then burst out in wrath: "Well, well, well, my good friends! What in the name of all that 's new and strange and beautiful is the matter?"

They backed away a little, but stared, if possible, harder than before.

"What is it, my dear people? Has there been a smash-up? Am I the corpse, and are you the coroner's jury? If so will you kindly reach a verdict and leave off sitting as soon as you can?"

"Can't an ordinary, commonplace specimen of humanity in a humble walk of life stand on your blessed platform without being gawped at like a wild Abyssinian mystery in a dime show? Can't an *Incalid*—hullo, you lazy reprobate," he shouted, as his man came back with an increased following, "how long does it take

you to call a carriage? Why don't you put those things in the hack? Where is the hack?"

"Plaze, sorr," said the man stooping again to touch his hat, "there do be no hack at arl in this place."

"Well, then where 's the omnibus, the hearse, the hotel conveyance, whatever it is?"

"Sure, sorr, there do be no hotel conveyance at arl fur lack av a hotel, an' as fur th' hearse, plaze sorr it—"

"No hotel? Where are we, anyway? Look here, my friend"—and he turned sharply to a bystander—"am I at Caraway, or am I not?"

"You be," said the person addressed. "This is Caraway—this here village."

"Then where 's the Riverside House?"

"Aint no sech place—not's I ever heerd tell on."

"What 's this?" The traveller felt in all his pockets and from the last and most remote drew the prospectus of a summer hotel and handed it to the Carawayan, who pored over it industriously, while his neighbors craned their necks across his shoulders.

"Come now! Do you say there 's no such house?"

"N-no," said the native geographer with great deliberation, returning the document. "No. I aint sayin' they aint no sech house. They may be a dozen, or they may be two dozen jest such houses f'r all I know—but" (lowering his tone to the whisper of one who imparts important and exclusive information of great price) "but, they aint none on 'em here! This house, as you 're a-seeking after, is in Caraway, Varmount."

"Why!—is n't this?"

"This—here—is Caraway, New Hampshire. Where be you from?"

The traveller was speechless for the moment, and seemed about to burst with his emotions so his man answered:

"From Yorrk city, we be."

"You don't say! Wal—I presumed likely. You'd orter got off'n th' cars 'bout seventy mile back, down road to th' junction, an' took the other line. An' then, ef nothin' hadn't a happened to ye you'd a be'n there now—both on ye."

The traveller turned an angry face upon his servitor, who was grinning widely at their mistake.

"You unmitigated numbskull! This is what I get by trusting you with a simple errand! Did n't I tell you to get tickets for Caraway, Vermont?"

"Ye did not sorr. No sorr. Niver a wurd av Varmunt was iver spake betwane ayther av us. Av ye'd be plazed to hov me recarl th' convarsashin sorr," he continued, in spite of explosive interruptions and commands to hold his peace, "ye carried me to yer room in th' early mornin' an' says you, 'Go to the stashin' (sure I disremimber now phawt stashin ye said) but 'Go to that stashin ye carritt-hidded ruffi'n,' says you sorr, spakin' viry plisint, 'an' git two tickets for Corraway.' I wint th' place ye towld me an' says I to th' man, 'Two tickets fer Corraway,' says I. 'Do ye be anny chance mane Corraway, New Hampshy?' says the man. 'Roight ye are,' says I (thinkin' he knew his business) an' wid that he han's out two tickets an' change. An' when I give 'em to ye sorr an' says I 'Do that be roight?' then says you, 'kape th' change ye

avaraycious scoundrel,' says you sorr, 'an' be off about packin' up me things.' An' now I ax ye sorr, yer-self—was iver a wurd annyways relatin' to Varmunt iver mintioned in th' convarsashin av us at arrl?"

During this oration, delivered in the impassioned manner of one who pleads a just cause and whose heart is in his plea, and with such gestures as the weight of luggage on the speaker's hands would permit, the traveller had gradually regained his temper.

"Now, Phelim," said he, "as you 've brought me into this City of Perpetual Inspection," (waving his hand at the interested Carawayans) "you'd better find me a lodging. No Sunday trains, of course—we're stuck here till Monday."

"Arr anny av yez aware av a noight's lodgin' fur a invalid an' his man?" Phelim inquired of the public.

They took counsel with each other and held aloof. Was it safe to entertain an invalid of such unusual and violent demeanor? Would it look well in the eyes of the community to be associated with such people, on the Sabbath of all days?

"Sure th' ixposure will be afther killin' me employer av ye lave him stay out arl noight," said Phelim.

"And if this ruffian in silk attire—this sanguinary hireling of mine—is compelled to run at large in the darkness I wont be responsible for any damage he may do!" said the invalid. "Come—the hospitality of New Hampshire is proverbial—people have written books on the subject. My dear sirs! Can't you put us up somehow?"

"Wal"—said one "we haint got no great 'commodations fer strange

folks an' thet's a fact. But Elviry Egglesworth she lives jest down th' road a-piece. She's a lone woman in a big house an' like enough hez room fer comp'ny."

So, on the principle that advocates the greatest good to the greatest number, the village was saved at the expense of the "lone woman."

Miss Egglesworth, poor soul, marvelled greatly when two such unprecedented strangers arrived at her door, and was frightened, in spite of the explanation of the man who brought the trunk in his ox-cart that "they aint nothin' only some city folks," but the manner of the invalid, softened in her presence to a jovial kind of deference, reassured her.

She was glad as she acknowledged to herself, to "hev somethin' 'live 'bout th' house once more."

"I'm 'fraid they aint nothin' much here to feed to two sech hearty folks as you be," said she, thinking of her scanty larder.

"Madam," said the invalid, "make yourself quite at ease on that point. I defy any one to starve me! Phelim, you cormorant! Where is my luncheon? Bring it here!—The fact is, Madam," he continued in a tone so pleasant and gentle that she quite recovered from the tremor occasioned by his roar at Phelim, "the human organization is far too delicate a thing, in my case especially—for I am a sad sufferer, Madam—to be subjected to risks of any kind. I never allow myself to travel in unknown places without a certain quantity of proper food. Phelim, you utter ignoramus! don't bring that in here! take it to the kitchen!"

"An' how be I, plaze sorr, t' know plhweer th' kitchen is—seein'—"

"Madam, how is he to know where the kitchen is?"

"I'll show him out there," said Miss Figglesworth.

"There will be enough for supper," said the invalid, laying out upon the deal table what seemed to the hostess a week's supplies. "Yes, there will be enough for supper, for to-morrow we will endeavor somehow to provide, Monday morning and we are off. You will assist my poor appetite by your presence and example, Madam? I insist! You will join me? Phelim—who told you to build a fire? What do you mean by taking such a liberty in Madam's house? Now you may

warm this chicken-pie—not the lobster—mind—but this, you may fry some of the ham—open this bottle of claret—bring everything into the dining-room—or, no—set the table here—it's cozy! When Madam and I have done, you are to allay your insatiable greed by devouring every morsel that is left. You hear me, Phelim?"

Having supped with tremendous gusto on a variety of indigestibles, the invalid bade his hostess good night and betook himself to bed, and soon the walls echoed the thunder of his repose.

[*To be continued.*]

ACHSAH WRAY.

[A Tale of Nonquit Hill and the Naupaug, near Strawberry Inlet, N. H., 172-.]

By L. A. Caverly.

I

"Stay, stay thee, Goodman Tyson, art mad this holy day?
Or art a witch's envoy belated on thy way,
Or, while the good folk worship with pious Master Drowne,
Think'st thou to ride a steeple-chase through goodly Naupaug town?"

"Nay, stay me not, but rather speed thou mine errand on;
No soul hath slept on Nonquit since yester's set of sun;
And even while I hasten for help, Dame Colman's child,
Beset with unknown dangers, may perish in the wild.

Deep in th' accursed forest she wanders, and I go
To fetch the keen-nosed hunters of Trapper Bigelow."
The meeting-folk thronged round him in pity and affright,
And mothers clasped their children with faces awed and white.

They saddled him their fleetest horse, and, as he spurred away,
The good folk knelt upon the green with Pastor Drowne to pray.
But one knelt not, nor wept she, but with set face and pale
She hurried aïl unnoted along the Nonquit trail.

The lost child's mortal peril made her heart with terror thrill :
 Yet, if a squirrel chattered, it beat the faster still,
 Lest Mistress Wyvan's railing should stop her on her way,—
 Small ruth had Mistress Wyvan for the bound-girl, Achsah Wray.

The changing light and shadow along the forest trail
 Seemed darkening and brightening upon her life's sad tale :—
 The pleasant English village, the father's new-made grave,
 And then the sick'ning tossing between the sky and wave,

The poverty and hardship of the home on Nonquit Hill,
 The mother's grief, the failing of her heart and brain and will,
 The neighbors' kindness turning to looks of hate and fear,
 The dreadful accusation, the darksome cell at Speare.

Ah ! merciful the fever that snatched the gallows' prey !
 Short was the magistrates' debate concerning Achsah Wray,
 For up spake Mistress Wyvan, " Good Sirs, I'll take her in,
 Though some there be who deem her curst for her mother's sin.

" And, verily, the witch's child hath grievous need to strive
 With prayer and toil and fasting to save her soul alive ;
 For Satan hath desired her ; yet, if Heaven willeth so,
 He may be driven out of her with many stripes, I trow. "

Still through these shad'wy pictures flitted the laughing face
 Of little Mary Colman,—a stern life's single grace,—
 At play about the threshold, or on the mother's knee
 Soothing her dark'ning anguish with childish gaiety.

A great sob broke, " God, help me to find the child, I pray."
 Some angel, strong and loving, seemed the soul of Achsah Wray,
 And as the op'ning pathway showed the homes on Nonquit Hill
 She turned aside, and entered the forest dark and still.

II.

Along the sombre Naupaug the searchers' quest was vain.
 The fourth day, dumb with anguish, Dame Colman watched the rain.
 Four days ! when not the boldest durst pass one night alone
 Within the awful forest !—She hears a step, a moan.

A torn and wretched figure that plained and muttered fast
 Fell spent across the doorstone : Dame Colman rose aghast,
 And, peering through the twilight, feared she was going wild
 When by the fallen figure she thought she saw her child.

Nay, it was no delusion ; she touched the shining hair ;
She clasped her child, her treasure ; — God then had heard her prayer.
“ For all Thy love, I praise Thee ! ” She raised her eyes ; there lay
Stretched senseless on the threshold the bound-girl, Achsah Wray.

In awe and tender pity the folk on Nonquit Hill
Tended and blest the witch's child ; but, all unconscious still
Of long-withheld caresses, she trod in weary maze,
Now with the child, and now alone, those endless forest ways.

None ever knew what perils the loving heart had known.
The child could only prattle how, by the mossy stone,
She wakened in the sunshine, and Achsah Wray had come,
She said with tears and kisses, to carry Mary home.

But home was far, and Mary, borne safe on Achsah's arm,
Had slept, when she was tired, enfolded close and warm,
Had fed on nuts and berries, and water from the dell,
But Achsah was not hungry ; — so much the child could tell.

But watchers by the pillow heard many a muttered prayer,
And stifled exclamation of terror and despair,
And knew that Achsah listened for the howl of wolves, and heard
The catamount's far wailing, and where the hemlock stirred,

Watched for the lurking redskin ; nor ever lost her dread
Of Mistress Wyvan's anger. They knew how she had fled
In undiscerning terror from the noise the searchers made,
Believing it the din of fiends that roamed the forest shade.

So weary days passed onward, but when the night came on,
In pity for her anguish they brought the little one,
And cowering on her pillow, she clasped the sleeping child,
With eyes alert and sleepless ; yet oft her poor lips smiled

And thus she smiled at daybreak, as, rising suddenly,
She stretched her arms, — awakened, the child sent forth a cry, —
With face whence joy had vanished all trace of sorrows past
She murmured, “ Hush, my darling ; we're safe at home, at last.”

They laid her in the graveyard with tender prayers and tears.
And all along the Naupaug they told for many years
Her sad and simple story ; but time has swept away
The homes where children listen to the tale of Achsah Wray.



CHRISTOPHER C. SHAW.

By E. C. Hutchinson.



ALTHOUGH mainly engaged in other business in another state, there are few names better known in agricultural circles in New Hampshire than that of Christopher C. Shaw, of Milford, president of the New Hampshire Horticultural Society, and a pioneer in the work of the Grange in this state. Mr. Shaw was born in Milford, March 20, 1824, on the farm which he now occupies, and where he remained until nineteen years of age, receiving such education as the district school afforded. At eighteen he was made clerk of the state militia

in his native town, and a year later was commissioned captain of the same.

At this time he commenced retailing dry goods from house to house, and two years later opened a country store in Milford, continuing in this line until 1848, when he closed out all departments, except dry goods, and removed to Lawrence, Mass. There he continued this line of trade for two years, and then removed his stock to Hanover street, Boston, where he was similarly engaged a year or two, finally closing out and connecting himself with the large importing and jobbing dry goods

house of J. W. Blodgett & Co., in which business he has remained until the present time, either as a proprietor or salesman, with the exception of some seven and a half years immediately following the great fire of 1872, in Boston, which completely destroyed his business and retired him to his farm in Milford.

About this time the Grange movement was sweeping over the great west, and attracted his attention to the extent that he sent for circulars and documents calculated to inform him of the character of the order and its work. After satisfying himself regarding the same, he arranged to have the first deputy of the order, coming to the state, visit him at Milford. The result was that he received a call from General Deputy Eben Thompson, representing the National Grange. After two days' work Granite Grange, No. 7, was organized in Milford, with Mr. Shaw as master. A few weeks later the State Grange was organized, and he was elected its secretary and appointed general deputy for the state. In March following, Hillsborough County Council was organized, and he was chosen purchasing agent for the county. Later in the same month, at a special meeting of the State Grange, he was made purchasing agent for the state. In January, 1877, at the organization of the New Hampshire Mutual Fire Insurance Company, he was chosen president (which position he held for seven years), and in the following December was elected secretary of the Patrons' Relief Association, and its president in January, 1893. During the years from 1873 to 1880, at which latter date he resigned all his official

positions in the State Grange, preparatory to resuming mercantile business in Boston, his time was largely spent in organizing subordinate granges, and otherwise developing the order in the state, and no man is held in greater esteem by the older members of the grange in New Hampshire.

Politically he was born a Whig, but early became an Abolitionist, and graduated into the Republican party at its organization. He served the town of Milford in the state legislature in 1875 and 1876, and the Republican party seven years as a member of its state committee.

Mr. Shaw has been an enthusiast in the culture of fruit, and a large exhibitor of fruits, vegetables, fancy poultry, Chester County swine, and Jersey cattle at county, state, and the New England Agricultural, Massachusetts Horticultural, and American Pomological societies' fairs. He has been a trustee of the New England Agricultural Society, and a life member of the three latter associations for many years. While making an exhibit of fruits at the late World's Columbian exposition at Chicago, he became dissatisfied with the showing made by New Hampshire in the exhibit, especially in the fruit department, and with a view to remedying the matter in the future, should the occasion ever arise, he, in connection with a few others, took action while at Chicago, which led to the organization of the New Hampshire Horticultural Society, of which he was elected, and still remains, president, and which he hopes, with the coöperation of other friendly influences, will yet become an instrument of great value in developing the agri-

cultural resources of the state along the lines of fruit and vegetable culture.

and is president of the Boston Charitable Association. He is also president of the Milford Historical and

In religion Mr. Shaw is a liberalist, Genealogical Society.

IN HAYING TIME.

By Laura Garland Carr.

Lazily, lazily, under the trees,

In my light hammock, I swing and I swing,
Winked at by sunbeams and fanned by the breeze,

While from the meadows the labor sounds sing:
Swish swish, and swish swish, down by the willows
Grasses are falling in green, fragrant billows.

White-shirted mowers—a wavering line—

Move down the valley—broad shouldered and lithe.
See—in the sunlight—their blades flash and shine!

Hark—to the sound of the sharpening scythe!
'Tis snicker snicker, snicker snicker, down by the willows
Where grasses are tumbling in green, fragrant billows.

Pinafores and bare-footed boys

Straggle behind with their small forks and rakes;
Light is their labor but heavy their noise—

From its long slumber the hill echo wakes—
With shouting and calling they stir all the willows,
And toss up the grasses that fall in green billows.

Farther away, in the rakers' brigade,

Dashes of color enliven the scene.
Long, curving winrows and hay stacks are made;
Draperies blend with the flutter of green.
Ripples of laughter come over the willows
Where, yesterday, grasses were thrown in green billows.

Now, there is rattling of carts and of chain,

Trampling of oxen, the creak of a gate.
Can the good farmer be thinking of rain?

Now I must hurry or I shall be late!
I'll join the brigade over there by the willows
And ride on the hay that once was grassy billows.



LUCY J. W. CARPENTER.

By H. H. Metcalf.



LONG before Denman Thompson, a native of that town, brought the "Whitcomb" name into universal notice through his inimitable presentation of New England country life in the "Old Homestead," the Whitcombs were a well known family in the town of Swanzey, a notable representative thereof being Col. Carter Whitcomb, a grandson of Col. Jonathan Whitcomb who fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill.

Lucy J., daughter of Col. Carter and Lucy (Baker) Whitcomb, was born March 9, 1834, at Saxton's River, Vt., where her father was

then residing engaged in a business enterprise, returning to his native town two years after her birth. She was educated after leaving the district school at Mount Caesar Seminary in Swanzey, under the instruction of those well known educators, Prof. Joseph C. Barrett and Rev. S. H. McColleston, D. D. June 14, 1864, she was united in marriage with George Carpenter, a prominent citizen of the town, conspicuous in the Greenback and Labor party movements in this state, and candidate of the same for governor.

Possessed of a strong inclination for study and decided literary tastes, she took up the Chautauqua literary

and scientific course, along with her husband, soon after it was instituted, they being members of the Ashuelot C. L. S. C., completing the full course, and subsequently pursuing the university course, under able professors. Mrs. Carpenter has developed decided ability as a writer, and is possessed of poetic talent, as has been demonstrated by frequent productions in verse which have often found their way into print.

She was actively instrumental in the organization of Mount Caesar Library Association of Swanzy, which occupies for library and social uses the old seminary building, which, after its disuse for school purposes, came into Mr. Carpenter's possession, and was by him donated to the associa-

tion, in which she has been from the start a leading spirit.

Mrs. Carpenter was a charter member of Golden Rod Grange of Swanzy, and has been a faithful and zealous worker in the cause of the order, holding various offices in the local organization, and serving as lecturer of Cheshire County Pomona Grange. She is also a loyal and devoted member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, claiming eligibility from her distinguished great-grandfather, Colonel Jonathan Whitcomb.

Her domestic life as mistress of "Valley View," their pleasantly located farm home at the base of Mt. Caesar, is characterized by a refined taste and gracious manner which give charm and zest to the hospitality of the place.

THE TIDES.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

I.

Over the sands in the morning's gray
 Crept the tide with a motion slow ;
 Over the east at the dawn of day
 Burst the sun with a rosy glow.

Riding in with a buoyant pride
 A fair ship sped by the harbor bar ;
 Life was good with the flowing tide,
 And the dawning day in the east afar.

II.

Down from the sands in the evening's gray
 Fell the tide till the flats lay bare ;
 Down in the west at the close of day
 Dropped the sun with a ruby glare.

Drifting out on the stranded side
 A worn hull sped by the harbor bar ;
 Life was wrecked with the ebbing tide,
 And the dying day in the west afar.

A NEW ENGLAND POET—JAMES E. NESMITH.

By H. M.



FOR the past century the essayist, whenever reviewing the literature of America as a whole or discussing an author as an individual, has in justice to the subject of his theme begun his criticism by first enumerating the long list of "restrictions" which have seemingly fettered the aspiring American genius.

Hampered by Puritanism, pulled down by a dead weight of British prejudice against the younger brother, lacking historic background, and wanting fair perspective,—these are the chief restrictions that have been counted as the causes which have ended disastrously in their effect upon our literature.

However, at the end of two hundred and seventy odd years of absolute growth, this country (which has been boasted of in one breath as a prodigy of strength and excused in the next as but a child in years) needs no longer the apology of its critics. We have lived in three centuries what the ancients lived in three times three centuries. Even in later history the slow development of other countries is wholly out of ratio with our rapid growth and advancement. What nine hundred years of Scottish background could give to Burns and Scott as inspiration can be equaled in the New World if the "patriotic bard" but appear, or if another

knight of fiction but arise upon the field of letters.

Judgment, therefore, should be passed upon the American author without claiming excuses for him at the outset, or asserting that an undue advantage belongs to his English cousin.

Dr. Holmes has told us that it takes three generations to make a gentleman, and he has added that portraits and miniatures, old silver and fine lace, go a long way on the road to gentility. There is, no doubt, a great truth in the wise Autocrat's logic, "Blood will tell;" and that old saying is a much-quoted one at this "century-end," as a later word is being spoken by the biographers for our greatest heroes. Where glory was once found in the mere expression, "the self-made man," this same man is now having claimed for him an ancestry whose stock and blood have, after all, told in the sinews and veins of the hero. Even our finest type of American manhood, the man whose life was held up to the little citizens of every red school-house in the sixties as a possible example for the American born boy, even he is, according to best authorities, accounted for by a genealogy which proves without question,—and we believe justly,—that inherited tendencies played a great part in moulding the destiny of the man, Abraham Lincoln. And the blood and bone of

the colonial forefathers of our seventeenth century certainly "tell" upon this generation of able thinkers who are the representative men of to-day.

The poet who sings from his heart at the plough is surely fortune's child: but he who sings from the library which is rich in the product of an inheritance of former generations is surer of his pitch at all times, even if his flights of song may not always equal the raptures of the open-air singer. In contemplating the ability and possibility of the rarest product of man's mind, a poetic nature, the inherited tendencies that belong to a family race cannot be omitted as unimportant factors in the poet's make-up, original as his own individuality may appear.

James E. Nesmith, the author of the volume of poems entitled "*Philoctetes*" which has claimed for itself the attention of the critical reader, is a poet whose personality suggests at once original thought. Yet the traits of character which mark him as a poet and lover of nature are the bequests of a race of strong men and women who for five generations have lived among the hills and valleys of New Hampshire, a family whose name has ever been associated with thrift, energy, and the love of God.

The Nesmith stock dates back to the year 1690, where we find the family emigrating from Scotland into Ireland. Here they settled in the valley of the river Bann, that charming stream of water famous in Irish romance and history. An entertaining picture might be drawn of that stretch of country in northern Ireland at the time when these Scotsmen founded for themselves a new home,

one year only after the terrible siege of Londonderry. We wonder and marvel at the choice they made when emigrating from the Scottish hills. But that's "another story,"—and, accepting the dry facts of history, we read in the page of genealogy that "in 1718 Dea. James Nesmith and family emigrated to America, and was one of the sixteen settlers of the ancient township of Londonderry." For now nearly two hundred years the descendants of this same worthy deacon and his good wife, Elizabeth McKeen, have identified themselves with the history of the two towns of Derry and Windham, where they have represented the typical New England life, associating themselves in the growth and advancement of their town's interests, and leaving an honorable record upon the pages of their histories. The mothers who shared the fortunes of these grand-sires were worthy specimens of womanhood, and the influence of their strength of character can be traced in the sons as one generation after another grew into manhood. In reading the family genealogy it is interesting to notice the characteristics that are repeated again and again in each succeeding generation. From the time of the first Dea. James Nesmith until the closing record of the poet's father, Lieut. Gov. John Nesmith, the reader is constantly confronted by such terms as "a man of sound judgment;" the expressions, "diligence," "keen forethought," "courteous bearing," and "honorable business relations," terms that seem part and parcel of the inheritance that descended with the title-deeds of the old family homestead.

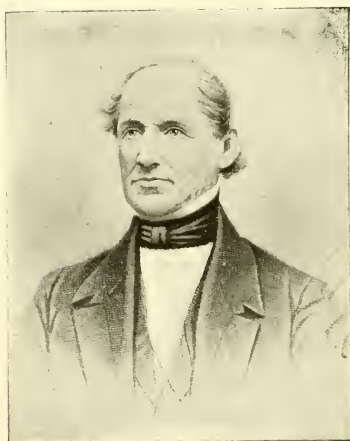


Col. Jacob M. Nesmith.

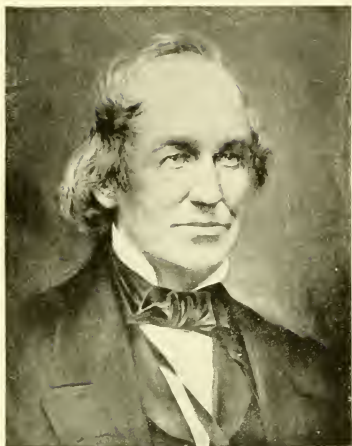
With such a background was the poet, Mr. Nesmith, born, under circumstances and in an atmosphere that many another poet of the past or the present would have gladly accepted as a birthright with "the golden spoon." His father, John Nesmith, the fifth in descent from the original emigrant stock, went to Lowell from Derry early in that city's annals. He and his brother, Thomas, associated themselves with the rapidly increasing interests. Foreseeing the possibilities of its water-power for manufacturing purposes, the two brothers furthered every measure to develop the growth and prosperity of the town. The practical man of affairs, endowed with wise and sound sense in connection with public interests, Mr. Nesmith, although no politician, was called upon twice to hold the office of lieutenant-governor during the exciting period in state history, the years of 1862 and '63. But the personal characteristics of

the poet's father,—his strict integrity, his concentration of energy and faculty to one end and aim, his indomitable perseverance, together with his devotion to philosophical and mechanical study,—these are the characteristics which attract our attention in viewing the inheritance of the author of poems like "The Yoke of Conscience," and "Backed with Resolution."

Mr. John Nesmith married in 1840 his third wife, Harriet Rebecca Manser (among whose ancestral family was numbered General Warren), and together they led a life of unusual domestic happiness. For more than sixty years the Nesmiths have lived at the beautiful homestead in Belvidere, Lowell; and as the sons and daughters have married these younger branches of the family have wandered only across the wide lawns to pitch the tents of their new homes under the very shadow of the old. Here Mr. James Nesmith, himself, has his



Thomas Nesmith.



John Nesmith.

aesthetic home, and here, too, Governor Greenhalge's late residence is situated, Mrs. Greenhalge being one of the four daughters of the Nesmith household. During the gubernatorial career of Governor Andrew, this mansion house of the lieutenant-governor was one where hospitality threw open its doors to society and philanthropy. And never in the quieter years that followed were they closed again, except, perhaps, during those months that brought sorrow to the home circle. Mrs. John Nesmith herself lived many years after the death of her beloved husband, and no words of honest admiration are too strong to paint the picture of this broad-minded, loving-hearted woman, who graced the Nesmith home and Lowell society.

Among such influences and surroundings Mr. James E.

Nesmith was born, January 27, 1856. Educated in the public schools of the city until he had finished the High, he went from Lowell to Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., where he remained for one year. Naturally artistic, and a desultory student for the most part, Mr. Nesmith saw little attraction in a university life, and he chose rather, for the next few years, to work at the National Academy of Design in New York, and at the Boston art schools. But, art lover that he was by nature, he still had the cultured man's instinct for a profession, and after a later course at the Harvard Law School we find him in 1884 admitted to the bar. In 1885 Mr. Nesmith married Miss Alice Eastman of Lowell, and the past ten years of married happiness have brought few changes to them; the pleasantest reminder of the flight of time being their own three little daughters, who have outstretched their babyhood altogether. Mr. Nesmith has been, during these years of study and application, on the other side three times. The earlier trips were during his twenties, and while in Rome at these times he studied art in Miss Foley's studio; while his



The Nesmith Estate, in Lowell.

sketching trips in this country have been with the artist Phelps, particularly during the latter's sojourn among the mountains in New Hampshire.

With the publication of his first volume of poems, Mr. Nesmith's

for the time being remains "caviare to the general."

As poet and singer, Mr. Nesmith holds a somewhat isolated position in his art. Unlike the modern lyrists, and having but little tolerance for the decadent school, this lover of nature



James E. Nesmith.

ability as a poet was brought before the public by Mr. Douglas Sladon, the English critic, who at once counted him among the American singers in a late compilation of the literary men belonging to this generation. This fact demands of the public a certain recognition of the man himself, even if his poetry

in all its simplicity has cared but little for the comradeship of fellow-workers, catching inspiration rather from the genius of the master minds.

Mr. Nesmith's first volume, entitled "Monadnock," appeared in the late summer of 1888. From the first to the last page the finish of each line is that of the careful, if not always suc-

cessful, student. The longer poems are those that most broadly bear the stamp of nature, but it is within the province of the sonnet that Mr. Nesmith has done his best work. Both in his earlier volume and in "Philoctetes," the real worth and dignity of

humanity pulses in the veins of his lines. In none of his sonnets does this kinship with mankind show itself more intensely than through the verses entitled "In the Street."

"Methinks invisible agencies there
Twist soul and soul; that each to each
extends

A salutation, and, in passing, blends
Its being, by the body's sensual bar
Impeded not; that none, or near or far
Their fellows meet, but that each spirit bends
In sympathy—is altered in its end—
As dips the needle to the northern star.
If this be fantasy, my soul yet feels
A perturbation in these thronging streets:
The agitations of innumerable souls
Evinced in vagaries my own reveals,
That like a faithful compass falsely cheats,
Drawn from its centre by conflicting poles."

But, for the most part, Mr. Nesmith comes not into touch with men and women. He lays his ear very



Studio in James Nesmith's House.

his thought is expressed in a purity of diction that might belong to an older poet. Possibly in the earlier volume the kinship with nature is more apparent, but no great shade of difference is noticeable between the ideals of these two works. No transitional period seems to have changed his thought,—the same subjects appeal to him,—mountains, crags, and peaks,—rivers, streams, and valleys,—and the personality of the Almighty Fatherhood has not grown dimmer with maturer years. A similar spirit of faith that kept Lowell and Whittier calm in the midst of denominational factions, seems to be the gift of this younger singer, and ethical and doctrinal subjects are matters of lesser moment to him than the grandeur and truth of the creation.

Now and then a big drop of



Library.

close to mother earth and knows many of her secrets, but her children he leaves unquestioned. I doubt if the complexity of human minds, or the spontaneity of human action, would appeal to his inspiration even if he were capable of reading the heart of mankind. An exponent of the age, but not in touch with the

age,—a negative exponent, as it were, of the times,—Mr. Nesmith cannot interest himself in the personal equations that mark the individuality of the moment. The burden of each of his sonnets is but the picture of nature—a reflective reproduction of nature—as she dominates the sea, the sky, or mountain side.

In comparing the sonnets in the two volumes, we find that in "Philoctetes" the action is stronger, in the vision broader,—for instance, in the sonnet of the earlier collection to "The Summer Tempest," the picture is true to nature :

"The tempest drapes the azure dome in black,
Rolls up the rain, the whirlwind, and the
rack,
And thunders in a roaring torrent by."

But it is in the later sonnet that we catch inspiration. Here, in the "Storm in the Mountains," we see the grandeur and the fire, the power of the oncoming tempest.

"The vast and sombre company of clouds,
Among the mountains brooding gloomily,
Veiling the giant peaks in murky shrouds,—
All day have hatched a dark conspiracy
Against calm Nature. See! they leave the
steep,
Their forms gigantic grown, and, rolling
higher,
With muffled thunder, menacing and deep,—
And furtive, flickering tongues of angry fire
Jamming the beast before them in one wave,
As if the storm had but one mighty breath,—
With edges torn and flying, on they rave,
In awful beauty; the dark vale beneath
Is filled with their wild fury,—wide around
A whirling chasm,—dark, disturbed, pro-
found."

Again in the *Monadnock* volume we find an exquisite sonnet entitled "In March." A sympathetic knowledge of nature is what gives these fourteen lines their beauty: yet, it is in "The First Thaw in Spring"—a sonnet in the later publication—that

we lose ourselves in the mental vision which his pen suggests.

"Beneath the south wind and the sun's warm
ray
Earth slowly uncongeals: the aged snow
In dissolution falls: the loud brooks flow
Through hollow'd ice caves pitted with
decay:
A dripping moisture wraps the humid day;
The once white fields their dusky lining
show
In dreary spots. How large looks yonder
crow
Upon the elm tree ere he flits away.
The rainy lights shine through the naked
trees,
The cold, damp woods soak'd by the thaw-
ing breeze;
Along the miry road the wheel-ruts gleam,
And slushy pools; the shallow wayside
stream
Sings in its muddy channel, and on high
The clouds float lazily across the sky."

Mr. Nesmith's chief power lies in the simple portrayal of nature, but a certain element of courage inspires another class of sonnets that in themselves command respect even if they do not bear so deep a mark of a poet. Here is found the soul of the man as he challenges "Fate," "Solitude," "Barren Labor," and "Lost Legions," or where he dwells upon the inevitable victory of time, as in "Vain Resistance," and "Time's Perfidy." There are masterful thoughts here, even if the scope of the sonnet gives them but little room in which to be developed.

The cardinal interest of these poems lies in their really true artistic worth. As a word-painter Mr. Nesmith is as faithful a colorist as we can find among the pupils of Tennyson, and a certain strength and terseness of epigram adds a personality that is as Nesmithian as the art is Tennysonian. In fact, it is this strong individuality which keeps Mr. Nesmith from belonging to the coterie of

lesser modern songsters; and yet this same characteristic may be the very stumbling block to wider appreciation and greater development. At present Mr. Nesmith, who is engaged upon a biography of the late Governor Greenhalge, is letting his poetic temperament lie fallow. What

the result of a year's rest may be we cannot prophesy. If the man has more within him, we may feel fairly sure that a third volume will be, in the end, the out-come of this period of thought, and whatever its theme, the heart of nature will be reflected in its lines.

JULY.

By Annie M. L. Hawes.

When cuckoos in the thicket hide
And prate about the heat,
When, far and wide, the country side
With new-mown hay is sweet,
When butterflies in vague unrest
Go idly wandering by,
When phœbe-birds make anxious quest,
And oriole's breast flames by his nest
Upon the elm tree high,
Then 'tis July.

JOHN PARKER HALE.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.



UNDER the above title, Senator William E. Chandler contributed to the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for April, 1894 (Volume XVI, No. 4), a most interesting historical article dealing with the three distinguished men referred to, and narrating some of the incidents in which they were mutually concerned. At the conclusion of the article, Senator Chandler writes:

"Even the pro-slavery Democrats in the senate, who at first made up their minds to ostracise Mr. Hale and

to treat him as an Ishmaelite, outside of any healthy political organization, soon changed their tactics, and most of them came to be fond of Mr. Hale and always to be courteous in their demeanor towards him. On one occasion, Jefferson Davis, having used harsh words towards him, was met by Mr. Hale with a spirited reply; and afterwards Mr. Davis made an advance towards honorable amends, which Mr. Hale accepted with the utmost good will. The incident is shown by the accompanying letter. [Reproduced in *fac-simile*.]

"A search in the *Congressional Record* does not disclose the debate in which the foregoing encounter took place. Mr. Davis was still chairman of the military committee, and reported the army appropriation bill and defended it and secured its passage, and he and Mr. Hale debated this and other measures during the same period. There is, however, no unerring indication of the discussion in which the controversy arose, the record of which Mr. Davis expunged with Mr. Hale's consent. The agreement was doubtless returned to Mr. Hale by the reporter, after he had made the expurgation agreed upon. The letter is creditable both to Mr. Davis and to Mr. Hale."

Since the publication of that article a letter has been discovered, written by Senator Hale to his wife, which throws light upon the matter referred to, and is both interesting and historically valuable for the glimpse it gives us of the inside of political

affairs at that time. An extract from it is as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 3, 1860.

We had a little flare up in the Senate yesterday, in which I had a part. Davis of Mississippi had introduced an amendment from the Committee on Military Affairs appropriating twenty-five thousand dollars to purchase books of instruction for the army and militia. This I pronounced a *job*. Davis said with a good deal of temper that I had made a *false accusation*. After a while I got the floor and replied; showed that I was right, and Davis openly retracted in the Senate what he had said, and when I came home to my lodgings last evening, I found a note from him assuring me of his regret at what had occurred, and requesting me to consent that nothing of it should appear in the report of our proceedings, and if I did assent to that proposition, that I should say so in writing my assent on the bottom of the sheet on which his note was written, and hand it to Mr. Sutton, the reporter, which I very readily did. I have given you the substance only of what occurred, and very briefly at that, but the substance only. It will not appear in the *Globe*, and that is why I have written you about it. . . . Aff. yours,

JOHN P. HALE.

WHY MEN DO NOT GO TO CHURCH.

By Thomas C. Bethune, Concord.

[A Layman of the Episcopal Church.]



HIS is a question long since worn threadbare. It has, doubtless, been put daily for the past hundred years, and will be asked and discussed as many times more for the next thousand years to come.

It seems to me that Episcopalians, of all men, can shed the least possible light on the subject. It touches

them lightly. Men *do* go to the Episcopal church. It is stated that no other church approaches in male attendance, *pro rata*, this great church. The Episcopalian, be he great or small, rich or poor, loves the church. Next to home it stands foremost in heart and mind.

The close good-fellowship, too, that exists outside among its members is certainly remarkable. Go

abroad, go anywhere, the moment you find that the stranger who sits by your side on the journey, or at the hotel, is a churchman, or he discovers you to be one, a friend indeed is found, and a pleasant familiarity begins instantly, which, among people in general, might otherwise take days to create, if, indeed, it existed at all. This feature is most marked. It seldom exists elsewhere. It is not strange, then, with such kindly under-currents, that the worship of Almighty God in the Episcopal church is largely attended by men. It is said, "Once an Episcopalian, always an Episcopalian." This saying is generally accepted. The church has great and lasting attractions—its music, usually of the highest order, its hymns are poems, its service—uplifting, solemn, beautiful always. Without doubt, a long-drawn-out discourse would land a churchman in the realms of nod and nightmare as readily as any other person, but he is reasonably safe from that risk, as the short sermon is the unwritten law. There is, as yet, no known general remedy for tedious men and dull sermons, but, certainly, if the sermon be brief, the possibility of putting a part of the congregation to sleep and giving the balance an excuse or reason for having nervous prostration, is reduced to the minimum.

The question itself is misleading. Men *do* go to church. One can quite as consistently ask why men do not go to the theatre, the base-ball game—the two star attractions of the day. As a matter of fact, out of the many, very few people go to either, yet, upon the first impulse, one would perhaps say, the attend-

ance at the theatre and the ball field far outnumbered that at church. The play and the ball game, at Boston or any other great centre, draw their patrons from at least twenty miles in all directions. Within this radius there are hundreds of churches. After careful consideration it is safe to say, the daily attendance at the theatre and ball game combined will not compare by many thousand with the Sunday attendance alone of men at church, within the same radius. Men, then, do go to church, thousands upon thousands. The masses, however, do not. The vast majority, the "rank and file," spend their Sundays at home with their friends and families. The Sunday newspaper keeps many closely there, and deserves unbounded credit on that ground alone. Nearly every Sunday journal furnishes its reader with the best sermon obtainable, and much other matter for religious thought. It does not, however, keep many, if any, from the church who have any inclination to go. As the matter stands to-day, *men whom the church interests go; those that it does not, do not go.*

The teachings of the church should, and do, interest almost all men; but men at large demand that those teachings should be placed before them with the same character of common sense used by men in their daily social and business intercourse. Broad, clever propounders with interesting methods are vitally necessary. Bishop Brooks was all this. His church was a church of many devout men. Wherever he went men were his followers. His life, his story was the story of the Cross, and so simply, so beau-

tifully was it told, all men reverently paused and listened. His greatness, his goodness, charmed every one, excepting, perhaps, a few bigots of his own denomination. The story of Christ is the best of all stories. If sensibly and interestingly told, it at once attracts the attention of the most indifferent.

Take for illustration Gen. Lew Wallace's book—"Ben Hur," where the divine story is told so beautifully that thousands and thousands of men and women, aye, children, have read it, who, perhaps, had never before looked into a religious book. Many, a great many, who have never opened the Holy Bible since earliest childhood, have read this little work from cover to cover. The great good accomplished by "Ben Hur" cannot be over-estimated. It reaches thoughtless mankind because it is interesting, and tells "the old, old story" in a fresh and gracious way.

Before you can train the animal you must capture it; before you can handle the man you must interest him. The good clergyman who spends his time preaching about the flood of two thousand years ago and does not sometimes refer to the floods of 1896, here at home, will not increase his church membership a single voter. The clergyman who discourses continually about Joshua, the valiant warrior of old, and never mentions the great names of Napoleon, Wellington, Grant, Sherman, will find himself floundering in the same boat, drifting and slowly sinking into deserved obscurity. The triumphs, the joys, the misfortunes of to-day attract the careful attention of the men of to-day.

Then let the preacher, with the

cross ever uplifted, far in the foreground, draw some lessons, make some applications, from the victory of to-day, the crime of yesterday, the poverty which abounds about him every day. He will soon discover that he attracts and holds the eye and mind of men by the things that are daily occurring around them where friends and neighbors are sometimes the actors, where he utterly fails by constantly using as figures the men and things of a thousand years ago. This should not be so, some good man, living in the past, will say, but it is the stubborn fact, nevertheless. The church should be more human. It can readily be so without being any the less divine.

Its general business affairs should be conducted upon every day business principles. If in debt, the minister should not call for money, insinuating almost that it is a direct matter between the good Lord and the person who is asked to draw his cheque. Call for money, if you want to obtain it quickly, in the name of the contractor, the bricklayer, the plumber,—in other words, the man you owe. Men respond to such appeals. The church that uses these methods gloriously wins. The church that directly or indirectly says the anger of heaven will rest upon the head of the man who does not give freely whether he can afford to or not, you will find upon investigation has not paid in full the minister or organist their last month's salary. Intelligent men understand the anger of the person one owes is the only possible anger likely to occur, and the more said about heavenly rage, the smaller the chance of an early liquidation of the debt becomes.

Few clergymen understand the ways and means of "begging"—commonly called. They talk too long and say too much about it—suggestions how to give, the exact amount one ought to give, are many times too frequent. When the good clergy learn that the individual appealed to, not themselves, is the best and proper judge of what he is able to contribute, the collection that follows will be found to be "larger than usual." Most men have but small admiration for the clergyman who is constantly and publicly meddling with matters which clearly belong to the sheriff or other officers of the municipality to handle. Such a man may "think he thinks" he is doing mankind a service, but in some

cases there is revenue in it, or he is dangleing at one end or the other of cheap politics, oftentimes interfering with the personal rights and affairs of a worthy neighbor. Sooner or later he makes himself, his church, and his friends, a vast amount of trouble. Happily there are but few ministers of this kind. Instead of being content to lead the way heavenward, they coolly assume the general management of all things on the earth besides. It is refreshing to know in these good days they disappear early.

The average pulpit is unquestionably strong and learned, but seldom interesting to the larger body of men. "That's the rub," and, in my judgment, the greatest of all reasons "why men do not go to church."

LOVE'S STAR.

By H. B. Metcalf.

Behold—a star
Divine, serenely bright,
That shines afar—
The jewel of the night.

A budding hope
Is nurtured by its ray,
Love's horoscope
Foretells the dawn of day.

The vale of tears
Unwarned—a vanishing star,
Love disappears
And dark the vistas are.

At last, a vow
To bear the great God's will,
Peace comes—and, lo,—
The star is shining still.

THE LEGEND OF JOHN LEVIN AND MARY GLASSE.

[CONTINUED.]

By E. P. Tenney.

CHAPTER XXVIII.



T came about in this way. The doctor and Martha that evening sat long at the tea-table discussing the situation:

"You know, my dearest one, that the cosmical relations of John Levin are such that the insignificant affairs of this colony no more disturb his soul's serenity than Atlas would shift from one shoulder to another the globe to shake off a fly. Indeed, my amiable child, if you had any such knowledge as I have of the 'Squire's vast designs, you would quake like an ill-adjusted continent in view of the mighty forces which underheave church and state when John Levin once gets his back up."

"Will your volubility have another cup of tea?"

"No, my dear, but I will smoke, if it be not offensive to you." And the doctor drew back into the chimney corner; and startled the witch-cats on the roof, which were peering down the smoke-stack, by burning tobacco under their noses. Just then Angelica appeared, with cheeks red and flabby like wilted beef-steak.

"Do you suppose, my dear Martha, and you, dear Doctor, that our beloved pastor,—that is we want him for our pastor you know,—is sleeping out of doors this rainy night; although it is not *very* rainy you know. But it's execrably muddy. And I've worried myself all day about him, dear man.

Do you know, I fear something is going to happen to him. And our dear Mr. Ross thinks so, too. Oh, dear, dear, what would become of us all, if anything should happen to him? I feel as if I should go distracted with thinking of it? Don't you feel worried, Doctor?"

"Yes, I do. I put him up a medicine chest, and he forgot to take it. Besides, there are liable to be mosquitoes."

Before midnight Martha was really convinced that there was danger, although nothing was said that the doctor did not know already. She made up her mind quite as much by cross-questioning the doctor after their visitor had gone out, as by placing confidence in the widow.

"What made that creature come in here, Robert?"

"How do I know? She is often out in the night. I sometimes meet her at strange hours when I'm called to see patients. I shall not be surprised if she is hung for a witch some day."

"Do you know Ross?"

"I've seen him."

"And Sympkins and Banges, do you know them?"

"Oh, yes, I've doctored them."

"Does John Levin know them?"

"He has seen Banges. I do not know further."

"Is John Levin never hollow-hearted? Is he at heart Raymond's friend?"

"How do I know? All I know is, that if an idea flits through his head or heart it can never collide with conscience."

"Why?"

"He has no more moral sensibility than a whirlwind."

"I think it's likely," answered Martha, in a measured tone. "What time is it, my love?"

"Whatever hour you wish, my dear."

A dignified rapping at the door now led the doctor to take his pill-box and move out into the darkness to visit John Levin's mother.

He had no sooner gone than Mary Glasse came in.

"What, Mary, at midnight!"

"Yes, at midnight. The hag Angelica came to Madam Levin's where I was at shelter for the night; and she roused me, and sent me hither, saying that you were anxious to see me this very night."

"I am more than anxious, albeit I did not send for you."

"How is it then?"

"I fear that mischief is brewing for Raymond Foote. Certain vile fellows, with whom he had a quarrel at sea, as it is told me, have sworn that he shall never return. And it is possible that John Levin knows it."

A far-seeing look settled upon the face of Mary Glasse, and her eyes kindled and glowed; but she said coldly,—

"Is that all?"

"Mary!"

"Martha!"

"Yes, that is all."

"Good night."

"Good night."

Before morning Mary had stolen away Martha's Indian maid Myra, and had joined the dispatch carrier's

escort, and followed after Raymond Foote.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Chaplain Foote had been captured by Indians in the night, so that Mary Glasse did not overtake him when the dispatch carrier joined the expedition. Little did she think, when she set out, how far she might go. Doctor Jay, Simeon Strait, and Major Treate were set to the task of finding their chaplain. So brief were the hours before they would probably return that Mary and Myra lingered, moving in the wake of the moving army. And after some days it was more difficult to go back to the settlements than to go forward. When they had so far penetrated the sombre wilderness as to find the primeval desolation nowhere disturbed by the pioneer's axe, it was a great delight to Mary Glasse that she, too, was captured by the Indians.

To the prosaic James Glasse, Mary had always been a mystery, as if in her veins there flowed streams of life not in his own. With the ready superstition of the age he believed that she was more cunning than wise, that she was subtle not sanctified, hardly fit to belong to the same church with him and Elder Perkins. How was it that since the death of Mother Glasse the child and father had drifted apart? Certain it is that she was as fully in sympathy with the wilderness of the woods as he with the howling waste of ocean. Ever since when as a child she climbed an oak at the mouth of Chubb's creek to get out of the way of the bears, and then paddled to the Misery to get out of the way of the Indians, she had desired to live

among wild men. And, despite a slight tinge of melancholy in her disposition, which was not unlike that of the savage in solitude, she was exuberant at the thought of captivity; it being to her not other than a larger freedom in which she was competent to care for herself. No sallow and wailing nun was Mary Glasse; but incalculable forces welled up from within, and the first thought entering her mind was that she had captured a band of Indians. Whether she knew little of the perils, or overestimated her own powers, or was upborne by faith in help not promised, the effect was the same: she knew no fear.

To launch into unknown spaces, among forests unscratched by the mill-saw, where the surface of the earth had been crumpled into low hills, gave to her the sensation enjoyed by a supple sea-fowl riding and diving amid gently cresting billows. The idea of dominance was ever uppermost in her mind. If she trusted in God, she trusted also in instinct and her right arm, to the forces of man primeval, to perfect physique never asking odds. No wild creature was more self-poised than she. How could she but win the heart of the brave who captured her, long after so well known among the English as the eccentric, fun-loving, grim savage, Jo Silverheels. And, before the day was over, she made with him a plot to rescue Raymond Foote.

Without the tricks of polished society Jo was a gentleman; but on her part the captive girl was wary of him as a fox, and as ready to shift for herself when opportunity might serve. With no moping spirit Mary

shared the song and dance and sober-faced merriment of the young savages; and her muscular energy and easy adaptation to Indian life, and her dignified reserve, gave her the standing of an Indian belle to whom deference was due, and such freedom as pleased her.

And one black night, when aerial water-tanks were floating and slowly dissolving in small incessant rain, Mary walked away from her captors, self-reliant as a she-bear,—and as stealthily as if she expected to capture Raymond before morning; which she did,—thanks to the careful calculations of Mr. Silverheels.

It was not far to go. Soon after the dawning of the new day and its dispersion of the clouds the splash of a musk-rat was heard; and the flash of a bird's wing was seen, a duck dropping aslant from air to water. The blue domes of far-off mountains were uplifting themselves like isles upon the verge of the western sky, and the tinted vapors of sunrise were glorifying the woods, at the moment when Mary discerned Raymond Foote. He was standing knee deep in the water fishing for pickerel in company with that jolly Irishman, O'Killia, who was now stripped of that Indian guise in which he had assisted to capture Raymond. Dr. Jay and Simeon Strait and Wybert Merry were dressing a deer upon the bank of the nameless water sheet; and a loon was laughing loudly in a distant bay. The radiant azure of the later morning, and the lustrous leaves of June, wore fresh color through gladness when Mary Glasse joined the five whites,—although she knew that Silverheels and his warriors would soon follow.

CHAPTER XXX.

How could everything go on but much as usual with the placid Raymond,—particularly since the gallant Major Treaté had separated the rascally Banges and Gungill and Symplings from his company, by taking them upon a scout to ascertain the whereabouts of the lost army? And even Mary's warning tone that savages were at hand could excite little alarm in the breasts of those who had so long lived in peril of such capture.

Much as Raymond Foote desired to make his home among the Indians and keep Mary Glasse as his captive, to which he fancied that she would not object, still it seemed more fitting to sensible white people of the seventeenth century to imitate certain ancient heroes, who bought and sold the land occupied by their enemies, by proceeding upon the theory that they should live to get out of the woods, and dwell upon the shores of Chebacco rather than an arm of Champlain.

Raymond's thoughts concerning Mary could but center upon the breaking of her relations with Levin, but the Puritan was so strong within him that he urged her to decide definitely to marry the wretch, and to fix the time as soon as she should return to the sea-board. Well, however, he knew that she would never do it,—so that he was the more complacent in urging it upon her. The moral antagonisms between Glasse and Levin, and the moral unisons between Glasse and Foote, were clearly discerned by Raymond in the crystal air of their captivity. And he discerned afar off the day when Levin, by some unaccountable freak in one

of his periodicalsprees, would put himself into such relations with some low-bred and vulgar woman that Mary would be freed by him from her pledge to marry. Raymond heard, therefore, with patience all that Mary had to say about the fate which impelled her to befriend the villain. Not that the clergyman thought outright that John Levin was the worst of men, but in his heart he thought ill of him, especially since his own spirit had come into some subtle harmony with the spirit of Mary Glasse.

The weeks rolled by, and the constellations of September looked upon the captives, fiery Mars and golden Jupiter; and Venus shone brilliantly in October days before the great leaf-fall. The wild turkeys were fattening upon beech-nuts and acorns before Raymond and Mary effected their escape; to which Jo Silverheels was a party, although in treachery towards his comrades.

With varying gloom and sunshine of experience,—like a tract of wilderness shaded by passing clouds when one looks upon it from a mountain top,—the twain went forth; amid hourly peril of recapture they stole along some meadow much haunted by deer, where their own footprints would soon be trampled by hoofs, and where it was easy to snare food for the way; or they glided down swift rivers in some stolen canoe; and for many days their feet moved over the floor of the forest, through rustling leaves, yellow with the Indian summer sun and shining like the golden pavement of the new Jerusalem. So they journeyed until the stealthy Raymond and Mary emerged from the wilderness. But these au-

tummal days were the days of spring to the travellers, days for the stretching forth of roots and leaves of affection.

And withered was the heart of Raymond when he was recaptured by the redmen, in a raid which they made upon the log huts of the settlers, where the returning captives spent certain November days; withered, because Jo Silverheels, not without a manly pride in serving Mary, secured her separation from the company. And in her escape to the coast Mary's heart seemed to her to shrink and dry up by lack of Raymond's presence; although, from the company and care of her recent hostess and her child, she could not turn back until they reached Salem.

The first house they entered was that of the angelic widow Adipose; and before day-dawn, by autumn damps and long exposures, Mary was seized by fever; and she was long sick in the house of Angelica, with Martha and the doctor for nurses, and John Levin to sit pale-faced and in an agony of solicitude at her bedside.

CHAPTER XXXI.

When Mary Glasse had returned to her home and was thoroughly well, John Levin, for perhaps the hundredth time since her sickness, called to inquire as to her health, but to-day he had also an errand pertaining to his own health. The months that Mary had spent coursing the woods Mr. Levin had spent coursing the seas, and now he was about sailing again for England. No other American of the earlier colonial days was so public spirited as he, in so often crossing the ocean like a shuttle in

the attempt to attach the new life to the old, to make the incipient nation of the same political and religious web as the country from which the people came. With easy dignity he made himself at home in the palace, the parliament house, or the pot house; among bishops, and justices, or politicians waiting for a bribe; and he did all that man could do to maintain the spirit and the form of conservative England in the Bay Colony. But to-day all public interests waited at the door of Mary Glasse.

To Mary Mr. Levin had grown old in their separation; and he thought that she too had grown old. They had both been tangled in wildernesses, and his captivity had been harder than hers. If his peculiar habits of life, which he had inherited from his own youth, were beginning to tell upon him, it was manifest less in his muscle than in his mind. Are not the most healthy men upon the globe tough old sinners without conscience? Mary took it to be a sign of moral improvement that John Levin's iniquities had begun to worry him; in any event she noticed that he was ill at ease when at Glasse Head this day.

The settled dislike and ill-will which Mr. Levin had come to entertain for Raymond Foote had been gratified by the lively description of his death given by the talkative, imaginative, sensational, and cross-eyed Mistress Peters, who had fled with Mary to the settlements. And even if he had escaped the tomahawk and knife, he must be in ever present peril. So that it was no thought of Raymond Foote which made John Levin ill at ease this day. Nor did he care whether Mary had seen Ray-

mond, when among the savages. His own heart told him that her heart and her words were steadfast. But the on-going months had convinced him that her pledge to marry ought to be fulfilled, if upon his part he might hope for moral mending. Still, he did not to himself put it that way; rather, he needed a home,—now that his mother was dead and now that the widow Angelica consoled with him so often and so mournfully upon the sad, sad circumstances that he was an orphan.

In the thick of a whirling storm he came to Glasse Head that morning, riding upon that lucky black horse which Doctor Langdon rode when he courted Martha Dune. He had no apprehension of being blamed for anything he had ever said or done by the compliant and affable Mary. And it was indeed true, that, as she had tossed upon her sick-bed, with the ever present and ever solicitous yet cheery John Levin between her and the window, her heart had softened toward him. She looked upon his demoniacal conduct as that of a moral infant or idiot not knowing right hand from left; and she pitied him and loved him. "As," she said to herself, "Love Infinite pities me, so ill-deserving."

The dreaming girl had no past; and the discovery that she was so much to John Levin, and that even the pastor-captive was pleased in her company had led her to slightly overestimate herself; and she was conscious of spiritual gifts without knowing their proportion or relations, so that her powers were ill-balanced. Some days upon her sea-blown headland she had almost imagined herself to be in such vital contact with

unseen powers that a prophetic spirit might look out of her eyes; an illumination of uncertain origin, possibly her fancy unduly heightened, insight more subtle than sound. Was she not easily extravagant, indulging in hyperbolical poetic phrases, with rhetoric untameable as the tide tossing upon the rocks of Glasse Head? Under favoring circumstances her mental state might easily have allied itself to fanaticism.

Still, there was much good sense in what she said that day to John Levin. She would risk no social or domestic earthquake by telling him too frankly what she really thought of him; but spoke with restraint, shaking him up gently. In her heart of hearts she loved him, loved him by virtue of some mystic tie unknown to her; loved him, not for what he was, but for what he was capable of becoming. Practically homeless, though not houseless, she always felt singularly at home with Mr. Levin; and sometimes she imagined that she could read his thoughts, and that she knew at least some parts of his nature through and through. In this she was mistaken, it was by inexperience, or mental exaltation arising from disordered nerves.

It was now in the afternoon, and the south-easter had abated.

"The wind's gitting round s'uthard," remarked James Glasse, after dinner, lighting his pipe, and puffing till the smoke curled about his high forehead like fog upon the edge of a cliff, then sauntering comfortably down toward the landing to exchange yarns with Skipper Hake, who was waiting among the fish flakes for the weather to lift.

John Levin and Mary went out upon the rocks, and looked upon the ever-moving river. Tide in or tide out, they loved to look upon the ever-flowing river. The boats were already going to and fro among the stranger fishermen who had put in for shelter; and they saw Wybert Merry and his wife descending the stream in a dug-out.

Then they re-entered the dusky dwelling with its small windows and gray walls. The house had already been long standing, and the great beam overhead was sagging a little. The room was open to the rafters and the ridge-pole, and it was hard to drive out the dampness brought in by the storm. Mr. Levin roused the fire and made the chimney roar like a gale. The yellow birch and hard maple blazed briskly,—illuminating the polished platters on the dresser, so offering the twain who sat at the fire a fair substitute for sunlight.

"Experienced voyagers," said Mary, taking up one end of the fish net she was mending, "sail by the stars, although upon common errands. If, Mr. Levin,—for I must call you Mister, you seem to me so dignified to-day,—if, Mr. Levin, you are of so large a nature as I fancy, you must have room for a conscience, and cannot be at peace with anything ill."

"I fear, indeed, Mary, that my character must have been a sad disappointment to the superior beings who have watched me,—unless they can see further than my neighbors do. The truth is, that I often tread a mere cloud floor, living as to my interior life upon mere sentimental metaphysical speculations; a life

favoring the dissolution of all moral energy, and tending to foster moral insincerity and craftiness, and leading ultimately to form an insensitive nature." And then he added, after a moment's pause, and manfully suppressing a yawn,—“You see how easy it all is.”

Being a little uncertain whether Mr. Levin was uttering his mind, or merely speculating, Mary made no reply, but assiduously worked her twine into the net. Finally, plucking up her courage, as if to mend the hole in their conversation, and possibly close up the broken meshes in their friendship, Mary said:

"I was but a giddy girl when I first saw you, Mr. Levin. But I look upon it now as immoral that two should be tied together by law when they are conscious that their souls are not tied together by moral affinity. Outside ourselves is God. The only true harmony between you and me must be in being at one with Him. We cannot else be at one with each other. The planes of our lives are now unequal."

"I know, Mary, that you cannot love me with that ardor with which you loved the man you took me to be when we were first engaged. I have proved to be a very different man from the ideal being you mistook me for. It would be dishonorable for me to keep you to your pledge. You are free. But then, Mary, there is another way of looking at it."

And John Levin arose, and went to the window, and looked out over the heavy swell toward the Gooseberries, upon which a struggling gleam of sunlight was streaming for the moment.

"What is that, John?" asked Mary, leaving her work and standing at his side.

"It is this, Mary. The judgment weighs all defects of character; but love is like the sunshine, which does not appear to distinguish between purity and impurity any more than these fingers of light distinguish between the ragged rocks and the uneasy sea. If, Mary," he added, resuming his seat at the fire, "my heart is as hard as the nether millstone, it cannot fail to be affected by the fire of love and the frost of love's absence."

"But, John, Christianity reaches the sources of conduct. You and I are actuated by radically different principles."

"Mary, I do not know what your Master would have said, but he evidently had pity upon those who were conscious of being under the mastery of their own worst passions, who were smarting under moral defeat. That is, if he saw in them any desire of amendment. I have long lived, Mary, under the doctrine of despair, hopeless and helpless, and you are to me what your Master is to you, an object of love; and you know that it is impossible to develop right living in any human being without some object of unselfish love. It must be my own fault that I feel doubtful about the individuality of God, but you are to me an expression of the infinite mind which pervades the universe; and you I love with all my heart, and I believe that I love you unselfishly. In my love to you, then, I have the essential ground for the possible development of my better nature. If, upon your part, your love fails me, I seem to myself to be

lost as to the highest and best possibilities of my nature."

"But, John, you know that I love you with all the fullness of my nature. Still that does not in itself constitute a ground for marriage, to my thinking. Marriage demands moral similarity. Love implies self-devotement, but marriage implies companionship. And how can two walk together except they be agreed?"

"That, Mary, is just the ground I claim you upon,—it is the becoming that is the ground of hope. I may, by your help, become a different man from what I am now. But I have absolutely no hope to become morally similar to the ideal I see in my best moments, save through your constant instead of occasional companionship. I am so surrounded by the imps which I have myself called up that I need your abiding better spirit, as much so as you say that you need the abiding presence of God. You are to me, Mary, my religion."

This was too absurd; and Mary laughed at the serious face of John Levin, and James Glasse came in with Skipper Hake; and they mixed their toddy, and went out again. And a tall, fine-looking stranger, with frank, benevolent face and intelligent eye, came in to talk with John Levin about an estate in England. And they rode away together.

CHAPTER XXXII.

John Levin had long felt tolerably certain that, when Mary Glasse should actually become his wife, it would act like the pouring of new life into his arteries, giving celestial current to his being, and that the horri-

ble night visions, by which he was periodically inured to a criminal and hypocritical course, would be interrupted; and that he could break up the somewhat regularly recurring paroxysms of debauchery in which he sought diversion from a mental state much worse than that of the rake and the sot.

Most of the public men, whom he met in England, indulged in courses of life which strongly contrasted with the dominant life in New England, habits inimical to the kind of character possessed by her whom he would make his wife. His moral education had, indeed, before now, so advanced that he had been willing to have Mary know, as indeed she could not help knowing, what he considered worst about himself, those things in which his life was most readily contrasted with hers. Not yet had it occurred to him to analyze the motives at bottom of his business affairs, or to imagine by the faintest shadow that his course toward Raymond Foote was other than the natural prompting of the divinity imminent in his own humanity.

But his consciousness of a desire to better his life was dim when compared with the sunbeam clearness of his love to Mary, and the necessity it laid upon him. No question of moral fitness, or cool calculations of a nice adjustment of his conduct to hers, came in here. Never before in his life had his whole nature been wrought upon by such internal fires. He could with difficulty keep on with his mercantile or legal affairs, if he suffered her image to rise in his fancy at his office or counting room. And her partial withdrawal from her agreement to marry had the effect upon

him to idealize her character. She seemed like a statue, alive but uncommunicative, a soul divine but standing aloof, the perfection of beauty but dumb to him. Whether she was a captive in distant forests, or moaning in sickness, or lily-fingered her father's broken nets, her character was almost apotheosized in his own thought of her. No goddess ever had a more unquestioning and fervent worshipper than Mary Glasse had in John Levin.

If she should actually condescend to get down from her pedestal and become his wife, then she might work her will in his moral transformation. At least it seemed so to him upon the next Sunday afternoon, when he visited Mary at Glasse Head; determined now to settle the matter once for all,—to scale the celestial battlements and be at one with his divinity, or to fall into the dark abyss alone.

Before nightfall, it came to this, that Levin frankly told Mary—(what she so well knew as to her own life) that he was not at harmony within,—although he must keep company with himself; that he could not be rid of spiritual friction,—having as the ancients said two souls in one man always contending with each other; that the unworthy, the worthless part of his nature had pitiless hold upon him; that he had no power to throw off what assailed him; that he feared nothing on earth but the evil within himself; that in her presence his nature was at peace, that she inspired his best thoughts, that the memory of her face and words gave tone to his sense of obligation whenever he thought of her; that her daily, almost hourly, presence with him as

wife, instead of in occasional interviews as a friend, would throw the balance in favor of his own best promptings; and that the moral disparity between them would gradually disappear; that as a mean clod becomes sweet scented by being breathed on by roses, his own base life would grow fragrant with the perfume of heaven only by contact with the object of his love.

In vain did she put in her questions and apothegms: "If it is impossible for you to re-fashion your life before we marry, what proof have I that you can do it afterwards?" "If sin becomes a disease, is not the patient's will power helpful to the physician? The giving up of hope is fatal. He will yield who believes that he has no power to resist." "Do you follow all the light as to duty which you now possess?" "It seems to me that you do not begin right, that you ought to look upon the relation of your business affairs toward men. If you were to try to become absolutely unselfish toward all men, and so begin to look at all your conduct from a moral point of view, it would surely end in your arriving at the knowledge of God." "I do not like it, that your intellect is so peculiarly constructed or trained that you cannot apprehend a personal God." "Life is not worth anything unless you are a Christian. Surrender your will to God. Make his will your will. And faith and love and the power of a new affection will renovate your life. Then I will talk with you about marrying. I do not dare to trust myself with a man without God in the world. I am too

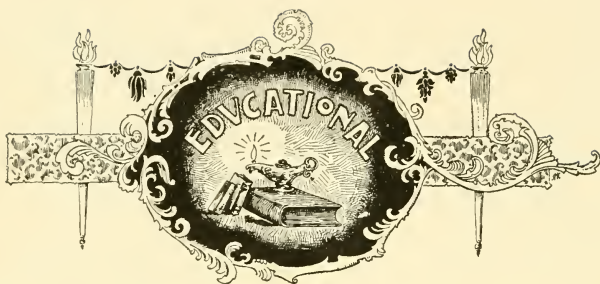
weak. I love you so much, that, if I were with you all the time, I should conform my ideal to yours. Your nature is stronger than mine. I could not resist you. Instead of my helping you, you would hinder me. Instead of your two natures contending with each other, I fear that you and I should contend."

But it was all in vain. He convinced her that she really had no love, no unselfish affection for him unless she could trample on herself, and run risk of her own moral ruin, to save him. "What is your God good for, claiming of all men an unselfish life, unless he will undergird you with almighty strength for the express purpose of carrying out your unselfish endeavors to help one who needs it? And how can you expect me to be unselfish toward men whom I do not love, if you who do love me stand off to see me—as you say—'perish'? And how can you expect me to love all mankind, when my love to you meets no helpful response?"

Vain was it that she interposed her antique New Testament text, that she ought not to link herself with an unbeliever. John Levin persuaded her that the wife might, even according to her Paul, "save" her husband. And he overwhelmed her by the tides of his great love, irrepressible and irresistible as the currents of the ocean.

Then they bade each other good night, and John Levin went out to walk the shores of the sea; and Mary kept to the duties of the house, and retired, but not to sleep.

[*To be continued.*]



Conducted by Fred Gowling, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

THE COUNTY UNIT IN EDUCATIONAL ORGANIZATION.¹

By Lawton B. Evans, Superintendent of Schools, Augusta, Ga.

The educational thought of our time has been chiefly directed toward the improvement of city school systems. So we hear of the great schools at Boston, Chicago, New York, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and a score of other places; but I have yet to hear of a single county or township of rural population, the excellence of whose schools entitles them to national repute. The emphasis of our thought has been placed long and devotedly on city schools at the expense of the rural schools.

It is true that cities are the centers of highest civilization. Our human nature has made them so. Architecture, art, literature, schools, fashion, reach their highest forms when people strive with each other for display. The very contact of people civilizes them. Cities are likewise the centers of greatest iniquity. The worthless, the idle, the contentious, the wicked, gravitate toward large centers. Extremes of

virtue and vice meet. The force of cities is centripetal. It attracts everything, good and bad alike. But cities do not develop individuality. There is a leveling influence about them that merges individuals into masses, and it is only occasionally that a volcanic genius breaks through the hard crust and thrusts itself above the burning level of great city life. The highest types of individuality, the strong and independent men of our nation, have been born and bred in village or rural homes, away from the turmoil of city life, in quiet and serious communion with nature, in her grand and ennobling forms. It is out of the rural homes that the great men of our country have come. Genius abhors the palace and the crowded cities and the cradles of luxury, and courts the cabins and the open fields and the simple but stern homes of the poor.

We need skilled labor in the fields as well as in the city. We need intelligent

¹ An address delivered before the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association at Jacksonville, Fla., February 18, 1896, and printed in April number of *Educational Review*.

and scientific management of a farm as well as of a great factory. We need business methods here as well as in the great commercial houses of the city. We need economy of effort and conservation of force and adaptation of invention and discovery here, if we need it anywhere. And we need culture and refinement among the country people. Music, painting, books, and all the evidences of a higher kind of life are as proper on the farms as in the cities. The more highly educated the people of the rural districts are, the more capable they will be of taking advantage of the improvement in machinery, of economizing time and labor in producing raw material, and the more time they will have to devote to culture and the higher arts of civilization. They will accomplish as much as now in far less time, and will live more comfortably and more happily.

That farm life is behind city life in development is due in some part to the isolation of the rural population. Men live too far apart and see each other too seldom to exert a refining influence over each other. In other part, it is due to the attention that has been given to educating the people of the city.

It is quite time that we change the emphasis of our study, turn aside from the contemplation of the excellences of the city schools, and consider the necessities of the rural schools. The wisest policy is to frame some educational scheme that will keep the people in the country, that will stop the exodus from the farms, that will make the rural population content, that will make them enlightened and prosperous.

I believe very firmly that the county or township is the proper unit of educational organization. If one system

of schools can be made to extend over a whole county, including the city and villages, the organization will be upon the basis of territory. By this means the entire country can, after a while, be brought under uniform organization. So long as the organization is by cities, we merely organize by locality, which can never be uniform or entire. It will always remain a one-sided development. A proper policy is to induce the people hereafter to organize by area, rather than by spots. The effect of this will be to give to the rural child the same school advantages as to the city child, and there is every reason in equity and good sense why these advantages should be the same.

I come from an illustration of this kind of organization, and it may not be amiss to tell something of the schools of Richmond county, Georgia, in which county is situated the thriving city of Augusta. Here, for the past twenty-five years, has been in operation, what is known as the county system.

One board of education, composed of representatives elected by the people for a term of three years, one third of the membership expiring every year, has charge of the entire school interests of the city of Augusta and of the county of Richmond. This board of education has the unique power of levying a school tax directly upon the people of the county, without revision by any other authority, and without any limit as to rate or amount. The school tax is levied and collected as a uniform rate upon all property of the county, whether it is in the city or out of it. This forms the general school fund of the county, supplemented by the state appropriation.

When it comes to the distribution of this fund no regard is paid to the

amount raised by any ward of the city or any district of the county, but the fund is distributed according to the necessities of each ward and district, determined by the number of children to be educated. The school fund of the whole county is raised by a tax on all the property of the county, and is distributed upon the basis of the school population of each community. Thus it happens that a community rich in naught else but children will get a flourishing school paid for by their wealthy but less fortunate neighbors.

As a matter of fact, a large part of the money paid by the city is annually spent in the rural districts, for the city has nine tenths of the taxable property, but only three fourths of the school population. So it happens that the rural schools pay one tenth of the school tax and receive the benefit of one fourth of it. Augusta has spent in the past twenty years the sum of two hundred thousand dollars, in building school-houses and paying school-teachers for the children who live in the country districts around her. Augusta has shown her faith in the proposition that every city needs to be environed by an intelligent, industrious, and contented population.

When it comes to teachers, the same qualifications are demanded for rural schools as for city schools. Upon the regular examination terms, and upon the issuing of licenses to teach, an applicant does not know whether he will teach in the city or out of it, and to many it is a matter of indifference. And I know whereof I speak when I say that there are young woman graduates of normal colleges doing high-grade work in country schools ten miles beyond the limits of the city, and

doing it happily and cheerfully. We believe firmly in the further proposition that a country school is entitled to as good a teacher as a city school, and that those who live in the fields are as deserving of education as those who dwell beside the asphalt. Carlyle must have had a country child in his mind when he said "this I consider a great tragedy, that one soul should remain in ignorance that had capacity for higher things."

The teachers are treated as nearly alike as can be. City and country teachers are paid about the same salaries. They get it at the end of every month and on the same day. The certainty and the regularity of a fixed compensation create a sense of security, safety, and comfort for a teacher, and accordingly increase his efficiency. No teacher can do his best work when he works at starvation rates, is paid once every three or four months, and often in scrip that he must discount. There is much philosophy and also economy in the maxim that advises us to pay a public servant well and watch him closely. So we draw no distinction of locality. First-class work is worth as much twenty miles from town as it is in the heart of the city.

The schools of the county all run nine calendar months. They all begin at the same time and close at the same time. During the last year every child of the county, regardless of where he lived, was offered nine months of actual tuition.

So far as school-houses are concerned, these are located in rural districts, so as to be on an average of four miles apart. No child is out of walking distance of a school, open nine months in the year, and taught by a good teacher. These houses are owned

by the board of education, and cost from three hundred to twenty-five hundred dollars each, according to size and equipment.

One superintendent has charge of all the teachers in the county. The same degree of efficiency that should attend the supervision of city schools is likewise extended to the country schools. One expert for all is the theory, and, so far as human effort can avail, it is carried out in practice. The same course of study is prescribed for the pupils, and the same course of professional reading is required of the teachers. The teachers of the city schools meet for instruction once a week, the teachers of the county meet once a month, and in addition have a two-months institute, in the summer months.

This, in brief, is the outline of the

plan of organization of the schools of which I assumed charge thirteen years ago. That it has its defects of management and its minor faults I am prepared to admit. These I need not enumerate at this time. Suffice it to say that no one knows what they are and that they are, more surely than I do. What institution devised and controlled by an imperfect humanity is without the faults that are incident to us as men? That our system is projected upon the proper theory, for all our population, and for all the boys and girls under our tuition, I firmly believe.

There are two other systems in Georgia organized upon a similar plan, one for Savannah and the county of Chatham and the other for Macon and the county of Bibb.



NECROLOGY.

AUSTIN CORBIN.



Austin Corbin was born at Newport, July 11, 1827, and met his death in that town June 4, from injuries received in a runaway accident. He graduated from the Harvard Law school in 1849, and removed to Davenport, Iowa, in 1851. There he remained fourteen years, and entered the banking business in which he later became so successful. In 1865 he came to New York and founded the house of Austin Corbin & Co. Soon after, he became interested in railroad matters, and, securing control of the various struggling lines on Long Island, he consolidated them and made them immensely profitable. He built the first railroad from Brooklyn to Coney Island and erected the first of the large hotels there. During a critical time in the history of the Philadelphia & Reading road Mr. Corbin managed its affairs with consummate ability. At the time of his death he was engaged in forwarding plans for a free port of entry on Long Island. He was also engaged in many other financial and philanthropic schemes of magnitude. Mr. Corbin loved New Hampshire hills, and upon and among them, in several towns of Sullivan county, he created the most extensive private park in America, stocked with elk, buffalo, and other rare animals. In the article upon Newport, in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for January, 1896, there is an extended account of the Corbin family of which Mr. Corbin was the most distinguished member.

W. F. HANSCOM.

Deputy Marshal William F. Hanscom of the Lynn, Mass., police force, died in that city, May 29. He was a native of Strafford, born March 6, 1842, and enlisted in the Eighteenth N. H. Volunteers in 1864. Since 1878 he had been on the Lynn police force, and had successfully worked on many important cases.

DR. C. P. FROST.

C. P. Frost, M. D., LL. D., dean of Dartmouth Medical college, died May 24. He was born at Sullivan, in 1830, graduated from Dartmouth in the class of '52, and from the medical college in '57. He practised in St. Johnsbury, Vt., until 1862. He was in the service of the United States government from 1862 to 1865. After the close of the war, he practised medicine in Brattleboro, Vt., until he began his work in Hanover. He received the degree of A. M. from Dartmouth in 1855, and LL. D. in 1892. The alumni chose him trustee of Dartmouth college in 1891, he being one of the first elected to that position, after the new plan of alumni representation went into effect.

DR. D. D. SLADE.

Daniel Denison Slade, M. D., son of Jacob Tilton Slade of Portsmouth, was born May 10, 1823, and died, near Boston, February 11. His ancestors lived in Portsmouth and Newmarket. He graduated in the class of 1844, Harvard college, took his degree of M. D. at Harvard Medical school in 1848, studied in Europe, at Dublin and Paris, and practised in Boston. In 1870 was appointed professor of applied zoölogy at Bussey Institution of Harvard college. In 1885 was made lecturer on osteology at Agassiz museum, Cambridge. He wrote many scientific articles, and was a frequent contributor to agricultural, medical, horticultural, and historical publications. His last book was the "Evolution of Horticulture in New England."

A. G. FAIRBANKS.

A. G. Fairbanks was born in Francestown, and died at Manchester, May 28, at the age of 74 years. Mr. Fairbanks came to Manchester in 1843, and was for fourteen years employed on the Amoskeag corporation. Later, he was in the butcher business, and for nine years, from 1864, was county jailer. He afterwards went into the undertaking business with F. L. Wallace, forming one of the largest firms of that kind in the state. He was representative to the legislature in 1881-'82, and from 1883 to 1889 was county commissioner. In 1892-'93 he was a member of the state senate.

REV. W. H. EATON.

Rev. William H. Eaton, D. D., died at Nashua, June 10. He was 78 years old, and a native of Goffstown. Dr. Eaton was one of the best known men in the Baptist denomination in New England. He was a pastor at Salem, Mass., for five years, at Keene for eighteen years, and at Nashua, fourteen years. He had been retired from the ministry for several years, but during his years of activity he did valuable work for the institutions of his denomination and especially for Colby academy and Newton Theological seminary.

ALFRED ROWE.

Alfred Rowe died in Springfield, Mass., May 24. He had been prominently connected with the financial institutions of that city since 1850, having served as president of the Second National bank and of the Springfield Assurance Company. He was born October 8, 1815, in Bridgewater.

ABRAHAM C. GRENIER.

A. C. Grenier, a well-known French business man, died at Manchester, June 12, aged 42. He was a native of La Baie, Canada, and the first French Canadian elected a member of the city government.

REV. ADDISON BROWNE.

Rev. Addison Browne died at Roxbury, Mass., June 13. He was born in Brentwood, 72 years ago, and was ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1850. From 1864, to the close of the war, he was connected with the Christian commission in New Orleans. About eighteen years ago he retired from the ministry, and since that time had been collector for various philanthropic societies.

C. E. MILLIKEN.

Rev. Charles Edward Milliken died suddenly at Swanzey, June 15, of heart disease. He was a graduate of Dartmouth in the class of 1859, was for nineteen years pastor of the Congregational church at Littleton, and later, preached at Penacook and Swanzey.

A. B. UNDERHILL.

Arthur B. Underhill was born in Chester, October 23, 1832, and died at Springfield, Mass., May 24. From 1880 to 1893 he was superintendent of motive power on the Boston & Albany, during which time he built eighty-five locomotives and devised many improvements.

DR. J. L. ROBINSON.

Dr. J. L. Robinson, one of the best known physicians in the state, died at Manchester June 13. He was born in Pembroke, in 1835. He practised at Wrenham, Mass., for twenty years. He was a surgeon of the Eighth Massachusetts regiment during the Civil War and continued in that office till 1875. He settled in Manchester in 1879.

HORATIO HOUGHTON.

Horatio Houghton, for more than fifty years a resident of West Boylston, Mass., and for three years clerk of the town, died suddenly, June 14. He was born in Fitzwilliam, September 18, 1821, and had done considerable literary work, including newspaper correspondence and histories of West Boylston.

J. B. GRIFFITHS.

John B. Griffiths was born in Durham, June 12, 1814, always lived there, and died there, June 10. For more than thirty years he was a director of the Newmarket National bank.

JONATHAN WENTWORTH.

Jonathan Wentworth, aged 79, died at Rochester, June 13. He was born in Rochester, and had held local offices, including those of tax collector and deputy sheriff, for many years. He was trustee for many estates, leaving a large property.

DR. A. C. BURNHAM.

Dr. Abel Conant Burnham, probably the oldest practising physician in the state, died at Hillsborough Bridge, May 21, aged 84 years and 19 days. He was a native of Amherst, and graduated from the Dartmouth Medical college in 1839. Since 1841 he had practised in Hillsborough, where he had held many local offices.

ENOCH W. PLUMMER.

Enoch W. Plummer died June 18. He was born in Milton, April 4, 1815, and had maintained a continuous residence there. He was identified with the volunteer militia, and held the commission of colonel for several years. He filled many town offices, representing the town in the New Hampshire legislature. For over forty years he was a deacon of the Congregational church, and at the date of his death the oldest church member.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXI.

AUGUST, 1896.

No. 2.

FROM NAPLES TO GENOA.

By M. W. Babcock.



JOURNEY to Italy, it is said, "is a journey through all periods of history." To the impatient travellers who sailed on the *Fulda* last March it seemed also a journey through interminable seas. Passing the Azores broke the monotony of the voyage, and, on the first day of April, we were allowed to land at Gibraltar, where we spent two hours driving up the steep streets, stopping at the public gardens and getting a glimpse of Spain.

Twenty-four hours later we entered the beautiful harbor of Algiers. Dark-skinned Arabs rowed us to the quay, and, engaging a carriage, we were soon ascending the terraced hills between the perfect blue of sea and sky. Innumerable were the costumes which met our astonished gaze: White, baggy trousers, and tight red ones, high boots and bare feet, queer hats, turbans, and the red fez. In the Arab quarter the women were covered with white veils, and the men seemed to have no occupation save to squat in solemn silence in the sun. Strange

beyond expression were the shops and mosques, the schools and churches.

We passed many handsome villas. The exquisite green of perfect spring covered the slopes; flowering vines, palms, and tree ferns delighted our eyes. Finally, putting brakes on the wheels, we drove rapidly down to the sea and returned to the steamer. A night and a day on the Mediterranean and our goal was reached.

On Thursday morning we dropped anchor in the Bay of Naples. It was misty, Vesuvius wore a veil, and the time seemed long before we were allowed to take final leave of the *Fulda*, to be carried by a tender to the custom house, a long, low building on the water's edge.

Here, indeed, we realized that we are in a strange land. The cries and curses of the "facchinos," who bring the trunks on their shoulders, the howls of steerage passengers, who, having attempted to smuggle shoes, are deprived of them, the mysterious chatter everywhere, dismay the two of our party who re-



Vesuvius and Bay of Naples.

main to watch the trunks, while two others go in search of rooms.

Time drags; we hang anxiously over the railing, unable to find our own possessions among the piles of baggage. At last they appear. The officer opens a shawl-strap, sniffs suspiciously at a bottle of tooth-powder and a small flask of brandy, asks, sarcastically smiling, if we have "*cigarres*," makes cabalistic chalk marks on all, and we are free.

At the same instant one of our emissaries returns—"Oh, we have delightful rooms, with the sun pouring in!" We emerge into the bright sunlight and charming color of Naples. In a carriage sits the fourth of our party, holding an immense bunch of yellow primroses.

Flower sellers surround us, with violets, fleur de lis, and anemones, as we set out in triumph for our hotel.

It is impossible to describe the sensations attending the first drive in a foreign land after a sea voyage. The joy of the solid earth, the freedom of motion, the strange sights and sounds, fill us with delight. We

stop at the Hassler House. The concierge steps out to inform us that they have no rooms! How we glory in our prudence in sending early to engage them, and how cordially we are received after a parley with the guide who insisted upon accompanying us, and who suddenly changes from a smiling friend to a grasping foe. We climb up two, three, four, five long flights of stairs, and, breathless, are ushered into

rooms overlooking the bay, with a glimpse of Vesuvius, high ceilings, two comfortable beds, a monumental stove,—this is the type of all hotel rooms in Italy.

Later, we go out to visit our bankers. How vivid are the impressions of that first walk in Naples: The tiny donkeys, with panniers so overflowing with greens that they seem like walking bouquets, cows and goats led about to give fresh milk, drays of oranges, each decorated according to the taste of the owner, lemonade sellers, with brown and red jars of water, and lemons with their fresh green leaves, the vendors of flowers and wax tapers, the frying of cakes and fish, the home life of the streets, the pink and yellow tenements with garments hung to dry from their windows. Howells says, "It is perpetually washing day in Italy, and the observer, seeing so much linen washing and so little clean, is everywhere invited to the solution of one of the strangest problems of the Latin civilization."

The churches of Naples are disappointing. The principal decorations

are veiled, to be uncovered at Easter, and the remainder seem soiled and tawdry.

At the door of one church we discover a group of women embroidering an exquisite altar cloth. The shop is small, and the table at which they sit extends into the street. With smiles and cordial gestures they invite us to enter, and display a red satin banner, on which we see, worked in heavy gold thread and brilliant colors, the Italian flag, the Papal arms, the Goddess of Liberty, and the Stars and Stripes, surmounted by the word "New York" in unmistakably large letters. Alas, they speak neither French nor English, and we cannot learn its object or destination.

Having studied the marbles, frescoes, and mosaics from Pompeii at the museum, we are ready for an excursion to that wonderful city whose history has thrilled us from childhood.

The train bears us quickly from Naples, through market gardens and macaroni factories; alighting, we rush past the disgusting beggars who squirm and hobble at the station; but are constrained to stop for a painfully modern lunch, eaten to strains of Neapolitan music at Cook's Restaurant Suisse.

At last we enter the Porta Marina, and are soon passing the open doors of the homes and shops of the busy, thronging people whose chariot wheels cut the roads, and whose pitchers marked the well-curbs, so many centuries ago. All

is clean and still. Little green lizards darting about are the only inhabitants of this town, which yet, in some strange way, seems instinct with life. We *feel* the crowds of worshippers in the temples and the assemblies at the public baths, and almost *see* the hurrying feet of the multitude rushing up the crooked stone steps to enter the theatre. We sit long in the sunshine, gazing down into the grass-grown amphitheatre, and weary our guide by delays at the temples and forum.

A fine house is just uncovered; the centre an open square with marble fountains, statues, and carved pillars, and a large, round-topped table of pure white marble. The frescoes here had their original brightness of color. "Vesuvius, with his plume of smoke," was ever in view, looking peaceful, yet awful, with power to destroy.

Two days we devote to driving along a marvellous road cut in solid rock, and winding below enormous overhanging cliffs, often supported by walls of solid masonry built up from the water, always between the



Pompeii.

sea and sky, "two symbols of the infinite."

Occasionally we pass through quaint villages with vineyards terraced high over our heads; orange and lemon trees full of ripe fruit, wild flowers everywhere. The drive is broken only by an hour's row along the coast to Amalfi. When the boat is drawn up on the beach, amid the cries of "*Montez, Madame!*" the boatmen lift us on to the sand. Then, indeed, "*Montez*" seems the

says Thayer, "is a vast ravine, from one side of which to the other reverberates the magic word, Rome."

So in our poor brains the rattle of the train intensifies thought, and Rome, "Holy Rome, venerable through the blood of the martyrs," "Rome, the high school which is open to all the world,"—"the cradle and grave of empires," excludes all other fancies. The long stretches of vineyards and buttercup-filled Campagna surprise us, till the arches of

the aqueduct warn us of our approach to the city of our dreams.

In spite of this preparation, perhaps because of it, the Eternal City seems strangely modern as we drive to our hotel. The broad, clean streets, the high, brick tenements might be a part of one of our own western cities.

Our Neapolitan bouquets prove an open sesame to the Eden hotel, where we are made most comfortable,

and are ready the next morning for a Roman Good Friday, though we answer "*No*" when asked if we wish to "*diner maigre*."

We visit first "the most Holy Lateran church, The Mother and Head of all the churches in the world." Though we become somewhat accustomed to the dim, chilly atmosphere, the rows of columns, the twinkling lights, the odor of incense, the pictures, monuments, relics, and masses, we cannot attempt to describe any one of the three hundred and eighty churches of Rome. A few of them bear over their doors the inscription "*Indulgentia plenarie*



St. Peter's

only thing possible for us. We crawl up over hundreds of steps to the Hotel de Capuchin, finding a chapel, a garden, a grotto, and a view, but no room for us, so we shortly continue on our way to Salerno.

The next morning we return to Naples, take a farewell stroll through the streets which we have learned to love, and set out for Rome, each carrying a bouquet, presented at parting by our smiling hostess.

Rome! how the vision grows as we approach the reality, and the sayings of great men of all ages come back to us. "Antiquity,"



The Vatican

perpetua pro vivis et defunctis,"—"perpetual plenary indulgence daily, for the living and the dead!"

On Sunday we are surprised by the apparent lack of Easter rejoicing. There is no display of flowers, great baskets of eggs in the provision shops mark the only change. We cross the bridge of St. Angelo, guarded by statues of angels and apostles, and approach St. Peter's, "that glorious temple" which surpasses all powers of description. Arriving early, we wander through its vast spaces, till the crowd gathers, which only partially fills the enormous building. Mothers lift their children to kiss the toe of the bronze statue of St. Peter.

In each confessional sits a priest, holding a long, slender wand, like a fishing rod, with which he touches in blessing the head of each person who bows before him. Some fling themselves on the pavement in an agony of worship and devotion: others kneel and mutter prayers, apparently unconscious of what they are saying. A blind girl tells her beads over and

over in feverish haste. She seems to hope for a miracle of healing. Processions of priests in gorgeous vestments, bearing candles, pass and repass, tinkling bells announce the passage of the consecrated wafer to chapels where it is administered. Over all the organ peals, and the chanting voices sound.

Suddenly, at a great height above the statue of St. Veronica, a door opens. By the light of candles which they carry we discern three priests walking up and down a small balcony. They display the handkerchief of St. Veronica, a bit of the true cross, the head of the spear which pierced the Saviour's side. It is impossible to distinguish one from the other. The crowd prostrate themselves. To look on these relics insures a deliverance from 7,000 years of penance in purgatory.

Since the Pope no longer comes to St. Peter's, the ceremonies are less impressive than of old.



The Colosseum.

Weary of the noise and confusion near the high altar we wander to secluded corners where even the sound of the music does not penetrate, and where we are quite alone, as if we were in another world.

When we leave St. Peter's it is raining. Many hacks are in waiting, and each is covered by a huge, bright-colored umbrella. They seem like mushrooms springing up in the dampness.

At the entrance to the Vatican the pope's Swiss Guard are always on duty. They are fine-looking men, wearing red, black, and yellow caps, slashed knee breeches, one leg black and the other yellow and red, and stockings of the three colors. Many flights of grey stone steps lead to the Sistine chapel. Half way up, against the wall, is the equestrian statue of Constantine, apparently transfixed by the vision of the cross suspended above his head. Here we begin to fall under the spell of Michael Angelo which even more intensely pervades Florence, and feel increasing amazement at the genius and power of Raphael, who, dying at thirty-seven, left such a wealth of art to delight all future generations.

One blissful morning we spend in contemplation of Guido Reni's "Aurora," so exquisite in color and design; on another we drive far out in the Campana and revel in the flowers and the sunshine. Strange, headless, armless statues line the roadside, cows feeding near the arches of the aqueduct make a charming picture. We pass many flocks of goats and the odd wine-carts returning from an early trip to the city in each of which the driver is curled up, soundly sleeping.

In all the world there is nothing

like the Pantheon. The Forum is a ruin. The Coliseum, "arches on arches," colossal, awe-inspiring, still is a ruin, and

"The sand beneath our feet is saturate
With blood of martyrs; and these rifted stones
Are awful witnesses against a people
Whose pleasure was the pain of dying men."
—Longfellow.

The Pantheon stands complete as when erected by Agrippa, 27 years before Christ, though many of its decorations have been removed; its inlaid floor and domed roof with circular opening to the sky are grandly perfect. Here Raphael is buried, and here, too, is the tomb of Victor Emmanuel, the "Honest King," who heard the "cry of anguish" (*grido di dolore*) from Italy, long oppressed by Bourbons and Austrians, and devoted his life to liberating his country. That he is the idol of his people no one can doubt who sees in every city a "Corso Victor Emmanuel" and an equestrian statue of the "First King of Italy." The tomb is guarded by two of his veterans. Italy, no longer a mere "geographical expression," is a united country under a constitutional king.

The Sala Rotonda in the Vatican is modelled after the Pantheon, and in all that maze of art and grandeur seems most sublimely perfect. The antique mosaic floor, the immense basin of porphyry from the baths of Diocletian, the exquisite statues and busts absorb and thrill us.

Another room, overwhelming in the variety and charm of its marbles, is the Hall of the Dying Gladiator in the Capitoline Museum. The old River God Marforio in the vestibule of this building inspires us with real affection, and we return to gaze on

his mild and kingly countenance. He it is who was the friend and gossip of Pasquin at the Plazzo Braschi, and lively dialogues, merciless as to the follies of the government, used to appear each morning placarded on their respective pedestals. To put an end to inconvenient criticism the government ordered the removal of

future day. Our party is to separate, and all one evening, having indulged in the luxury of a *lampe à pétrole*, we sit around our table settling our accounts. The result reached is announced thus, "As nearly as I can make out you owe us nine francs, and we owe you twelve, therefore we must pay you three."



The Pantheon.

one of them, "and since Marforio has been shut up, Pasquin has lost his spirits."

"I feel myself exalted—

To walk the streets in which a Virgil walked,
Or Trajan rode in triumph."—*Longfellow*.

The time draws near when we must leave Rome. We stop at the glorious fountain of Trevi, drink of the water, and throw a penny in the basin; this it is said ensures our return at some

After we are established in Florence we drive about to survey the city. Our hackman proves an accomplished guide, pointing out and describing many of the statues and buildings, and finally, passing through the Porta Romana, proposes to show us a *bella panorama*. Handsome villas surrounded by blossoming shrubs and trees line the constantly ascending road, until we reach San Miniato,

whence all the magnificence of Florence, "The brightest star of star-bright Italy," is revealed to us: The marvellous dome of Brunelleschi, Ghiberti's gates of bronze, Giotto's tower, the yellow Arno, the distant heights of Fiesole, the clear, bright atmosphere glorifying all. It is a perfect preparation for a study of the city.

The flower market is one of the most charming institutions of Florence, where under the grey stone arches of a large arcade are displayed masses of flowering plants, shrubs, and cut flowers, arranged with true Italian taste and skill: Azaleas large as trees bearing thousands of brilliant blossoms, roses unlike any we have ever seen, clusters of the yellow Benci rose, a luxuriant climber, bushels of tulips, forget-me-nots, lily of the valley, and narcissus. We are told that gardeners in this city of flowers pay for their positions, and are allowed to sell flowers for their own profit. In the city the streets are narrow and the houses seem gloomy and shabby, but when the door of the court is opened one sees within gardens which are entrancing.

The Strozzi palace, a huge pile of rough hewn stone, is opposite our hotel. It is surrounded by a broad stone bench, which affords a resting-place for vendors of melon seeds, sweetmeats, toys, handkerchiefs, fried cakes, and all manner of queer merchandise. Here, too, the laborers who are laying a pavement near by take their noonday rest, sleeping motionless in the sun after a lunch of the dryest of dry bread. They begin work at six in the morning and toil until seven at night, and the "reward," we are told, "is three francs."

The carriages are driven violently through the streets, with an incessant cracking of whips, sounding like a perpetual Fourth of July. The drivers shout to warn pedestrians, and should one barely escape being thrown down, he slinks meekly away, while the aggrieved coachman shakes his fist and shrieks in a violent rage.

When we first visit the Pitti palace, we go by mistake to a private entrance where we receive a *permissio* to see the royal apartments. We are led through vast suites of rooms, with cold marble floors, stiff, solemn-looking chairs, magnificent tables and cabinets, inlaid with mosaic, ivory, and choice pictures, canopied beds, most uninviting, and enormous chandeliers filled with candles. We are allowed also to visit the royal stables, where we gravely inspect long rows of short-tailed bays, heavy gilt and decorated coaches, and fantastic harness with plumed head-pieces, all of which were ready for use at the wedding of the Prince of Naples.

In the galleries of the Pitti and Uffizi palaces the succession of picture filled rooms seems endless. Hare calmly states that a walk of several miles may be taken within these walls! The Tribune, a crimson octagonal hall, lighted by a cupola inlaid with mother of pearl, contains many gems of sculpture and art. Raphael's "Madonna of the Goldfinch," in which the countenance of the child Jesus expresses a more than human love and tenderness, constantly attracts us. This room is one which impresses itself indelibly upon the memory as in every particular most perfect.

At the convent of San Marco we begin to know and appreciate Fra

Angelico. After a long study of the cloisters and the large "Crucifixion" in the chapter house we wander from cell to cell receiving such revelations of the love, patience, and compassion of Christ that we feel awed, as in a most holy place.

Day after day we visit palaces, churches, and convents. At Santa Maria Novella we look with some

bought or caught a cricket that day. We could not ascertain the origin of the custom, peculiar to Florence, but every one endeavored to keep the cricket alive by care and feeding. We understood that the possessor would live as many years as the *grello* survived days in captivity. The shops were closed, and family parties drove to dine in the *Cacine*,



A Side Street in Venice.

anxiety at the frescoes of Giotto, of which Ruskin says, "If you can be pleased with this, you can see Florence; but if not, by all means amuse yourself, if you can be amused, as long as you like; you can never see it!"

Ascension day is celebrated with great pomp in Florence. Early in the morning we hear strange cries in the streets, and see men carrying about branches hung with tiny cages, each of which contains a cricket or *grello*. Every person in the city

a fine park full of trees and vines, where children are allowed to play in the grass and gather wild flowers.

The railroad between Florence and Venice goes over the ridge of the Apennines and through forty tunnels. Then it descends rapidly and passes fields of grain and waving grass red with millions of poppies. The grape vines, which festoon all Italy, here stretch from tree to tree and produce the effect of a rural dance.



Venice: Interior of St. Marks.

Our own gondolier, Edoardo, a patient and amiable man, awaits us, and we behold with rapture that "City of Silence, floating in the sea. There she has stood for 1,400 years, as delicate as a nautilus, yet firm as marble, and stauncher than the staunchest ship." It is "the gate to artists' fairy land," and when we glide through the canals or sit at our window in the moonlight, hearing only the waves lapping against the stones, the cries of the gondoliers, and the songs of serenading parties, it is hard to realize that Venice has ever had any other life than this. Yet when we stand before the statue of Manin, the "Great Defender," we remember the siege of 146 days, when after eighteen months of independence that old ruffian Radirsky with his Austrians bombarded the city, and the brave Venetians expended 60,000,000 francs in her defence, and endured until overwhelmed by cholera and starvation.

" . . . Undaunted she fell.
Bravely she fought for her banner
and well.
But bread lacks, the cholera deadly
grows,
From the lagoon bridge the white
banner blows."

—*Amaldo Fusinati.*

Then it is good to look at the figures at the base of the monument to Victor Emmanuel; Italy, drooping, chained, yet struggling to release herself, while the lion at her feet gnaws his bonds. On the opposite side she stretches out her

arms, exultant, free, and the lion, with uplifted head, his fetters broken, guards her liberty.

There is a fête day while we are in Venice. Flags and banners float from buildings and ships. At night St. Mark's square is illuminated, a band plays, and we sit with hundreds of people on the pavement at Florian's, eating an ice and watching the crowds filling the great square.

The bones of St. Mark, to whom the cathedral is consecrated, were stolen by Venetians from Alexandria



Milan: Statue of Cavour.

in the year 829. They covered the baskets in which the remains were carried with pork, to escape interference by the Jews. This theft and falsehood is emblazoned in brilliant mosaic in one of the arches of the cathedral. The turbaned Jews turn from the unclean meat with gestures of loathing; the Venetians wear an ill-concealed look of triumph.

Days pass as in a dream, and all too soon we are on our way to Milan. Here we behold the crowning glory of our trip—Milan cathedral by moonlight! A dazzling vision of turrets, statues, and delicate carving traced against the sky. Morning only increases our admiration of the stately edifice, and when we enter the door and pass up between the great stone pillars supporting the Gothic roof, we are overwhelmed by a feeling of insignificance of our own personality, yet exalted by our realization of the power and genius which designed and constructed such marvellous beauty.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man!"

The square in front of our hotel is adorned by a statue of that great statesman and patriot, Cavour. He

appears clad in a frock coat, stretching out his hands apparently in expostulation with the slightly draped young woman who sits at the base of the pedestal inscribing his name thereon with the pen of Fame. Evidently there is no longer a Michael Angelo in Italy.

We hasten on to Genoa, where our stay is so brief and hurried that we remember only steep and narrow lanes, hot stores, ticket and express offices, and do not realize that it is Genoa *La Superba*.

Rain is pouring when on the gang-plank of the *Werra* we have our last struggle with a foreign tongue. The porter carrying our bags, drops them and demands his fee. "Where are they? What have you done with them? Where did you put those bags?" we ask with increasing excitement. Then we remember that we are not yet at home, and "*Donè il bagaglio?*" relieves his anxiety and our own.

And so farewell to that

"Paradise of land and sea,
Forever stirred by great hopes and by volcanic
fires,
Called Italy."—*Alcario Alcario*.

THE HARMONY OF SILENCE.

By John H. Bartlett.

I ask myself when oft I'm dreaming
In meditation's calm, sweet hour,
What songs are these? what angel voices,
As bird notes come from distant bower?

But no reply. The soul's in silence,—
Soft strains to heaven's height now rise,—
At peace with man, with God and nature,
It hears the notes of paradise.

THE BENEFACTION OF MELANCTHON DOWNS.

[CONCLUDED.]

By Francis Dana.



T dawn Miss Eggesworth awoke in a fright, and heard the voice of her guest at the foot of the stairs.

"Madam! Madam! Forgive me for disturbing your early slumbers, but, madam!"

"Oh! *Is* anything wrong?"

"*Everything's always* wrong, madam. Have you a basket on the premises?"

"Yes!"

"A *large* basket—a *bushel*-basket?"

"Yes—in the wood-shed!"

"Many thanks; and again, madam, forgive me!"

"Phelim! You lotos-eyed bird of sloth! Up with you! Take the basket you will find in the shed—the *bushel*-basket, mind—go to the village and the neighboring farms—buy provisions, and bring that basket home, *full*! You understand me?"

"Oi do, sorr," said Phelim, conscientiously touching his red flannel nightcap in the darkness and solitude of his apartment.

The invalid, whose affliction, however grievous, did not seem to have condemned him to inactivity, then left the house and set out at a great pace, swinging his stick, and humming merry songs to himself, for a walk in the freshness of a delightful morning.

He entered the village and found the street deserted (for Caraway

folk rise late on a Sunday), except by an old and reverend nag who was at pasture there, assisting traffic to destroy the not inconsiderable verdure of the road, and who raised his head to look with one mildly-accusing eye at the disturber of the peace.

The street was arched with noble elms, and on either side stood cottages, white and pleasant to see among their vines, and each in its own ample enclosure, each with its trees and shrubs about it.

He left the village, passed a few out-lying farms, and turned up a steep slope under the whispering pines, through tangles of brush, and knee-deep in brake and fern—slipping on the mossy stones, clambering over the fallen timber, and stopping now and then to laugh gaily back at some squirrel that scolded from a safe branch, or to whistle with the birds that were greeting light with song overhead.

He reached the height, climbed the crest of gray rock above the woods, and, turning, saw the fair valley from which he had come, and the river that watered its fields glowing at the touch of sunrise like a stream of liquid flame gleaming under its dark alders and storming in rosy foam with echoing melody among its granite boulders.

The sky brightened, the village lay basking in warm light, and before the invalid reached his lodg-

ing he discovered that the day was uncomfortably hot and the road dusty.

His long walk had bestowed on him a severe thirst.

Taking a short cut to reach Miss Eggesworth's, he found in the pasture behind her empty barn a cool grove, and in the grove a spring whose basin had been deepened and walled inside with stones, forming a narrow shaft full of cold, dark water.

He scooped some up in his hollowed hands and drank.

After a few swallows he stopped—tasted, tasted again—then, jumped up, and ran to the house.

He found Miss Eggesworth waiting for him at the table for which Phelim, according to his instructions, had abundantly provided.

"Madam," said the invalid, as he poured a handkerchief-full of wild flowers on the table by his hostess, "are you aware that you have on your premises—in all probability—an inestimable treasure? Not myself, madam, *not* myself," he, modestly, continued. "I allude to the well in the grove on the knoll behind the barn. Unless I am greatly mistaken—a rare occurrence—it contains mineral properties of the highest order!"

"Land!" cried the lady, astonished.

"On the contrary, madam, *water*! I can hardly be mistaken, I think. I have been obliged to take mineral-waters before, and have greatly benefited by them. This really has just the flavor of the sulphur spring at Hackmatack. It's worth analyzing."

"You don't say! Mabbe so. I never took no notice of nothin' queer

about it. But then, I ain't drank out o' that spring year ago come August.

"We hev' a well handy to th' house, but hot years it runs dry, an' then we hev' t' take t' th' one in the pasture."

"Phelim! Or—*no*, you butter-fingers—you'd spill it!"

The invalid seized a pitcher and was gone. In a few moments he brought it back full of the precious element. "Taste *that*, madam, if you please! Here, Phelim—where are you? Come here!"

Phelim appeared at the kitchen-door.

"Drink that. There, does that remind you of anything, or have you lost your memory?"

"*Does* it remoid me, is it? Sure, sorr, it's the very twin av the taste av them onpalatable springs phwere you an' me wint that summer for our hilt! Bagle!"

"Madam!"

Miss Eggesworth had sipped it gingerly. "Mmm—'pears t' me like all ain't jest right with th' water."

Now the invalid was a man who rushed headlong with open arms upon a theory, and, having grasped it, loved it too well to let go, or to allow the cold wind of doubt to blow upon it in his presence.

"Madam, if you had had my experience in these matters I think you would agree with me. I am sure you would."

"Wal, I ain't never tasted no sulphur-water, an' if this is some I can't say as I much wauter. 'Tis jest a little like th' smell of a new-lit match," she concluded.

"You will see that I am right," said the invalid testily.

"I am much interested in this discovery, and, if you will permit me, shall send some of the water to a chemist—a *first-rate* chemist—and have it analyzed. Meanwhile, madam, if in the interests of science you can bring yourself to endure my presence and that of that disreputable vagabond of mine, Phelim, for a few days longer, I beg to be permitted to wait here for the result."

Before the answer came from the first-rate chemist the few days had lengthened into three weeks. When it arrived it conveyed little intelligence to the unenlightened mind, for the chemist, like many another wise man whose opinion is eagerly sought and heard with reverence, had resolved the subject into its primary parts, and had rendered each part technically expressed, as much of a puzzle as the whole had been before. The invalid, however, exhibited it in triumph as confirmation of his theory.

Meanwhile he had forgotten Caraway, Vermont, and become the pride and wonder of Caraway, New Hampshire.

By day he fished the brooks for trout (with less success than enjoyment, for his tendency to sing, whistle, and hold converse with the echoes of the woods and hills was too much for the nerves of those tender water-fowl), explored the country, worked in the hay-fields with the farmers—revelled in his freedom.

In the evening he returned with a vast stock of unspent energy, instituted games among the village children, presented prizes to the victors; later, chatted, smoked, and told stories in the store, or played "Pedro" and "Old Sledge" with the fathers of the hamlet.

In the misty summer moonlight his banjo might be heard upon the river below the rapids (for Caraway had a boat of its own), the strains interrupted by such remarks as, "Phelim! Get ashore and run for my cigars. Hurry up, you dormant owl!"

With his own hands he defeated the local bully (for calling him a "fat zebry, with th' stripes long-wise!"); he conducted in person his defence for this misdemeanor, and was fined by the local magistrate. He gave a party to which all were bidden, and there danced with the fairest daughters of Caraway; and in short kept the people in a constant state of suspense (terrible at first, but pleasant as they knew him better) as to what might be going to happen next.

When autumn came, he declared that he really began to feel almost well again; that he was regaining his appetite; that he wished he might stay and complete his cure.

"But I shall come back, madam," said he; "I shall come and bring my friends with me."

III.

THE HARVEST.

Fifteen years after, a dusty tramp came plodding into Caraway. He looked with evident surprise at the new growth of the village—at the pretty cottages along the river, at the town hall, the stores, and the places of public entertainment.

"Kin this here be Caraway?" he asked himself.

Then with recognition he beheld the village pump and Jonathan Winters who sat ruminant as in years gone by, idle before his store,—not

now as formerly for lack of business, but because he had clerks to attend to it, and could afford his leisure.

"Who's that place up thar, mister?" the tramp asked, huskily, pointing to a large, pleasant house in well-kept grounds, where men and maidens in summer garb might be seen playing at tennis or discoursing amiably in the shade, watched from the broad verandas by matrons with lorgnettes, where hammocks were slung beneath the trees, and fans were waving, and the laughter of children was heard among the shrubs.

"Thet?" said Jonathan Winters. "Why, thet's th' M'lanctum House."

"Melancthon House!"

"Yes."

"Who owns it?"

"Old Miss Elviry Egglesworth—a mighty *old* lady, but spry."

"How'd it come t' be so called!"

"Elviry?"

"Naw, th' house."

"Wal, ye see 't was kinder queer how 't all come about. 'Tain't be'n called that more 'n sence last season."

"Some fifteen year ago they come a city feller an' his hired man, an' got off here by mistake an' had t' stay over Sabbath up to Elviry's."

"The city feller he happened t' go out in the mornin' an' drank out 'n a spring back of Elviry's barn, an', seein' it did n't taste jest right, he thought it was medicine-water, like they hev' up to Saratogy an' them places."

"He sent some on it to his doctor and had it paralyzed, an', they do say, the doctor sent word back as how 'twas full o' no end o' fine physics."

"Wal, the city feller he was ailin' (so he said, though he must a hed

powerful self-control, fer he did n't neither look it ner act it), an' he held forth as how th' spring done him a sight o' good. Though by that time the taste seemed ter kinder biled out er th' water some way."

"Wal, sir, he come back an' brought other city folks, an' they come back an' brought more, an' season by season Elviry's house kep' a growin', an' she added on here a L., an' there a weng, an' put piazzies an' verandies onto it, an' bow-windies an' all tell it got t' be what ye kin see it. An' Elviry, she's a gittin' real wealthy."

"Up t' last season she called her place th' Spring House—not that folks cared much for th' spring after the first."

"But last August th' city feller's hired man he let on fer th' furst time as how when he see th' city feller a drinkin' thet water' an' more partickler when made t' drink it hisself, he had his misgivin's, an' he went down an' cleaned out thet spring, an' ther was a bag o' ground-sweetenin', or rock-phosphate, as some calls it, thet some one'd throwed in not long before."

"Wal, he did n't say nothin' at th' time, an' th' city feller he 'counted to hisself fer not bein' able to git no more bad taste out 'n th' water in some scientific fashion."

"But last summer, when th' hired man told what he'd found there s' long ago, Miss Elviry she up an' rec'lected as how her boy, M'lanctum Downs, hed left, jest a little fore the city boarder come, an' how 'bout thet time she'd lost th' one bag o' sweetenin' she'd hed fer her gardin."

"Lanky must a threw it in there jest fer meanness, ter spoil it, or th'

water, or both. Wal, sir, by trying fer to do a mean turn, he made this here town, an' done all on us, an' Elviry more'n any, a heap o' good."

"He did so, sure enough," said the tramp.

"Yas—Wal, Miss Elviry, she says as how 'twarn't t' be called the Spring House no more, bein' as the spring was no more 'count than any other, an' she told th' summer boarders *she* couldn't think o' no name an' they c'd call it.

"So they up and called it the M'lanctum, after Lank Downs."

"But whur do th' boy come in on all this here," the tramp inquired, "ain't he agoin' t' be rewarded? He done it all. Ef't hadn't a b'en fer him, th' city chap wouldn't a stayed on, yer know, an' there wouldn't nobody a come ter Caraway. See?"

"He ain't never be'n back here— young Downs ain't," said Winters.

The tramp took off his ancient hat and looked the old man in the face.

"Jonathan Winters—here I be. Don't you remember Lanky Downs?"

"Wal, I swan!" said Jonathan.

"An' now, fur old-time's sake, an' seein' I done yer all so much good up here, hed n't yer better take me inter the store an' fill me up an' give me a' outfit?"

"Be you M'lanctum Downs?"

"Tha's who I be.

The old man shook his head, his eyes twinkled.

"I do n't b'lieve ye, Lanky," said he. "Ye see it's *this* way. Ef you *aint* 'Lanktum Downs in course ye ain't a tellin' of the truth when ye say ye *be*. Ain't thet so? Wal, on the other hand, 'f you *be* Lanktum Downs, I can't seem ter b'lieve nothin' you say anyhow—'cause you ain't noway ter be depended upon—not even fer th' fact that it's you. So you better get erlong!"

MIDSUMMER.

By C. Jennie Swaine.

What wealth of bloom, what flash of wings,
Each rare and radiant morning brings!
How full of rest the drowsy thrall
When noon-rays on the dial fall!
What beauty 'round the sunset wreathes
When her last breath the daylight breathes!
Oh, like a miracle of dreams
A day in sweet midsummer seems!

After the day-queen seeks repose
What tender shadows 'round us close!
The stars are asters, pale and sweet,
Turned down to dimness by the heat.
Later the moon is set afloat,
With clouds to sail her silver boat.
Oh, like a miracle of dreams
A night in sweet midsummer seems!



Dublin Village, looking East.

A SKETCH OF DUBLIN.

[Illustrated from photographs by Henry D. Allison.]

By H. H. Piper.



WHATEVER may be said of the course of Dublin's history, there can be little question that in natural scenery, in southwestern New Hampshire, at least, this little hill town is unsurpassed. One of the most noticeable features of Dublin is its elevation above the sea, by which reference is had not merely to its hilltops and mountain ridges, but to its village rather, with the neighboring lake and the summer cottages which surround it. The latest careful measurements of the United States survey made by Raphael Pumpelly within ten years place the elevation of Monadnock lake at 1,493 feet, which is also the elevation of the village in front of The Leffingwell. A compar-

ison of these figures with the height of other villages in New Hampshire, taken from a table in Drake's "Heart of the White Mountains," will prove interesting:

Upper Bartlett	660
Bethlehem (Sinclair House)	1,454
Franconia	921
Gorham	812
Jackson	759
Jefferson Hill	1,440
Lancaster	870
North Conway	521
Plymouth	473
Sugar Hill	1,351

But it is not so much the fact of altitude, either absolute or relative, as a peculiarity of situation which gives to Dublin its chief attractiveness. Briefly, the town may be said to occupy a position at the southern extremity of the ridge of hills, terminating in Monadnock mountain,

which divides the valley of the Connecticut from the valley of the Merrimack, or rather, that portion of the former valley represented by the Ashuelot from the Contoocook valley of the Merrimack. The position of the town in its higher portions is, therefore, commanding, for beyond Monadnock to the south the watershed sinks to a comparatively low level and does not thereafter rise into any considerable elevation except Wachusett.

ridges of Vermont. Passing from the region of the lake with its mountainous surroundings over the height of land to the east, one is confronted at once with the Peterborough and flanking hills ten miles away bounding the Contoocook valley. So fine is the scene here presented that many have been led to believe that for satisfying beauty it is unsurpassed among the town's attractions. The village of Dublin extends from the summit of the water-shed eastward for a mile.



Dublin Village and Beech Hill, looking West.

The line of the water-shed which enters the town a little north of the summit of Beech hill continues its course in an irregular southwesterly direction and crosses the line between Dublin and Jaffrey a few rods north of the pinnacle of Monadnock. The two slopes into which the town is thus divided are about equal in extent, but each has a strongly marked individuality. The westerly slope includes the lake with its cottages; it is much less precipitous than the eastern and as it extends onward is broken into hills over whose summits may be had glimpses of the smooth

South of the village and running parallel with it, there is an irregular elevation, closing the prospect in that direction, upon which a number of the summer cottages are located.

The only means of communication between the two slopes just described is a highway, or rather parallel highways, leading from the upper portion of the village through a depression in the ridge to the region of the lake just beyond. This thoroughfare connects the more important summer settlement very closely with the village. In the depression in the ridge at its highest point was located the



Unitarian Church.

"old common," upon which once stood church and town house, and so exactly was the church placed on the line of the water-shed that one may well believe the current report that the rain which fell on the east slope of the roof found its way into the Merrimack and that which fell on the west slope into the Connecticut. Fifty or more rods to the west of the common, and close under the shadow of Beech Hill, stood the first church edifice. In front of it, and sloping to the lake, was the churchyard, still used as the town's one cemetery; a spot of singular beauty where one may walk among the moss-covered slabs, when meeting-house and town-house have long since passed away, and feel that here at least one may behold the work of the early inhabitants unchanged. The love and care which centre in this cemetery increase from year to year. May no monstrosities of art disfigure it, and no over-ornamentation destroy its simple beauty. Thus it will be seen that not only is the thoroughfare leading from the village to the lake the busiest in the town; it also affords an outlook to scenes of the rarest grandeur and beauty and leads one to spots where centre the ten-

derest and holiest associations.

Among the elements of Dublin scenery, Monadnock mountain must always hold a leading place. Though rising at the limit of a ridge of hills, it still has all the appearance of a lone peak, dominating the landscape in every direction. It is wooded on

the sides, bold and rocky on the upper ridges and pinnacle, and presents from every point of observation, even when viewed from great distances, the appearance of a mountain, never of a hill. Its altitude is 3,159 feet above tide water and 1,676 feet above the lake. Like most mountains, it has outlying spurs, one of which, the largest, runs in a north-easterly direction toward the village of Dublin, giving to the mountain



Town Hall.



"The Leffingwell," H. R. Leffingwell, Manager.

looked at from that direction an appearance of variety in unity not observable from any other point. The ascent may be made from Farmer's, three miles from the village, over a good path; or up the valley of the mountain brook with no path; or over the northeast spur with a path to the ledges. Good climbers prefer the latter route, not merely as presenting the greatest variety of scene, but as affording the best opportunity to study the interesting vegetation of the mountain among the ledges. The route along the mountain brook leads one to fine forest growths and through ravines of ever-changing and subtle charm. The view from the summit is indescribable except in its grosser elements. The farthest reach of vision is probably to the north, where (through a clear air) the whole White Mountain group are distinctly visible: Moosilauke, the Franconia range, Washington and Chocorua, with other not so easily distinguishable peaks among them. The air line distance to Mount Washington must considerably exceed one hundred miles.

Eastward one looks across the Contoocook valley to the central and southeastern stretches of New Hampshire, out of which rise a number of lesser peaks. Southeasterly one's eye travels over ever-diminishing hills to the very suburbs of Boston, to Arlington Heights and Blue Hill, from which points Monadnock is a prominent feature on the horizon. Southerly the only important elevation is Wachusett. Far on the southwestern horizon loom the picturesque Berkshires. Westward, beyond the Connecticut valley, the Vermont hills rise, tier on tier, to the limit of vision. Toward the north Ascutney, Cardigan, and the southern Kearsarge are among the midway peaks. On those many features of a landscape as seen from a lone summit rising in an inhabited region; on villages and farmhouses, cultivated fields and woodlands, streams and ponds, creeping railway trains and the smoke of towns, we cannot further dwell.

It is difficult to convey in words, even to those long familiar with it, an adequate idea of mountain scenery



"Monadnock House," George W. Preston, Proprietor.

and the effect which it produces. It is even more difficult to portray the full meaning of a beautiful mountain lake. To state that the elevation of Monadnock lake is nearly 1,500 feet above the sea, that it is a mile in length and something less in width, that it has clean shores, pebbly here, sandy there, with pure, deep water fed mainly by hidden springs, that the trout which sport in its waters are of a variety not found in neighboring ponds and lakes, that no puffing steamer with its shrill whistle breaks in upon its serenity and that beautiful hills look down upon it, may convey some idea, perhaps, of this sheet of water as compared with others, but it will not take captive the heart. To know it one must look upon it as one looks upon the face of a friend; see it as the writer has often seen it in the early morning from the top of Snow Hill, when the sunlight was beginning to stream over the Contoocook valley while all to the west lay in shadow, the surface of the water like a mirror reflecting the verdant shores, a light mist floating over it and all its message peace. When Homer wished to set forth the beauty of Helen among the Trojan dames, he did not dwell upon the color of her hair and eyes, the proportions of her form or her bearing, but rather described the effect which her beauty produced upon the aged men of the city as she came among them on the rampart to gaze upon the embattled hosts in the plain below. So in attempting to set forth the charms of Monadnock lake it

might be wiser to dwell upon the popularity of the drive along its shores, or the price men are willing to pay and the distance they are willing to come that they may look upon its waters, or the difficulty of obtaining sightly building lots near its shores even at the highest prices; for these facts with the majority are far more eloquent than any description.

The height of Beech Hill is 1,884



Emmanuel Chapel, Rev. R. Kidner, Rector

feet, and it rises 391 feet above the lake. The view from its summit is at once less and greater than the view from Monadnock; less in that the prospect is not so extensive, though nearly all the peaks mentioned as visible from Monadnock are visible also here, even to a portion of the White Mountain group; but greater in that many nearer objects, Dublin village and its surroundings, the lake and its cottages, and most of all, Monadnock, appear from the lower elevation in proportions which are far more satisfying. Moreover, Beech Hill is very accessible and is a favorite resort with persons who seldom or never visit the more distant peak.

Of many other objects of interest throughout the town which are a part of its natural beauty, of lesser



Monadnock Lake and Mountain, from Cathedral Rock.

hilltops, shady drives, forests and forest paths, stretches of meadow, smaller ponds and brooks, and a wealth of flowering plants and shrubs, no farther mention can be made.

The history of Dublin for the first one hundred years is similar to that of many of the hill towns in southwestern New Hampshire. The first attempt at settlement was in 1752, but the real settlement came ten years later, when Thomas Morse, William Greenwood, Samuel Twitchel, and those who soon joined them, held the land for their descendants. The zenith of the town's prosperity along the old lines corresponds very closely with the pastorate of Rev. Levi W. Leonard, D. D., who was installed over the Unitarian church in 1820 and resigned in 1854. Without dwelling on the work of this man, remarkable as it was in many ways, and sweet as his memory still is, in fairness it must be said that even he could not have accomplished what he

did had he not labored at a time when the resources of the town were still unexhausted and when many men and women of the finest endowment still found the farm a congenial field for their exertions. Toward the middle of the century the decline in population was noticeable, but it was not marked until after the Civil War. The story of this decline, read with appreciative eyes, would be as pathetic as the story of a nation's declining greatness, for never, perhaps, in the world's history has national life on a small scale been so finely exemplified as in the towns of New England. We dwell upon the heroism of those who cleared the land and founded the town, and all honor to their names, but it must be remembered that they had at least the fruit of their toil from the accumulated products of many thousand years of forest growth. When the land was once cleared, rich grass grew in the pastures and abundant crops covered the fields. The early generations left

to the later barren pasture lands and wornout fields; and the later generations struggled on, scarcely doubting that Nature would prove as kind to them as to their fathers. So she has proved, but not in the way which they were expecting. Mother Nature, at once the most inexorable and the most tender of the friends of man, is making up in the marketable value of her grandeur and beauty what has been lost in fertility; and the old town which a generation ago was apparently passing into irremediable decay is able to hold its own and even to enter upon a period of prosperity which, in some of its features, far surpasses anything in the past.

The beginnings of Dublin as a summer resort have an earlier date than is generally supposed. There is evidence in the published history of the town that the inhabitants were well aware that they lived amid scenes of unusual natural beauty; and it is gratifying to chronicle that the first evidences that the hills and valleys around Monadnock lake

were to be a summer home for those dwelling in distant towns and cities are to be found in the annual return of former citizens. The writer believes there is no doubt that the annual visits of the family of Solomon Piper of Boston to his native town led to the establishment of summer boarding; and summer boarding, as is now perfectly well understood, was the natural precursor of the summer cottage. As long ago as 1840 the daughters of Mr. Piper spent their summer vacation with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Piper, who were living in Dublin village. At that time, or a little later, there were boarding at the same place a number of other ladies, several teachers among them, one of whom, Miss Harriet Graupner, is still living. It seems, however, to be the impression among those who sat at Mrs. Piper's table that she had no wish to make a regular business of taking boarders, but merely accommodated those who applied.

In 1846 Miss Hannah Piper, a sis-



Monadnock Lake and Mountain.

ter of Solomon Piper and a member of his family, married Jackson Greenwood, and from that time forward made her home in Dublin; and it is known that almost immediately, perhaps in the summer of 1846, Mrs. Greenwood matured plans for filling her house with summer guests, for whom some special provision should be made. Here, then, without doubt is to be found the beginning of the

wood two successive summers, one of them being the summer of 1855, when the writer of this article had the pleasure of an introduction, but, owing to his tender years, he finds it impossible to recall even a fragment of the conversation. About 1851 Solomon Piper purchased the house now occupied in a remodelled form by Washington Proctor and used it for a number of years as a summer



Northeast Ridge of Monadnock, showing Summer Residences.

business of summer boarding in Dublin. Mrs. Harriet Greenwood, who occupies the house formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Greenwood, has a book in her possession which might be used as an interesting piece of corroborative evidence if that were necessary. It is a collection of sermons by Rev. Theodore Parker, on the fly leaf of which appears the following in the handwriting of the distinguished author: "Jackson Greenwood, with the regards of Theo. Parker: Aug. 28, 1855." Mr. Parker boarded with Mrs. Green-

residence, his sister, Mrs. Elvira Farnsworth, occupying the house throughout the year.

There is another couple who deserve to be mentioned, not merely from the fact that they were among the very earliest of those who ministered to the wants of summer visitors, but because they mark a change in the location of the boarding interest from the lower portion of the village into the heart of the town's most charming scenery, the region about the lake. The names of Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Morse will never be

lost out of the chronicles of the new Dublin. From a record of their boarders kept from the time when the first instalment arrived in 1857 till the death of Mr. Morse in 1881 it may be learned that their home was frequented by a very large number of persons who became prominently identified with the summer life of the town. The Lombards came in 1859; the Page and Jameson families in

changed life of the town it would be unpardonable to omit it. When Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Myrick came from Chelsea, Mass., in 1864 and purchased the Hayward place on the west slope of Beech Hill, it is doubtful if they paid one extra dollar because of the fine location. Twenty times what they paid would be no temptation to the present owner and might not be beyond its actual value.



"The Parting of the Ways."

1863; S. G. Deblois and wife in 1866; Mr. and Mrs. Wyman on their wedding trip in 1867; Miss Mary Anne Wales and the Bacons in 1868; Mr. and Mrs. James Emerton in 1879. Many persons who now occupy cottages boarded with Mrs. Morse for one or more seasons. After the death of Mrs. Morse in 1884 the place was sold, and is now occupied as a summer residence.

There is still another of those homes where summer guests found shelter which has been the occasion of so much that is finest in the

How Mrs. Myrick began taking boarders may be told in her own words: "Early in that summer (1864) our experience in keeping boarders commenced by accommodating three brothers of the name of Faxon, young men from Jamaica Plain, who had travelled on foot leisurely from their home on a pleasure trip. Coming to Dublin for the purpose of climbing Monadnock, and visiting other places of interest, they could find no one to spare them a room. Being urged we took them for about a week. After this the demand for boarding places

increased each year." It was in 1868 that the family of John Osgood of Boston, which included the family of Prof. L. B. Monroe and Dr. Hamilton Osgood, first boarded with Mrs. Myrick. Mrs. J. S. C. Greene and Gen. Caspar Crowninshield, though not boarders at Mrs. Myrick's, came to Dublin through this line of influence. The Myrick place was purchased by Prof. Monroe in 1872, and occupied by him as a summer home.

him as a hotel in 1877, under the name of the Appleton House, with his son, H. R. Leffingwell, in charge. The hotel building was at first a two-story village residence, but it has been so many times enlarged and improved that the nucleus is hardly recognizable. This establishment has always been admirably kept, and is a credit to the town in whose development it has played no unimportant part. Boulderstone consists of



Path in Centennial Woods.

The business of taking summer boarders reached its height about 1879. At that time not less than ten houses of permanent residents were filled to overflowing. After that date the business declined, so far as private houses were concerned, and at present it is confined almost entirely to The Leffingwell and Boulderstone, the latter owned and managed by a non-resident. The Leffingwell, till recently the only summer hotel in the town, was purchased by Dr. C. H. Leffingwell, of Providence, R. I., in 1871, and opened by

two cottages on the east slope of Snow hill, and is an excellent summer boarding-house. During the past year the old Heald tavern in the lower portion of the village has been leased for hotel purposes, and will be open to the public the present summer.

The first summer cottage was built by Mrs. J. S. C. Greene, of Boston. It was begun in the fall of 1872, and was ready for occupancy in the summer of 1873. George W. Gleason, a merchant in the village and the postmaster, acted as Mrs. Greene's agent,

a service he has performed for a large majority of those who have built cottages down to the present time. The second and third cottages were built by Dr. Hamilton Osgood and Gen. Caspar Crowninshield, in what order of time the writer is unable to state. Mrs. Greene and Dr. Osgood disposed of their property a few years later and moved to the south shore of the lake, there to establish a settlement which has been known at times as the "Latin Quarter," and which includes at present within its borders Col. T. W. Higginson and Prof. H. B. Hill, of Cambridge, and the well known painters, Abbott H. Thayer, Joseph L. Smith, and Geo. De Forest Brush. In 1879 there were eight summer residences, five of which were new structures. From 1879 till 1893 the building of cottages went on quite steadily till, at the latter date, there were not less than fifty-six. Only one has been added since 1893, but there are indications that building will be resumed.

Many changes have taken place in Dublin during the past fifteen or twenty years, due in a greater or less degree to the rapid increase in summer population. In numbers and character the permanent population is not very different from what it would have been had the old conditions continued; but there has been a steady drifting from west to east, and especially into the village, till at present not more than half a dozen old



Residence of Misses Ida and Ellen Mason.

time families remain in the west half of the town. The inevitable result will be that the greater portion of the westerly slope will soon be clothed with forest, and for that matter large portions of the easterly slope as well, many hundred acres of which are already held by summer residents as forest land. On the other hand, considerable tracts are kept under cultivation which would otherwise either grow up to bushes or would not be cared for so thoroughly, so it is not likely that, even with a steady loss in tillage land, the contrasting beauty of field and forest will disappear from the landscape.

One of the most noticeable of the beneficent changes is the improvement in the highways. The sum expended on highways during the



Glimpse of Residence of Col. T. W. Higginson.



"Westmere," Residence of B W Taggard.



Residence of Dr. H. H. Smith.



Residence of Daniel Catlin.

year ending February 15, 1896, and not including a considerable sum used in breaking roads in winter, was more than one third of the expenditures for all purposes; it was nearly double the cost of schools, and very nearly equal to all other expenses except for schools. And

not only is the road-bed in much better condition than it was fifteen years ago; the borders of the roads are neater, and shade trees and bordering forests are as a rule less carelessly sacrificed. If this policy is steadily maintained, the drives of the town will become celebrated; and certainly there is nothing more acceptable to the summer sojourner than perfect roads. When it is known that about half the tax list is non-resident, and that in reality the cottagers, a number of whom rank as residents, pay considerably more than half the taxes, the justice and wisdom of a liberal policy in dealing with the question of highways is apparent.

The principal changes noticeable in the village, apart from the addition of ten or a dozen houses and the numerous improvements at The Leffingwell, are the erection of a town house, Episcopal church, and a new building for the Trinitarian society.

The town house was begun in 1881 and completed the following year. Its hall at once began to be used for many different purposes, and it was

soon difficult to understand how the town's life ever went on without it. Almost the only other place of meeting was the vestry in the basement of the Unitarian church, a place ill fitted in many ways for large gatherings, but one in which the history of the town for a generation was so

bound up that were its annals fully written there would be produced no unsatisfactory account of the town's life. Sunday-school and occasionally church services, sessions of the high school, singing schools, literary and dramatic entertainments, the annual town meeting, selectmen's meetings, the annual caucus, political rallies, church fairs, town fairs, the sewing-circle, the Good Templars, the Grangers, all the travelling companies, and I know not what beside, have made of this hall a very museum of memories, interesting and precious in such a variety of ways as was never known before and is not likely to be known again. But we refer to this place to revive some memories of the early days of summer Dublin, before the town house was built, when the vestry was the one place of meeting; when Professor Monroe gave readings, the Osgood family furnished music, and Miss Katie May and her companions gave "dramatics"; when Miss Cayvan, not yet upon the stage, was reading the "Bobolink"; when everybody knew everybody, and everybody turned out to raise money for the library. It so happened that after the town house was built, boarding in private families declined, and the number of cottagers rapidly increased. Very naturally therefore there was never quite the same amalgamation in the town hall that there had been in the vestry, but the pleasantest feelings continued to exist, and it is to be hoped always will exist, between the two elements of the town's life. If there is any failure to manifest this feeling, any falling off from the closer relations of a former day, it is mainly



Residence of Mrs. L. B. Monroe.



"Fairview," Residence of W. W. Browne.



Residence of Col. George E. Leighton.

due to causes which have very little connection with the feeling itself. Some of the townspeople who stood in the closest relation to the summer visitors have passed away, and their places, socially and otherwise, it is not easy to fill; and now that the boarders have become to a large ex-

literary entertainment were Colonel Higginson, Colonel Leighton, of St. Louis, Joseph L. Smith, the artist, and Richard Burton, the writer. Pleasanter occasions could hardly be imagined, and they are mentioned but as a sample of what has taken place in a little different form many times. Musical entertainments especially have afforded a frequent opportunity for mutual acquaintance.

In August, 1885, Rev. Robert Collyer gave a lecture for the benefit of the Dublin public library; and literary, dramatic, and musical entertainments for the same purpose are frequent. The public library, by the way, is quite a pet with the



Monadnock Post-Office.

tent cottagers, and are very numerous, it is natural that there should exist among them something of *esprit de corps*, a natural drawing together, which on all accounts is highly to be desired and promises well for the continuation of present conditions. It is probably true that at no time have there been more manifestations of interest in the town than during the past ten years.

In August, 1885, there were a number of gatherings at the Episcopal rectory, planned and conducted by Rev. and Mrs. Reuben Kidner, who are among the town's warmest friends, at which a number of distinguished persons gave talks. These meetings though in a measure literary were primarily designed to promote social intercourse, and the invitation was general. Those who furnished the



"Monadnock Farm," George B. Leighton, Proprietor.

summer residents, and well it may be, for a portion of it at least has a history.

"In 1822 the Juvenile library was instituted by Rev. Levi W. Leonard and Dr. David Carter, since which date it has been open and the use of its books free to all persons in town. It was and ever has been, until united with the Dublin public library in 1890, supported by voluntary contributions

in the various school districts, a subscription paper being annually circulated in each district for this purpose. Be it said to the credit of the people that there has never been occasion for a compulsory public tax for the maintenance of this institution. It was incorporated in 1825, but its sup-

than doubled; a large congregation assembles at the Episcopal church, where services have usually been conducted by Rev. Reuben Kidner, of Boston; and Catholic services are held in the town hall. Preachers, who for longer or shorter periods make Dublin their home, are frequently heard in the different pulpits. Among those who have preached during the past few years one recalls the names of Revs. Robert Collyer, of New York; William R. Alger and S. H. Winkley, of Boston; and, till his recent death, J. C. Leonard, of St. Louis, whose annual visit to his native town was anticipated with



"Morse Farm," Residence of Daniel A. Dwight.

port and use were left unchanged by the act. In 1855 it consisted of 1,990 volumes."

When one considers that the date of the oldest town library in the United States supported by taxation (in Peterborough, N. H.) is nearly ten years subsequent to the date above given, some pride in this institution is justifiable. The Dublin public library was established by vote of the town in 1884. It contains, in addition to the collection just mentioned, the remains of several older libraries, one of them a "Ladies' Library," which date back into the last century.

A very substantial quickening in the religious life of the town is apparent during the summer months. The congregations at the Unitarian and Trinitarian churches are more



Residence of Prof. Raphael Pumpelly.

special pleasure. The Trinitarian church is without a pastor. The pastor of the Unitarian church, Rev. George W. Patten, finds in his relation to his large and appreciative summer congregation some of the pleasantest of his experiences. The writer, from his knowledge of other summer resorts, and judging also by the general impression regarding them, believes that the summer pop-



Residence of James H. Frothingham.

ulation of Dublin are unusually interested in the religious life of their adopted town, and are liberal in the financial aid which they annually furnish for its needs. It may be questioned whether the maintenance of religious services at the present level in the older churches would not be imperilled if the regular summer contributions were withheld.

The business of the town, as for many years, is largely in the hands of George W. Gleason and M. D. Mason, the proprietors of the two general stores in the village. The latter has also a branch business in Harrisville, and the former adds the offices of the express, telegraph and telephone, a livery stable, and a business in real estate which, since the first sales of land early in the seventies, has increased to large proportions. The other branches of local business, the post-office, the building and care of cottages, several livery stables, and much beside which various and increasing needs demand, are in good hands and well managed. The Monadnock post-office, established a few years ago

to meet the wants of cottagers living at a distance from the village office, is located in the Gleason house, now a part of the estate of Col. George E. Leighton at the northwest corner of the lake. Three mails a day each way, and connection with the Boston & Maine and Fitchburg railroads at Harrisville and Peterborough keep the

town in touch with the outside world without the unpleasant accompaniment of a railroad station nearer than three miles. The affairs of the town of a public nature are well administered and a policy neither extravagant nor parsimonious is steadily maintained. The rate of taxation is substantially unchanged from former years and varies but slightly from one per cent.

One of the pleasantest features of the summer is the return of former citizens and the reunion of old families. Occasionally one meets at the churches or on the street some one who went away years ago and who now returns for a sight of the old town, led perhaps by the reports of changes which have reached him in



"Stonehenge," Residence of Miss Martha Parsons.



"Edgewood," Residence of Col. E. H. Hamilton.

some distant state. There are others who return annually and whose coming like the return of birds is a part of the regular order of things. Among these there are many whose names come into the mind unbidden : Mrs. Persis F. Rice, the widow of Rev. George M. Rice, the cherished pastor of the Unitarian church from 1866 to 1881, whose welcome is ever more cordial with each succeeding year and who better than almost anyone else stands as a connecting link between the cottagers and the town; Prof. S. C. Derby of Columbus, Ohio; Frederick M. Adams of New York city; Dr. William S. Leonard of Hinsdale, N. H.; John and Frank Morse of Boston; Willis C. Morse of Keene; Col. E. H. Hamilton of New York city, who has returned to erect and occupy on one of the sightliest locations in the village a beautiful summer home. Many others there are who return less frequently perhaps or who belong to a younger generation.

Will the character of Dublin as a summer resort change? Not in the

immediate future and probably not for many years. There is a quiet, as one might say, an unspoken protest against any sale of land which might result in a crowding or cheapening process such as would render the town less desirable as a place for quiet summer homes. By this it is not meant that expensive and elegant houses are alone to

be considered, or large establishments and finely kept estates. These are well, but many of the houses which have been built owe their chief charm to the grace and refinement of those who occupy them, a fact far more important than the mere evidence of wealth; and so long as the summer homes are occupied as they mainly are at present, by those who represent high ideals in American life the word which goes forth regarding them will suffer no qualification.

And will there be no changes in the native population other than those which would have taken place if Dublin had remained but a little farming town on the hills? The writer believes that while there will



"Breezy Top," Residence of Mrs. Dr. Farnum

be some modifications in the direction of greater material prosperity and perhaps in other ways, the likelihood of essential changes will be diminished rather than increased under the new regime. In certain important respects the town is a more desirable place of residence than it was a quarter of a century ago. To be sure the native population have abandoned the region about the lake and the upper portion of the village, but they are firmly intrenched in the central

In closing it will not be unfitting to give, though at the risk of repetition, some more definite hint of the summer life of Dublin to-day. One prominent feature is its comparative exemption from change from summer to summer and decade to decade, observable in the old days, but well-marked since the establishment of the summer cottage. Dublin has otherwise shown its power to attract and hold in the native population to which allusion has been made.



Old Elm at Thorndike Pond.

Another feature, and one which has held since the days when Theodore Parker walked up and down the groves south of the village formulating his philippics against the slave power, is the generous sprinkling of men and women of eminence. Perhaps this has been most strongly marked in members of the clergy;

and lower portions of the village and seem likely to remain there. More than half of the land in and about the village street, in a number of different farms and lots, is owned by the descendants of one of the earliest settlers, William Greenwood, and the remaining land and houses are mainly owned and occupied by the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of other early settlers. It is to be hoped that this tenacity will be preserved, and that generations hence men and women will be found living in Dublin who will be proud to trace their lineage back to the Morses, the Greenwoods, and their companions, who entered the region to the north of Monadnock when it was a wilderness, and subdued it.

men, as a rule, thoroughly in sympathy with tolerance, freedom of thought, and breadth of view. This latter peculiarity is due in a measure to the somewhat unique history of the town in matters religious and educational in which freedom of thought has had no inconsiderable place; the scenery may have had an influence, the mountain, the breezy hilltops, the far reach of vision which they afford.

“Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice;
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, liberty!”

The character of the summer population has very naturally led to a lively interest in whatever in the town was valuable and worthy of en-

couragement. Reference has been made to entertainments in aid of local institutions, as for example the library; but there have been other entertainments whose only object was their own worth. The talks of Colonel Higginson during the past few years have given a never-to-be-forgotten pleasure. Among prominent characteristics the artists, their work, and the pupils they have attracted must not be overlooked. A number of the most beautiful and famous of recent American paintings have been created on the shores of Monadnock lake.

Summer Dublin is light hearted. Afternoon dancing parties in the town hall and out-of-door sports and games, tennis, base-ball, boating, boat-racing, and bicycle riding, have a well-established place. A boating

pageant on the lake in the summer of 1895 attracted considerable attention. For the rest there are lawn parties, receptions, musicales, driving, excursions, picnic parties, and whatever makes up a summer's gayety; over all, deeper than all, there is the delight in natural beauty; the mountain in sunshine and shadow, the lake sombre or bright, the woods vocal or silent, the far-reaching landscape, the soft morning mist in the valleys, the upland storm, the clear blue sky and the clouds, the lights of morning and evening, whence streams in upon the heart

"The light that never was, on sea or land,"

a present joy and for the future comfort and inspiration.

THE OLD STAGE COACH.

By Mary H. Wheeler.

In the blessed old days when the country was new,
The electrics unknown, and the railroads but few,
If the people would journey up country or down
They must go by the stage coach from this to that town.

The old coaches were heavy and clumsy and strong,
And the whips of the drivers were lashy and long,
And were whirled in the air with a stage-driver knock
Which startled the ear with an ominous crack.

The "off horse" and "nigh horse" each knew well his place,
And the "leaders" were ready and keen for the race;
Or if one was inclining to shirk or be slow,
Why, that long whip soon taught him the way he should go.

In the coach there were cushions and bright-colored straps,
And seats there for six, or for nine, or perhaps
On occasion a few more could even find place,
While high at the top there was infinite space.

The trunks and the baggage were lashed on behind,
And the bundle and bandbox to roof were consigned;
'Neath the seat of the driver the mail-bag was stowed,
With numberless notions to leave on the road.

The driver, enthroned, with the ribbons in hand,
Gave the long whip a flourish, and at its command
The good steeds sprang off with a galloping bound,
And away flew the sand as the great wheels went 'round.

The roads of New England are rocky and rough,
With hills and deep hollows and many a bluff,
And in springtime, when warm thrills through thawing earth creep,
The mud in some places is frightfully deep.

It was up a steep hillside a stage team one day
Was carefully wending its perilous way
When the quaking earth fell and the horses sprang past,
But in a deep mud-slough the coach wheels were fast.

The driver was skilful and also humane;
When the horses' endeavors had proven but vain,
He opened the door and, explaining their plight,
Politely invited the folks to alight.

But, "No," said the men, "we have paid for our ride,
And it's here in the carriage we mean to abide.
If your horses are lazy and can't pull us through,
Why, that's your affair, and we leave it to you."

"You are right," said the driver, "I've nothing to say."
And, closing the door, he went softly away.
And the passengers waited expectant and vexed,
And wondering still what the man would do next.

So they waited till weary, and then they got out
To learn, if they could, what the man was about.
And, lo! by the roadside they found him serene,
As he sat on a stone, with a satisfied mien.

"Now, what are you doing?" one cried, "It is late!"
He answered, "There's nothing to do but to wait.
The horses can't start the coach with you inside;
So we've just got to wait till the mud becomes dried."

Good humor's contagious. They joined him with zeal,
One pulled at a tug, and one pushed at a wheel,
And the horses, well rested, soon started their load
And leaped at a lively pace over the road.

THE COGSWELL HOMESTEAD, GILMANTON.

By H. H. Metcalf.

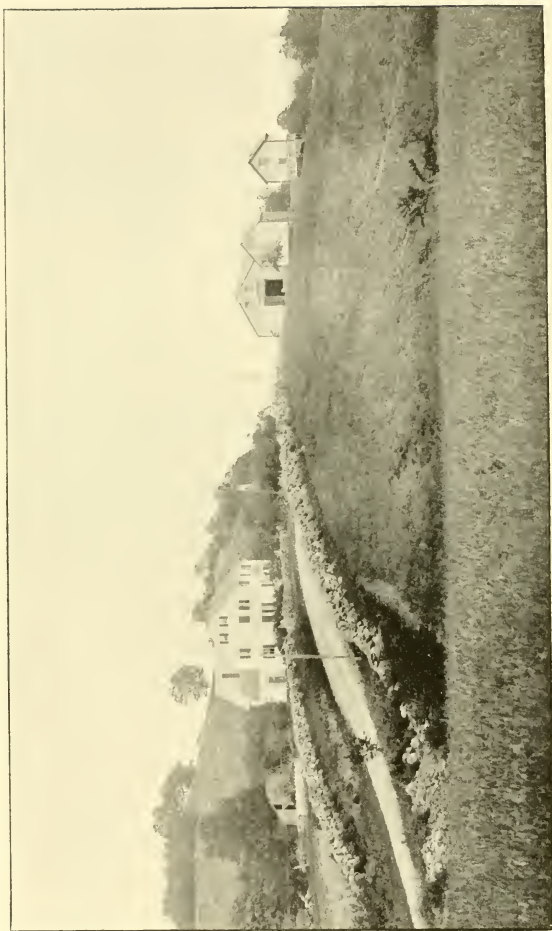


PROMINENT among the historic homesteads of Belknap county is the Cogswell place in Gilmanton, owned and occupied by the gallant and genial Col. Thomas Cogswell, who was born and reared and ever had his home upon it. This farm, as now constituted, consists of 517 acres of land as determined by actual survey, and includes the original adjacent Badger and Cogswell homesteads, upon the former of which Gen. Joseph Badger of Haverhill, Mass., settled in 1763. General Badger who was born in 1722 was a member of the provincial congress and of the first New Hampshire constitutional convention. He was a man of strong character and high standing and influence in the community and was for many years judge of probate for the old county of Strafford. He died April 4, 1803.

Col. Thomas Cogswell, also of Haverhill, Mass., married Ruth, a daughter of General Badger. He was one of eight brothers, all of whom were soldiers in the Revolutionary army and did gallant service in the war for American independence. At the close of the war he removed to Gilmanton and located adjacent to his father-in-law, General Badger. He also became a leading citizen and was prominent in public affairs, serving as chief justice of the court of common pleas from 1784

until his death in 1810. Colonel Cogswell and General Badger were actively instrumental in the establishment of that notable institution of learning—Gilmanton Academy.

Hon. Thomas Cogswell, a son of Gen. William and Judith (Badger) Cogswell, (his father being a brother of Col. Thomas Cogswell before mentioned) a native of the town of Atkinson, born December 7, 1798, married Mary Noyes, in 1820, soon after attaining his majority, and established his home in Gilmanton where he united in his possession the farms of his grandfather and uncle, since known as the Cogswell homestead. This Thomas Cogswell also became a leader among his townsmen, and was for years the most prominent figure in local political life, serving repeatedly as moderator, selectman, and representative in the legislature, as deputy sheriff, as an associate judge of the court of common pleas from 1841 till 1855, and as a member of the executive council in 1856. He was a successful and thorough-going farmer—one of the best in the state—and increased his possessions until he held about a thousand acres altogether; that portion outside the homestead, about equal in extent, ultimately going into the hands of his elder son, the late James W. Cogswell, under whose management it was long known as one of the best farms in the county.



The Cogswell Homestead, Gilmanton.

Judge Cogswell died August 8, 1868, when the homestead passed into the hands of his younger son, Col. Thomas Cogswell, Jr., the present incumbent, under whose personal management it has since continued. With the details of Colonel Cogswell's career, military and political, the public is already familiar. Suffice it to say he was born February 8, 1841, fitted for college at Gilmanton academy, graduated from Dartmouth with the class of 1863; was first lieutenant and captain of Company A, Fifteenth regiment, New Hampshire volunteers, serving at the siege and surrender of Port Hudson; studied law with Stevens & Vaughan at Laconia, and at the Harvard Law School, and was admitted to the bar, in September, 1866; and commenced practice at Gilmanton Iron Works, but on his father's death, two years later, assumed charge of the farm, which he has since continued, though devoting some attention to legal practice. He was chosen superintending school committee in 1868; representative in the legislature in 1871 and 1872; selectman for three years from 1880, being two years chairman of the board; was a member of Governor Weston's staff in 1871; state senator for his district in 1878; was appointed a member of the state board of railroad commissioners in April, 1893, and became United States pension agent, for the district of New Hampshire and Vermont, July 1, 1894, which position he still holds. He is also and has been for several years president and treasurer of the board of trustees of Gilmanton academy. Politically Colonel Cogswell is and always has been a Demo-

crat. He is a member of Winnepesaukee lodge, F. and A. M., of Post 37, G. A. R., and of Crystal Lake Grange, of Gilmanton Iron Works, and has been lecturer in the latter organization. He married, October 8, 1873, Florence, daughter of R. D. Moores of Manchester, who died February 14, 1892, leaving a daughter and two sons. The daughter, Anna M., is the wife of Walter J. Edgerly of Gilmanton. The elder son, Thomas, is a student at Dartmouth, of the class of 1899. The other son, Clarence Noyes, is engaged in the wholesale boot and shoe establishment of Parker, Holmes & Co., Boston.

Since taking charge of the farm Colonel Cogswell has made numerous and extensive improvements, especially with reference to the increase of the hay crop, which amounts to from eighty to one hundred tons per annum. He is a believer in ensilage, and has put in a new silo of one hundred tons capacity the present year. The soil is well adapted to wheat and corn, as well as grass, and wheat was raised successfully for sixty-four years in succession, the first premium for the product having once been awarded for its exhibit at the state fair. Corn to the amount of eight hundred bushels per annum has been raised in the past, but less attention is now devoted to this crop. Formerly from twelve to fifteen horses were kept, but the number is now largely reduced, milk production being the object now aimed at, a creamery having recently been established at the Academy village with a skimming station at the Iron Works, by the Gilmanton Creamery company in which Colonel Cogswell is a moving spirit. He has now fifteen cows,

which number will soon be increased to twenty-five. His pasturage is very extensive, furnishing summer forage for from fifty to seventy-five head of cattle for outside parties. For farm work, in addition to his horses, he has two fine yokes of oxen. The barn is a spacious, well-appointed structure one hundred and twenty feet in length. There is also a fine stable for horses, and these as well as the house—a spacious old family mansion—have an unfailing supply of pure water, the power fur-

nishing the same being from a wind-mill which Colonel Cogswell has put in for the purpose.

While emphatically a man of affairs, interested in law, in politics, and in all matters of public import, and attending faithfully to his important official duties, Colonel Cogswell is properly regarded as a representative New Hampshire farmer. His sympathies and interests are with the agricultural toilers, and they find in him an outspoken champion of their rights on all proper occasions.

HALCYON DAYS.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

At the flowering of the roses,
When the birds are singing best,
And the mother dove reposes,
Brooding softly on her nest ;

When the gardens are resplendent
And the wild fields full of gold,
From the hearthstone, independent,
Forth I wander as of old.

In the halcyon days of summer
All the bells of memory ring ;
How the streams greet each new comer !
How the bright rills leap and sing !

Their enchanted flutes the thrushes
Like angelic harpists play ;
And our sleeve the swallow brushes
As she swoops upon her way.

At the flowering of the roses
Who could dream of woe or blight
Where the mother dove reposes
'Mid the fragrance and the light ! *

MRS. ALICE A. DOW.

By N. J. Bachelder.

THE remarkable growth of the organization known as the Grange, or Patrons of Husbandry, in the country at large, and in the state of New Hampshire in particular, where the increase in membership the past year has been unprecedented, bringing the total well up toward twenty thousand in this little state, directs general attention to the character and personality of those occupying prominent official positions "within the gates." This organization, as is well known, is not confined, as to its membership, to a single sex, women as well as men being eligible, receiving equal consideration, participating in the work, receiving equal benefits, and exercising equal influence.

Among those honored by election to prominent official positions at the last session of the State Grange is Mrs. Alice A. Dow, of Plaistow, Worthy Pomona. Mrs. Dow, the eldest of six children of William and Mary E. (Burns) Emerson, was born in Portsmouth, November 29, 1849. When she was nine years of age her father, a well to do farmer, having come into possession of his father's farm, situated in North Parish, Haverhill, Mass., removed his family there, thinking it a more favorable location for the proper rearing of children. Here they remained, and the daughter received her education

in the public schools of Haverhill. In the year 1878 she was united in marriage with Moses P. Dow, a carriage manufacturer of the town of Plaistow, in this state, where her home has since been, and where she has become a leading factor in the



Mrs. Alice A. Dow.

social and educational life of the community, as her husband has in business and political affairs.

Six years after her marriage her mother died, and her father, having but one son and he not inclined to agriculture, sold his farm, which had been in the Emerson family for five generations, and made his home with Mrs. Dow for several years, but is now living with his son in Bradford.

Mass. Mrs. Dow has taken a deep interest in all organizations and movements tending to improve the mental and moral fibre of society, and promote material as well as educational progress. She has been president of the Social Circle, is serving her third term as treasurer of the Village Improvement society, and is a leading spirit in the Mutual Culture club, which holds its regular meetings every Monday evening at her home. This club took up the study of French the past year, and has made excellent progress.

Recognizing the great power of the Grange for good in a rural community, she and Mr. Dow became charter members of Plaistow Grange, No.

186, of which he has been master every year but one since its organization, and in which she has held some office every year, having been secretary the last two years, and receiving every vote at the last election. No one has contributed more than Mrs. Dow to the success of the order in her section of the state, and her election as Pomona of the State Grange, at the session last December, was a well merited tribute to her ability, fidelity, and zeal.

Recognizing at all times the power and wisdom of the Almighty, she has been for many years a faithful and consistent member of the Congregational church of North Haverhill and Plaistow.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By Frank E. Brown.

O land of the White Hills, dear birthplace and home,
Thy mountains and vales throng with memories sweet,
Thy children shall love thee wherever they roam,
And long to again feel thy ground 'neath their feet.

The warm breath of summer moves soft o'er thy hills,
Rich-laden with odors of wild-flower and pine.
When autumn adorns thee with crimson and gold
No land in the wide world is brighter than thine.

White winter spreads o'er thee his mantle of snow
And turns all thy waters to ice with his cold ;
But the coming of spring again makes them flow
And bids all thy verdure awake and unfold.

Each season is rich with the joys of its time ;
Each year has its blessings of plenty and peace.
Great Giver of good gifts, we pray thee to grant
They within her fair borders may ever increase.

THE ANTI-VIVISECTION MOVEMENT.

By George B. Lauder.



SOME time ago there appeared in the newspapers an article in defense of vivisection, subscribed by forty names, most of them those of professors in medical colleges or schools, where, presumably, vivisection is practised to a more or less extent, so that the article has the effect of a number of men advocating the business in which they are engaged. The article closes with the statement that "no intelligent man or woman should give heed to the denunciations of those few ill-informed or headstrong persons who have been drawn into one of the least wise of the agitations that beset modern society." A belief that this statement is entirely unwarranted has led the writer to give a few of the reasons on account of which the anti-vivisection movement was begun, a brief account of the line along which it has developed to its present proportions, and the objects that it has in view, with the earnest hope that all intelligent men and women will give heed and carefully consider the dangers by which modern society is beset through the practice of vivisection as it is carried on to-day.

Galen carried on vivisection in 400 B. C., and in all ages it has been extensively followed; and in earlier days, according to Tertullian and others, slaves and criminals were used for the purpose. That such

things should have been done in an age when every man's hand was against his neighbor, when even a great artist racked his model that he might correctly reproduce the death dew on his brow, is not to be wondered at, but that they should occur to-day, in our age of light and humanity, seems incredible. Yet such is the shameful fact. It is a common practice in medical institutions, a thing of the present, ever increasing, and ever to increase unless steps be taken to stop it; that such steps have been and are being taken by the grandest and most noble men and women in the world, augurs well and places the cause of anti-vivisection in the front ranks among the great questions of the day.

The first organized agitation on record against vivisection took place at Florence in 1863, and was brought about by a desire to check the cruelties of Professor Schiff. The movement in England took its rise from the prosecution of the Norwich experimenters by the R. S. P. C. A. in 1874, the "Handbook of the Physiological Laboratory" having directed attention to the extension of the practice in England. In February, 1883, the American Anti-Vivisection Society was founded at Philadelphia.

To-day there are over eighty-five organized societies in America and Europe, the ones in the United States being the New England, the Illinois,

the American, and the New York State Anti-Vivisection societies; the Illinois society alone having to date 15,892 signatures, including those of 263 physicians, to the national petition for the total abolition of vivisection.

On August 15, 1896, Lord Carnarvon's bill received the royal signature and became an act in England; this bill did not ask for total abolition, but had for its object the greatest possible protection for animals undergoing vivisection, and provided for a system of regulation and inspection. This system has been in force since that time although numerous attempts have been made to pass a bill for total prohibition, largely through the efforts of Frances Power Cobbe, secretary of the Victoria Street society and first editor of the *Zoöphilist*. That this system, in vogue for twenty years in England, has failed utterly to restrict and properly regulate the practice of vivisection there is no doubt, and believing that any system, depending necessarily on inspection, that looks for a satisfactory restriction of the practice to the hands of worthy experimenters and to those few cases which may rarely, if ever, be necessary, will not meet the demands of the occasion, the anti-vivisection societies in this country, and most of those abroad, appeal to the public in favor of total abolition of vivisection. A prospective vivisector in England has seemingly very little trouble in getting a license from the British government to carry on experiments without the use of anaesthetics, practically giving such a one the right to "investigate" without the interference of an inspector, which entirely defeats the object of

the bill, to say nothing about the indifference and unfaithfulness of some of the inspectors.

In a recent issue of the *Milwaukee News* is given, in detail, an account of horrible cruelties to which dogs are subjected by the students in and about the Milwaukee Medical college; one basement revealing the sight of eleven dogs bandaged, bruised, slashed, cut open, two with their eyes put out, some lying helpless and moaning pitifully, but all alive and sensible. These dogs were enticed to the place by the aid of a piece of meat attached to the end of a stick, where they were vivisected and finally thrown into an alley to die a terrible and lingering death. A current publication has this item: "The supplement to the *Indian Mirror* (Calcutta) of February 20, contains a lecture 'Against Vivisection' by Mrs. Annie Besant, delivered at a meeting of the Anti-Vivisection Society." These two items go far to show what the vivisectors are fostering and what their opponents are doing to oppose them. Is it necessary to ask the thinking people of the world to do more than to post themselves regarding the nature and number of the woful things done the earth over, in the name of vivisection, to obtain the results for which the anti-vivisectionists are so earnestly working, for absolutely no pecuniary reward and for no purpose other than to obtain justice for our dumb friends? It is believed that, if the public at large knew just what vivisection means to-day, the practice would die a sudden death, and, to that end, the various societies furnish, for the asking, literature on the subject setting forth an abundance of facts and sta-

tistics, showing such an amount of active work and research, and expenditure of time, money, and brain, that no intelligent and honest person, informed in the matter, would refer to them as a few ill-informed or headstrong persons. The records of the societies are full of opinions in writing, favoring the movement, from the most prominent people in all parts of the world, and among the thousands of names, commending the work of the societies over their own signatures, are those of Bishop Niles and Senators Chandler, Gallinger, and Blair.

Nearly all of the medical schools and colleges in this country devote more or less time to "physiological research" through the medium of vivisection, many of them being equipped with costly apparatus, from the torture trough to the finest needles, made for piercing the eyes and nerves, some of them seeming to require an infernal ingenuity to construct; the value of those at Clark University, of Worcester, Mass., being estimated to be fifty thousand dollars. The extent to which the practice is carried on in the public schools of this country is astounding, the records including the states of Oregon, Wisconsin, Iowa, Ohio, California, Kansas, New York, Washington, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, and the District of Columbia. Massachusetts, in 1895, passed a law prohibiting vivisection in the presence of pupils of the public schools, and providing a penalty for its violation. It seems beyond belief that anyone can be so lost to the sense of duty as to cut up live animals before a class of children or to teach the scholars to do it for themselves. This has been done and is

being done to-day, and for what purpose? To demonstrate that the heart beats, for instance, a fact as well known and recognized as that the sun rises and sets. The effect upon children whose tendencies are yet unshaped and characters unformed can not fail to be wholly bad, brutalizing, and degrading.

In a hearing held recently in Boston, Mr. Peabody, president of the New England Anti-Vivisection society, cited a number of instances of cruelty occurring outside of Massachusetts, and was told by the chairman that they were trying the case in Massachusetts and not all Europe. While this may be true the fact, nevertheless, remains that wrong doing in any part of the world affects, indirectly, the welfare of every individual on earth. At the Veterinary College of Alfort, France, which has been in existence nearly two hundred years, wretched horses are given over to a group of students to experiment upon; they tie the horses down and torture them for hours, the operations being graduated in such a manner that many are performed on each horse before death ensues. Mr. Peabody saw sixty-eight performed upon one horse without any attempt to use anaesthetics. As many as one hundred experiments are performed if an animal lives long enough to endure that number, including the puncturing the eyes, lopping off the ears and tail, tearing off the hoofs with pincers, and experiments on the stomach, intestines, brain, and spinal cord. If this awful place had not existed in Alfort, or similar places had not existed in other cities in Europe, Professor Zuill, a graduate of the Alfort school, would not have come

to this country as instructor for the veterinary department of the University of Pennsylvania, where the agonizing experiments, exposed in the *New York World*, are being repeated to-day. If vivisection had not been allowed in a school at Hiawatha, Kansas, before a class of children, would two boys, after having witnessed a "demonstration," have procured a cat and hurriedly cut it open alive in order to see its heart beat? Vivisection as it exists to-day would not be allowed if it had not been practised for ages and gradually brought to its present stage of development.

Regarding the use of anaesthetics in vivisection authority states that their use is the exception and not the rule; in vivisection experiments the animals are, ordinarily, so tightly bound in immovable positions that the use of anaesthetics serves the vivisector no purpose further than to produce a state of insensibility of sufficient duration to permit the adjustment of the straps, clamps, etc., necessary to hold the animal in place. A drug more suited to the needs of the experimenters, and largely used by them, is curare, which Tennyson called "the hellish oraalii," and by virtue of which the nerves of motion are completely paralyzed while the sensitiveness to pain remains. Concerning this drug Claude Bernard, "the prince of vivisectors," says that the animal will experience the most excruciating agonies although deprived of voice or motion, his own words, translated, being, "its intelligence, its sensitiveness, and its will remained intact, a condition accompanied by the most atrocious suffering the mind of man can conceive."

In the *Journal of Physiology*, for

April, 1895, appears a long and elaborate article by Prof. W. T. Porter, of the Harvard Medical School. Taken in conjunction with his assertion regarding painful vivisections, that "none such have been made in Harvard Medical School within our knowledge," this paper would seem to offer a somewhat noteworthy illustration of scientific forgetfulness. One of the experiments mentioned will be of interest: "Expt. LI. May 3d, 1894. At 10:30, a middle-sized dog received 0.2 g. morphia. Half an hour later, the left half of the spinal cord was severed. . . . Animal being loosed showed paralysis on the left side. . . . At 4:30 (5½ hours later), the dog was again bound and the abdomen opened." No mention of anaesthetics is made, but if used, why was the dog bound again? At the late Medical Congress, held in Berlin, a Chicago professor performed, before the assembled doctors, some experiments upon a dog. Regarding this exhibition the *Philadelphia Ledger* says, ". . . Then came the second part of the experiment. 'Now, gentlemen,' says the professor, 'you will see the effect, when the gas has been pumped into the bowels when they have been wounded.' He then produced a loaded revolver and fired a bullet into the wretched animal's abdomen. The dog yelled piteously, and the bleeding creature was subjected to the gas injection. The rest of the story was too horrible to tell even in the pages of an English medical journal."

The list of Brown-Sequard's and M. Chauveau's experiments on the spinal marrow is too horrible to describe at length. The studies were chiefly made on horses. M. Chau-

veau says, ". . . The animal is fixed on the table. An incision is made in its back of from 30 to 35 centimeters; the vertebrae are opened with the help of a chisel, mallet, and pincers, and the spinal marrow exposed."

Mr. Peabody says, — "To show what vivisection is, I give with great brevity three accounts of very common experiments, such as I have often witnessed: . . . The next case is given in the 'Minutes of Royal Commission.' The dog was rendered motionless by curare. His throat was cut open and a tube of bellows inserted in windpipe. The head was partially flayed and an artery exposed. The spinal marrow was next cut through. Needles were dug into the exposed marrow (unspeakably agonizing). The nerves from the brain to the heart were burned away by means of galvanism. . . . Of this terrible experiment the vivisector speaks as 'beautiful' and of the 'pleasure of repeating it very frequently.'"

The records contain a long list of awful experiments performed upon men, women, and children, in hospitals and elsewhere. Prof. E. E. Slosson, of the University of Wyoming, says, in the *New York Independent* of December 12, 1895, "A human life is nothing compared with a new fact in science. The most curious misconception is that the Humane Society seems to think that the aim of science is the cure of disease, the saving of human life. Quite the contrary, the aim of science is the advancement of human knowledge at any sacrifice of human life."

What has been the result of all this suffering caused by experiments on living animals "in the interest of

science" or for "the advance of medical knowledge?" There are laboratories in many of the principal cities of Europe and America, where the number of victims who perish by slow torture is almost countless, and whose unvoiced agony, if given expression, would fill the world with one wild shriek of pain. The records show that 70,000 animals were thus destroyed by Professor Schiff in ten years, 14,000 of them being dogs, and this man is still living and plying his trade. Dr. A. Lutaud, one of the best known and most successful doctors in Paris, said that there were probably one thousand places in Paris alone where vivisection was being done. Surely we should expect beneficial results in keeping with all the huge amount of "scientific research" on record, similar results as have been brought about in all branches of true science through analytic experiment. Surely the results obtained so far should be of sufficient value to warrant the heartless vivisector, at least, in a continuation of the cruel deeds going on to-day. On the contrary, Claude Bernard said, "without doubt our hands are empty to-day." Majendie, one of the most learned of vivisectors, used to warn his friends against employing any medical man who had gained his knowledge or skill by means of vivisection, because he would have obtained it by methods sure to mislead. Lawson Tait, England's most eminent abdominal surgeon, himself formerly a vivisector, once wrote "You may take it from me that instead of vivisection having in any way advanced abdominal surgery, it has, on the contrary, had a uniform tendency to retard it . . ."

Dr. Blackwood, the eminent physician of Philadelphia, writes, "I hope that the widespread dissemination of the Pamphlet Vivisection in America . . . will be the means of starting public investigation, and if it does this, the time will soon come when vivisectors will be relegated to the category of professional criminals, . . ." Dr. Edward Berdoo, member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, member of the British Medical association, etc., says, in speaking of vivisection, "It strikes a blow at our common humanity, and, if tolerated by society, will inevitably be fatal to its highest interests." Henry J. Bigelow, M. D., late professor of surgery in Harvard College, referring to experiments before students, said, "Better that I or my friends should die than protract existence through accumulated years of torture upon animals whose exquisite sufferings we cannot fail to infer, even though they have neither

voice nor feature to express it;" and, again, "Watch the students at a vivisection, it is the blood and suffering and not the science that rivets the attention."

John Ruskin resigned his professorship at Oxford because he could not, by keeping it, sanction the practice of vivisection there. Robert G. Ingersoll, with all his command of the English language, says, "It is impossible to express my loathing, horror, and hatred of vivisection."

How long the practice, at the cost of such unutterable anguish as has already been inflicted on unoffending creatures in the name of science, will be allowed to continue it is not possible to say, but one looks forward with hope and confidence to find that the hour wherein the intelligence of America awakens to the true nature of vivisection, will be the hour of the condemnation thereof by their consciences, and the prohibition thereof by their laws.

THE ELMS OF CONCORD.

By Mrs. Caroline M. Roberts.

The royal elms of Concord
Shade river, park, and street.
In lofty, leafy arches,
Their spreading branches meet.

In summer-time they greet us,
Those tall and stately trees,
Bathed in the golden sunshine
And swaying in the breeze.

In autumn's crowning splendor
They glow in jeweled tints,
And all their falling leafage,
With gold and crimson glints.

In winter, tall and sturdy,
They toss their branches high,
And join the frosty north wind,
In joyous revelry.

But when the spring advances,
And claims her right to reign,
Then bud to leaf unfolding,
Clothes them in green again.

Long may they stand in triumph,
In grace and beauty grow,
And over lawn and roadside
Their grateful shadows throw.

THE LEGEND OF JOHN LEVIN AND MARY GLASSE.

[CONTINUED.]

By E. P. Tenney.

CHAPTER XXXIII.



AIN it was that John Levin gazed at the varying sunset colors at play upon the waters; the sun but tarnished the brightness of that light which had kindled in his heart. He knew that Mary Glasse would become his wife. Her sense of duty would coincide with her love and that would settle the question once for all. Vain was it that he watched the afterglow of late twilight, and the dark forms of islands and promontories southward and eastward, and the outline of pine and fir ridges upon the west and north. The stars were all aglow, but he saw them not, nor the pitch-pot blazing on Marblehead rock, nor the beacon lights in the meeting-house steeples at Salem. Nor did he hear the noise which the wild geese made, settling in the harbor. His eyes saw everywhere the beauty and the bright apparel of Mary Glasse; and he constantly imagined himself standing upon her threshold, to him the threshold of glory or doom. He thought of the tapestries upon the walls and retraced their figures. And once he believed that he was toying with Mary's hands as she announced to him in gentle accent the great decision. But he could no more control intermingling fears than he could regulate the aurora or the

phenomena of an electric storm. He clutched one moment at the transcendent life so near and yet so far, and then, as if by some fierce explosion of supernal fires, he fell into darker depths of despair.

And untameable as the sea were the fierce agitations which kept Mary Glasse awake all night. Her guardian angel could see the color upon her face come and go. Toward morning she made up her mind to trample upon her maidenly heart which had instinctively shrunk for so many months from marriage, and wed John Levin.

Then the unearthly fingers of the dead touched her hand. Mother Glasse stood at Mary's side, looking upon her from eyes of stone; but her voice was full of tender love,—“Mary,” and as she said it there was almost a flush of color upon her ashen face; but Mary became deadly pale and cold, and she rushed to the door for breath.

John Levin was standing upon the door-rock, looking with glazed eyes at the star-lighted south and the dark sea. As he turned, in his excited imagination, he believed that he saw the dead pass by him; and with a great heart-quake and a sudden paralytic chill of despair he knew that unseen powers had made the great decision.

At day-dawn it was noticed that

there was a fogbank in the south-east, and that small white clouds towered above it; and then they were seen moving in the gentle morning wind, like the sails of ghostly ships.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

It was about ten days later, when, on the morning of the twenty-sixth of February, Doctor Robert Langdon rode past Mingo's beach upon his way to prescribe for the Rev. Dr. Hammersmith, to preserve him from the evil effects of the rum he was obliged to drink in making pastoral calls; and he wished, moreover, to consult with the learned pastor upon a case of moment.

The doctor paused a moment to give breath to Nighthawk, and to look upon the calm waters of the harbor, which were crinkling under the light air stirring, and to watch the billows of molten silver breaking upon the shore. He then rode forward slowly. It was apparent to Nighthawk that his master was gaining in weight every month. And the lucky black horse stepped cautiously along the slippery and sometimes treacherous roadway; a hoof now and then breaking through thin ice, which concealed some slight hollow or cut whence the water had settled away.

And the doctor was content to ride slowly that he might more fully deliberate upon the subject concerning which he was about to seek advice from a theologian. Would Dr. Hammersmith pronounce John Levin to be merely insane, or would he coincide with medical opinion, and adjudge him to be the victim of witchcraft?

Martha, too, was sick, and nigh unto death; and the doctor rode very slowly as if Nighthawk was heavily weighted with human sorrow. Were there not some indications that Martha, too, was bewitched?

What wonder if the half-distracted doctor believed that the great crisis in his own life had come, and that all he had heard and read of diabolical agency was about to be verified by what was already taking place under his own eyes, within the limits of his riding as a physician. Now that John Levin had gone to England, and Martha was silent, this matter should be probed to the bottom.

The beach sands, further up the shore, were of frosted silver, and the rocks near the sea gleamed with ice; and the frigor of the morning gave a sober if resolute tone to the doctor's thoughts.

"It is a cold world; and the winter sun runs low, and is late in rising," quoth the doctor. "But no true man will succumb to his surroundings. I will accept the destiny thrust upon me; and settle the matter, once for all, as to the diabolical agencies inimical to my domestic peace and to the sound health of my illustrious friend."

The frost in the air made the rider glad when he was finally within reach of the Hammersmith latch-string. Crossing the log floor to the rough-stoned fire-place, he found his patient seated at an oak table within the jaws of the deep-mouthed chimney, attempting to keep warm by help of a crackling fire and by the sipping of bare-legged punch from a pewter mug.

"Egad, Doctor, what is this thou prescribest for me?"

"Pray do not ask. It is in my profession as in yours. I depend more or less upon the power of mystery in curing patients, not telling them too much."

"Then, prithee, tell me the morning gossip. I hear strange news."

"Tell it then to me,—unless you keep it for a mystery."

"I hear that Mr. Levin has gone daft,—unless there be some other name for it."

"What do you mean?"

"Dost thou not know, Doctor, that Mary Glasse's mother was hung for a witch?"

"How could I but know it? Everybody has said so within a week. Everybody seems to be thinking about it, since Mary has treated John Levin so."

"Treated him how? What dost thou mean?"

"If you do not know, I hesitate to tell you. It's a shame even to speak of it. He is not the same man now. He clung to her against hope; as if she were his last earthly refuge. And this noble business man is now all broken up. He will never be what he has been. Do you not remember his father?"

"Yea, him I knew very well. And once I saw his grandfather, Lord Levin. He was a Scotch general in the civil war."

"I've always heard that our John's father was a very able, prudent, pains-taking, far-sighted merchant."

"Yea, he was that, and he was strong in his domestic affections. And he was honest, I am very sorry to say, in rejecting our holy religion; he told me he would take his chances. He was, Brother Pepper says, very upright, and self-seeking, and mis-

erly, and of great will power. If so, he was peculiarly fitted, in my judgment, to shine in the mercantile calling. But then, as thou art aware, we ministers of the Gospel never trust ourselves to speak of merchants; they seek to usurp influence in the colony. And then—lawyers—I never could abide them. But, for all that, I am sorry that Mr. Levin is either mad or bewitched, for he came of a good family. And I am more than pained that the blame is found to lie in my parish. I would not have thought that James Glasse's daughter could have done it. But it's a clear case of hereditary depravity. She takes after her mother, and Goodman James could not help that. Poor man, with such a wife and such a daughter,—both hung, or the same as that."

"I'm very glad to hear your reverence talk so. In your judgment I have implicit confidence, as to an intricate case of this kind. The learning of the ministry and their knowledge of the devil and his ways make their decisions paramount as to all cases involving witchcraft, and you have with dexterity and precision made this particular case clear. I've often thought that, if we must still believe in live dragons and in astrology and in necromancy, we ought logically to believe in diabolical possession; and if any believe that heretics ought to be put to death, then much more those wicked persons who are in league with impalpably diffused devils. As a physician I look on it as a disease; some folks catch it easier than others, but I don't see why people are not just as liable to have devils as to have the mumps."

"If the powers of darkness were

not kept in tether, it would be so," replied the clergyman, nervously plucking a small gray twig off one end of the maple forestick. "It is, I suppose, measurably so. The devil looks on men as a hungry shark does."

"Precisely so," responded Elder Perkins, who had just come in, with a leather bottle in his hand, which he placed upon the rough oak table; "precisely so. And it is remarkable, very."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Madam Hammersmith had prepared an elaborate dinner that day for Brother Pepper and Sister Adipose and the witch-finding girls of Salem village; and Dr. Robert Langdon, much to his own surprise, sat down with them at eleven o'clock sharp. It was a great occasion, and Madam Hammersmith was so much excited that she passed a wooden bowl of gun-flints to the doctor in lieu of sugar. Doctor Langdon, with a gravity that would have made Martha smile, dropped a flint into his chocolate broth.

"What is this, madam, that you have concocted for us?"

"It is chocolate broth, Doctor. Capt. Sam Baker brought it to me yesterday. It is the first we have ever seen. I took it to be a kind of meat victuals. But my fork failed to find it after it had cooked an hour. I suppose the witches took it away; but the broth is very good. Won't you have some, Brother Pepper?"

"It smells good; but it has a diabolical look to it. Please pass it to your husband; and experiment first upon him."

But her husband was so absorbed

in his own thoughts that he had not noticed what his wife was talking about. "What remedy, Brother Pepper," he asked, "can'st thou find out?"

Brother Pepper had been, all the morning, since his early arrival, overhauling the Hammersmith library in keen scent for witchcraft remedies,—since the owner of the books had never read them; the library having come from a deceased uncle, who was none other than the learned James Hammersmith, rector at Barnstaple in Devon. Brother Pepper had not found out any remedy; but he had read a profound essay by the Right Reverend John Thorne, D. D., bishop of Durham, explaining philosophically how it was that women could ride the air upon brooms; and to Brother Pepper it was more satisfactory than the Newtonian theory as to gravitation.

"The number of evil spirits, my dear brother, is infinite. They swarm like invisible flies. They upbear by unseen wings those unfortunate females who appear to us to be supported solely by broomsticks. The devils are the real horses, my brother, upon which they ride. H-hem."

"Can we not, Brother Pepper, sequester the devil, that he ply not his functions among us; and, so, ameliorate the sufferings of our people?"

"Alas, brother, thou knowest that we be settled, as it were, upon lands which were once the devil's territories, and that he is much disturbed when he perceives such a people here. He is sorely irritated, and would overturn our poor plantation. An army of devils is brought in upon us, and a dreadful knot of witches.

Is it not, my dear brother, our sovereign mission to relieve an imperilled country from stress, and to scatter these ruthless powers of darkness like chaff? H-hem."

"Yea and amen. I have no mind for those new expositors of divinity or physic who say there be no witches or devils. When I was last at home, I presented to the Royal Society a horse-shoe crab that I had picked up at the foot of my garden. Our school-master and even Doctor Jay said that he walked forward; but I was aware that crabs had been known to walk backwards for more than a thousand years. So I took the shell to England. And the Royal Society agreed with me. What our Mr. Simeon Strait had called the tail, the learned Jacobus Acidity Smith, F. R. S., declared to be the nose, and he discovered eyes looking the same way the nose did. Ergo, I hold with the more serious part of our people that devils and witches are as prevalent now as they have been known to be during more than ten hundred years past. I believe that to-day the devil himself so far abides in a common weather-pan, that his witches do sell real winds to mariners for money."

"Ah, Brother Hammersmith," replied Brother Pepper, with a hollow laugh, "I fear that familiarity breeds contempt. We in Salem village have devils as plenty as house-rats; and if it's only the devil that wakes me in the night by making a racket in my chamber, I turn over and go to sleep again. H-hem."

"But the situation is too grave, Brother Pepper, to allow us to smile. Thou knowest that the savages worship the devil, and that he has ex-

cited them to kill three of our neighbors within a brief space; and that we must retaliate, and punish the devil by hanging his witches, who lead such wicked lives and are by blood bound to his service. It is a time of great danger to our state, and there are abroad rumors of wars."

"I should say, Mister," exclaimed the widow Adipose, now no longer able to contain herself.

"What is that, sister?"

But Angelica was abashed and half frightened that she had interrupted the parsons. Nor would she speak again till her own pastor—Brother Pepper—also asked, "What is that, sister?"

Then she made bold to resume, "I should say, Masters,—"

But she was broken off short, by the fall of the girl sitting next her. Letitia Morgan with a loud outcry sidled off her stool and sprawled upon the floor. She was one of Brother Pepper's witch-finding girls. Madam Hammersmith arose hastily, spilling her witch broth and up-setting the gun-flints; and Doctor Langdon felt of the girl's pulse, and pulled her tongue,—and she said,—with wild, rolling eyes, and intermingling shrieks,—“Mary—Glasse—is—pinching—me.”

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Three months went by, and the witch trials had been going on, and some poor creatures had paid the penalty with their lives, when upon the morning of the thirty-first of May Thomas Clangdon, constable, visited Glasse Head. He found Mary putting out her washing. Unwittingly she had crossed the threshold of her house for the last time.

"Do not meddle with me, I pray thee. I will not stir hence."

"We'll hear you of that anon. Come hither."

Ensign John Brimblecome now came forward from his concealment behind a clump of barberry bushes, and Mary went with the men without more ado.

It was a wild, gusty morning, and the coast line was fringed with breakers. Mary cast one glance southward upon the saw-toothed horizon of the rough sea, and one glance westward to the heights of Gibbet hill in Salem where her mother Glasse had perished. The sun was shining clearly upon that ghoulish hilltop, although at the moment the ocean outlook was clouded. But the sunbeams pierced the pine woods as the travellers moved along the slope of the Great hill and skirted the Chubb Creek marshes. It was low tide with hard-pounding waves, as they progressed slowly over the West Beach sands. After that Mary walked as if in dreamland, till they came to the Bass River ferry, where she noticed the hills upspringing from tide-water, and the light of the morning upon them, and the forest crowding in upon the settlers from every quarter of the land. And she heard afar the anvil strokes of a smithy, which floated upon the morning air like the tinkling of a bell.

When they paused a moment for the officers of the law to partake of the hospitalities of the Blue Anchor tavern on English street, Mary was dazed as to any cognizance of the burly villagers, who jostled each other at her elbows and made comments upon her fine figure, and upon her exquisite face which by ex-

citement kindled to their admiration.

"She has the mien of a wild bird," said one.

"She is too fascinating to be untouched by evil," said another.

At the hasty trial Mary was as good as condemned at the outset by the astounding effect of Doctor Jay's testimony. He was her friend, and meant to befriend her. But in his frank statement of what he really thought about Mary's health, he made a distinction between mental eccentricity and witchcraft for which the court was totally unprepared, and in effect gave to Mary that kind of character which in the judgment of the court might best league with the powers of darkness.

Her physician knew her too well, and he thought less of the effect of what he might say upon her fate than of the opportunity he now had of displaying his learning and his theories before a popular audience. He believed that his patient's nerves had been early strained by the tragic death of her mother; that she had never been well balanced; that some faculties she held in excess; that she had transient mental conditions, which if permanent would be unreasonable; that she sometimes saw visions; but physic might modify her humors. The doctor gave it as his medical opinion that there was no such thing as witchcraft, that all the phenomena attendant upon the pretention could be accounted for by his theory of insanity and the contagion of nervous excitement; and he was particularly severe upon the girls who had set up for witch hunters.

"Hallucinations," he said, "may occur without insanity or the devil.

I have had one patient sew by the hour with an imaginary needle, but I call her crazy. I cannot say whether the witnesses, who see the devil incarnate in a small black dog, may or may not be insane; but this I know: that nothing is so catching as mental disturbance among persons in sympathy with each other; and, if it be allowed that one person is bewitched, soon there are forty possessed by the same imagination."

In saying this Doctor Jay ran great risk; and Mary could see that the crowd was very angry. His testimony had been given in stately accents which added weight to what he had said. The doctor was a small man, of much humor; and he constantly fingered, while talking, a half-inch toadstone, dark gray, and semi-transparent, set in a heavy thumb-ring of silver upon his left hand. He had been used to loaning it out among his patients, upon enormous security for its safe return, to protect new born children from fairies. The display of this talisman added much to his influence with the court.

Parson Pepper, whom Ross characterized as a vinegar barrel on stilts, quoted Sir Thomas Browne to the effect that our hearts are commonly the factories of the devil, with machinery capable of running on in his absence. No one who heard it could for a long period rid his ears of the doleful echo of the word "damned," which Mr. Pepper emphasized when he described the fate awaiting the criminals at the bar.

Mary Glasse did not hear it; she was thinking whether John Levin's legal talents might not have availed her could he have been present. Indeed, with his strong arm for defence

she never would have been brought hither.

Mary could, however, but hear Letitia Morgan, who had been so wrought upon, and so frightened by devils visible and invisible, as to believe with the utmost sincerity that the prisoner at the bar had tormented her.

Angelica, the widow, testified as to certain things observed by her when Mary was sick at her house. And Mistress Race told all that she knew of Mary's idiosyncrasies.

As for the cranky fisherman, James Glasse, it was no harder for him to testify against Mary than it was, when he lived across the bay at Marble harbor, to testify against Ruth, his wife. He implicitly believed in diabolical possession, as much so as he believed in unseen monsters of the deep; and if his wife and his daughter were possessed they were no longer of kin to him. He had been diabolically deceived, made a fool of, by that fate which tied him first to Ruth, then to Mary. He would save his own soul, and renounce the fiendish relationship; and this he did. Doctor Hammersmith told him that this was right. He testified that Mary had always acted unnaturally as to her home life, as though the devil had been her father, as most likely he was.

Mary did not so much as listen to what he said; for there had been long a moral separation between them, and she had long hesitated in daughterly affection although never in service.

At this moment her mind was absorbed in watching the shoal of faces, such as she had never wished to see. There she stood like a field lily in a

fleck of sunlight; which one sometimes sees in a deep green wood, out of place, and the more beautiful for the unwonted surroundings. And she looked at certain insane wretches already condemned, who had believed and confessed themselves afflicted by the devil and in league with him. Patsey Pease from Jeffrey's creek was the only one she knew; who wore a haggard, beseeching look, and who was clad in attire so strange as to divert Mary from herself for the moment.

If Mary had ever questioned whether all the follies of her life (of which she had been timidly conscious) might have been actuated by the devil, this trial threw her back upon herself, and so cleared her intellectual atmosphere that she knew herself to be of sound mind,—although her steps, as she believed, were now drawing near to the City of God.

As they went out of the room toward the jail, Mary felt the instinctive clutch of Patsey's hand; and she heard a shriek from some stranger quivering through the air. It was growing dark, but the wall of the sky was bright with the tints of the sunset. Could Mary Glasse have seen through the walls of the jail, at the moment she entered the door, she would have descried Raymond Foote, approaching from the direction of Salem village; although she might not have easily recognized him in his strange Indian guise.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Sweet melodies flowing down from the sky, like rills from the mountains, awakened Mary Glasse from her refreshing sleep in Salem jail. Her ear

was quick to discern another voice than that of the birds. And her spirit was in tune for music at day-dawn. When left alone last night she came to herself at once and was glad of heart to be so near the threshold of her Father's house. Untroubled were the incalculable forces within; and she had sung in the moonlight which shone in at the little window till the music-loving mice came with twinkling black eyes to listen.

When Raymond Foote, thoughtless of danger, stout-hearted, with large frame and powerful muscles, came to try his voice under the jail window, he had some such sense of joy as a child might have in trying to find out the exact spot from which the rainbow rises. The foot of the arch was at the jail window.

He found his old friend Hodgman to be the jailor, who quickly let him in. Nor could Raymond notice bolts and shackles for joy of beholding the beauty of the prisoner, whose face, slightly pale, was informed with spiritual light.

"How can I, Raymond, be in the shadow when I keep my face to the sun?"

"Arise, go hence, Mary, this is not your rest."

"I am now at rest, Raymond, nor stand I in need of other than this. I touch myself to be assured that I am still in the body. Am I not surrounded by the rosy light of the realm unseen? Not for all worlds would I have missed this security of faith, which is no more disturbed by the accidents of life than the stars are swept away by the tree tops or Great Hill."

"I am glad, Mary, to find you in

harmony with the bells of paradise, since God has been pleased to test you by his hammer to see if there be any flaw, but I have come to carry you away."

As the morning hours sped, Raymond, who had redeemed several captives from Barbary, had no difficulty in redeeming Mary Glasse, by the aid of Hodgman, and of his friend Ross who was now the sheriff, with the title of major which he had won by his gallantry in the Canadian expedition.

"There's room for hope 'twixt jail an' th' rope," said Hodgman, who started off to find Ross, leaving the late Indian captive in charge of his prisoners. It was not long before Raymond persuaded the martyr Mary to get down from that high plane which refused to look nowlither save toward life celestial, and to listen not without interest to his terrestrial or rather aquatic story of his own escape from the Indians.

His captors had secured skates in a raid on the settlements; and upon the 26th of February Raymond undertook to teach the braves how to use these wings of steel; and he flew away from them all, and reached the whites after incredible winter and spring journeying. His Indian life had agreed with him, and his vigor was a match for rough nature and for wild men.

When Hodgman returned with Ross, the Major not only ratified the agreement entered into by the jailor,

but as the sheriff he made a compact which resulted in deceiving the authorities, who were led to believe that Mary was duly executed with others upon the fatal day; and Ross also saw to it that some ghost should haunt Glasse Head long enough to satisfy everybody of the reality of Mary's death, and to scare James Glasse into moving himself and his fish-yard over to Marble Harbor where he came from.

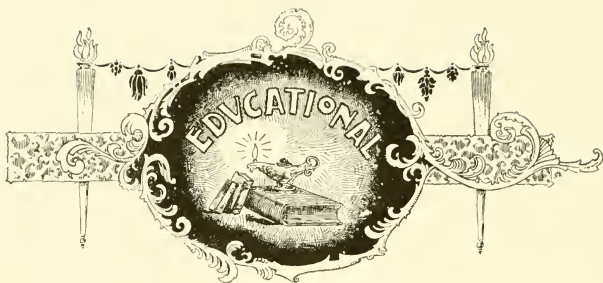
The Reverend Doctor Hammersmith preached a suitable sermon, warning his young people against the fate of Mary Glasse; and then he took his physician's advice and escaped the snares set for him by his bibulous parishioners, and visited the Old world. He took with him a cargo of crabs, as it was currently reported by Doctor Jay and Master Strait.

Raymond Foote's Chebacco parish having a temporary supply, assented to his serving Brother Hammersmith's people for a few months in the absence of their beloved toperial pastor. Raymond had no hesitation about making frequent visits to Glasse Head, although the ghost which came there so often after James Glasse left was never known to cross the threshold.

Mary Glasse lived all the early summer in wild-wood life, such as she had been accustomed to lead when an Indian captive. One of her haunts was the great boulder near Mount Zion, which offered her convenient shelter in rough weather.

{ To be continued. }





Conducted by Fred Gowling, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

PHYSIOLOGY IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

In the statement of the duties of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, the amended law says that "he shall investigate the condition and efficiency of the system of popular education in the state, especially in relation to the amount and character of the instruction given to the study of physiology and hygiene, having special reference to the effects of alcoholic stimulants and of narcotics upon the human system, and shall recommend to school boards what he considers the best text-books upon those subjects and suggest to them the best mode of teaching them."

Accordingly a study has been made of several text-books on physiology that are commonly found in the public schools, with a view to determining somewhat the merit of such works for school use. It would have been better to assign to a body of experts this task involving, necessarily, much technical knowledge and acumen not usually possessed by laymen, and hardly to be expected in such. The responsibility was somewhat lessened by the fact that the law does not require the selection

of a *single* book that is best, but "*the best text-books,*" and by the further fact that no school board is bound by the recommendation to adopt any of the books in the list, but is free to make selection in accordance with the light given it, carefully studying books, schools, and local conditions.

One point is satisfactorily proved, that the ideal book on this subject written for study by school children, if published, did not find its way into this examination. While perhaps one could not put his finger on a passage in some books that in itself is exceptionable, the impression left by these books as wholes is distorted and faulty.

From some books a child might gain the notion that it is positively dangerous to live, that one must not do anything, however trivial, without the most careful consideration of its ultimate effect upon the body. The unusual, the exceptional, the morbid, are too prevalent to the exclusion of the normal, the actual, the wholesome. Fortunately the child mind is elastic and recovers quickly from some of these shocks.

The question naturally arises, Is it wisdom to cause a child to be conscious in a large degree of his organs and their functions? Shall digestion tend to become a conscious process?

Anatomy is given too great prominence; hygiene, too little. Unimportant details fill much space. The treatment of the structure, physiology, and care of some of the most important organs of the body is wholly omitted generally.

The excellence of the pedagogic form of the text-books varies, but one can gain many valuable hints for the preparation and teaching of lessons from many of these elementary books.

The typography and cuts are generally good. The prices are reasonable.

At a future time in dealing with methods of teaching physiology in common schools, it may be necessary to go further into the subject of text-books, but at present all that is required is a simple list. The preceding comments are gratuitous. As it is desirable, even necessary, that boards should furnish to schools advanced books and books of reference in this subject as in others for proper and adequate study, the names of a few such helpful books are added.

Some things need much emphasis. Right living is the end sought by a

study of physiology and hygiene in the lower schools. To inculcate and form right habits that shall be a permanent possession of the child is the function of the teacher. Morality is involved to a considerable extent in this subject. The truth, simple and pure, is strong enough to make out its case. Philanthropists and scientists should get together upon common ground for the building of a book satisfactory to all and worthy of the children to be educated.

The school is a powerful factor in influencing the life of the child. The community itself is a mighty factor. The ideals of a community tend to become the child's ideals. Parents should be instructed in hygiene at parents' meetings and all forces joined in harmonious work to the end that there be no waste, no friction. Much practical good might be accomplished by the people in each community trying to enforce chapter two hundred sixty-five of the Public Statutes.

A variety of books in a single school is highly desirable.

A selection of books in this subject should be made in view of the ends sought, the welfare of the child and the improvement of the people and the world.

PHYSIOLOGIES—REFERENCE AND ADVANCED.

1. Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene. Jerome Walker, M. D. Allyn & Bacon.
2. The Human Body and the Effects of Narcotics. H. Newell Martin, D. Sc. Henry Holt & Co.
The Human Body. H. Newell Martin, D. Sc. Henry Holt & Co.
The Human Body (Elem.). H. Newell Martin, D. Sc. Henry Holt & Co.
3. Hygienic Physiology. D. F. Lincoln, M. D. Ginn & Co.
4. Physiology and Hygiene. J. C. Hutchison. Maynard, Merrill & Co.
5. Physiology and Health. Union Series, No. 3. E. H. Butler & Co.
6. A Healthy Body. Charles H. Stowell. Silver, Burdett & Co.
7. Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene. Roger S. Tracy, M. D. American Book Co.
8. Second Book in Physiology and Hygiene. J. H. Kellogg, M. D. American Book Co.
9. An Academic Physiology and Hygiene. A. M. Brands and H. C. Von Gieson. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.

NECROLOGY

F. A. COLBY.

Dr. Frank A. Colby was born in Colebrook in June, 1852, and died at Berlin July 14. He was educated at Phillips Exeter academy and at Dartmouth Medical college. In early life he travelled extensively and underwent many adventures, being at one time surgeon in the armies of the Sultan of Turkey. Returning to this country he practised for a long time at Lancaster and Berlin. He was a member of the last legislature from the latter town.

F. L. ABBOT.

Francis L. Abbot died at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., July 22. He was a native and life-long resident of Concord, and had been one of the city's representatives in the legislature. He was educated at S. Paul's school, being one of the first boys at that institution. After leaving school he entered business life with the firm of Abbot & Downing, now the Abbot-Downing Co., and maintained an active connection with them until his death.

T. B. HOYT.

Thornton B. Hoyt was a native of Concord and died at Hampton, July 14, aged 64 years. He was at different times proprietor of hotels at Exeter, Portsmouth, and Kingston; was at one time engaged in the provision business in Boston and served during the Rebellion as a sutler. He was deputy sheriff and jailer for many years.

N. L. TRUE.

Dr. Noah L. True was born in Meredith and died at Laconia, June 21, at the age of 67 years and seven months. He studied medicine at Harvard and at the Eclectic Medical college, Worcester, Mass. He practised at Dover and Meredith, and, since 1865, at Laconia. He served Meredith as representative and selectman, and was at the time of his death the oldest member of the New Hampshire Medical Society.

N. S. BEAN.

Nehemiah Sleeper Bean was born in Gilmanton, May 16, 1818, and died at Manchester, July 20. He learned the millwright's trade and assisted in the construction of mills in various parts of the state. Later he was in the employ of the Essex locomotive works at Lawrence, and built the Pacific that ran for many years on the Boston and Maine. Fame and fortune came to him, however, as the inventor and perfecter of the Amoskeag steam fire engine, one of Manchester's numerous products which are known around the world. Mr. Bean was also prominent in banking circles and had served in the legislature and city government.

L. W. GLEASON.

Loring W. Gleason was born in Westmoreland 64 years ago and died at Billerica, Mass., July 7. In early life he was a gold miner in California but returning to the east, he successfully engaged in the real estate business in Boston for more than 40 years.

A. G. REED.

Augustus G. Reed died at Nashua, July 3, at the age of 77 years. He had been a resident of that city for 60 years, and for 50 years had been one of its leading merchants, having been engaged in the dry goods business. He was also prominent in banking circles.

JAMES EMERSON.

James Emerson was born at Bradford 73 years ago and died at Williamansett, Mass., July 6. He was one of the best known civil and mechanical engineers in the Connecticut valley and also an inventor of note. He was the author of several scientific works and was frequently called upon as a consulting expert.

BENJAMIN W. BALL.

Benjamin W. Ball, journalist and poet, died at Rochester, July 13, aged 73. He was born in Concord, Mass., receiving his early education at Groton and graduating from Dartmouth college in 1842. He studied law with John P. Robinson of Lowell, and, in 1856, became editor of the *Lowell Courier*, during the famous Fremont campaign. He was an intimate friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose library was at his disposal. He published a book of poems in 1851, and another in 1892. His contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly* attracted wide attention, and he was a frequent contributor to Boston newspapers and magazines.

H. K. SLAYTON.

Hon. H. K. Slayton was born in Calais, Vt., 71 years ago and died in Manchester, July 9. He engaged in mercantile life in Boston at an early age and later kept a general store in Calais for 10 years, serving during that time as a member of the Vermont legislature and a delegate to the Republican national conventions of 1856 and 1860. He went to Manchester in 1863 and established a wholesale produce business which still continues. He was a member of both branches of the New Hampshire legislature, and a well known writer on finance and dairy topics.

L. T. JEFTS.

Luman T. Jefts was born in Washington in 1830, and died at Hudson, Mass., July 3. He had been engaged in shoe manufacturing at Hudson since 1859, and was also prominent in banking and in politics, having served in both branches of the legislature and in the governor's council. He built and presented to his native town an elegant public library building, was treasurer and trustee of the New England Conservatory of Music, and a trustee of Boston University.

A. J. SAWYER.

A. J. Sawyer died at Manchester, June 27, at the age of 58 years. He had for many years been engaged in the lumber business and had amassed a fortune. He was a prominent member of the Advent church.



CASCADE AT HEAD OF FLUME, FRANCONIA NOTCH.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXI.

SEPTEMBER, 1896.

No. 3.



View of Naval Academy from Opposite Bank of Severn River.

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

By Ensign Lloyd H. Chandler, U. S. N.



Samoan Memorial Window.

ABOUT forty miles to the southward of Baltimore, on the western shore of Chesapeake bay, is the Severn river,—a river in name only, for it is really but a narrow arm of the bay extending a few miles into the country. On the western bank of this river at its mouth stands the historic city of Annapolis, the capital of Maryland, where once met the national congress, and where George Washington resigned his commission as commander in chief of the army of the United States. The mildness of the climate at this place and the proximity of a navigable sheet of water were the principal reasons for its selection as the site for the naval school

which George Bancroft, then secretary of the navy, was so largely instrumental in establishing. Created in 1845, under the administration of James K. Polk, the "Naval School," as it was then called, was formally opened on October 10 of the same year, with Commander Franklin Buchanan as superintendent, upon the then small military reservation surrounding and including Fort Severn, that property being transferred for that purpose from the war to the navy department.

From this small beginning the "Naval Academy," so called in 1850, has grown to its present dimensions, gradually enlarging its grounds and its course of study until it now ranks as one of the first schools of the world. The course as now given covers six years, of



Dinner Formation.

which only the first four are spent at the academy, the last two being spent at sea on the regular war vessels of the navy, the cadets returning to Annapolis for final examination at the end of this two-years' cruise.

Each congressional district has the privilege of keeping one boy as a naval cadet all the time, appointments being made by members of the national house of representatives. Did every boy who received the appointment succeed in graduating, there would be but one chance in six



Mess Hall.



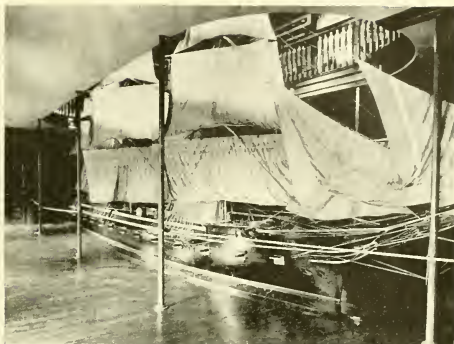
Superintendent's House and Buchanan Row.

years for the boys of any particular district, but there really are many more than that, for of the number appointed annually only about half succeed in passing the entrance examinations, and of those that do so pass only about one third are ordinarily able to get through the course. As soon as a boy fails at any step in the course his congressman has the right to make another appointment.

In addition to the congressional appointments the president has the right to maintain ten cadets appointed at large.

The age of admission is from fifteen to twenty years, and every boy must be in perfect physical condition before he is allowed to enter. Upon receiving the appointment the candidate reports at the academy to be examined in arithmetic, elementary algebra, geography, gram-

mar, United States history, reading, spelling, and writing, the last two being judged by an exercise in dictation and by the general work on all the examinations. Each boy who fails on his first trial is given a second chance in the subject in which he was deficient. The examinations are all written except that in reading, the candidates all being asked the same questions and allowed the same



Lower Seamanship Model Room.



Lovers' Lane.

time in which to answer them.

A boy enters in May or September as the congressman who appoints him may direct, but constant efforts are being made to put a stop to the September entrance as boys coming in at that time miss such training as their classmates who enter in May get on the summer practice cruise. Having successfully passed his examination in May the newly made cadet is sent

aboard the old receiving ship *Santee* to live, where he is given a hammock and instructed in the at first incomprehensible mystery of lashing and sleeping in one, a difficult accomplishment to acquire but one which opens to its possessor the most comfortable bed in the world, especially at sea. He is also sent to the academy store and to the tailor where he is fitted out with such clothing as the regulations demand.

Being once fairly in, our young man is not allowed time enough to



Upper Seamanship Model Room.



Annual Presentation of Colors to Company winning Competitive Drill.

get homesick, for he is immediately started in on drills. Getting up at six in the morning, the day is taken up with elementary instruction in going aloft, boats, infantry, artillery, and in fact all the drills in which he will be in the future compelled to take part. The day winds up with an evening

in the gymnasium so that when taps sounds at ten there is an extreme readiness for bed evident on the part of all concerned. After the end of the academic year, generally about June 10, the first or highest class and the third and fourth or two lowest classes are sent to sea on the old sailing ship, *Monongahela*, sometimes going across the ocean to some outlying European port and sometimes spending the summer off our own coast. Here the cadets are taught according to their stage of advancement, the "plebes" learning the names of the various parts of the ship and to control the inner man when at sea, the third class taking up more advanced seamanship and elementary navigation, while the first class men learn to determine the position of the ship by astronomical observations and to handle the ship and crew, in fact, to do everything that an officer is called upon to do in

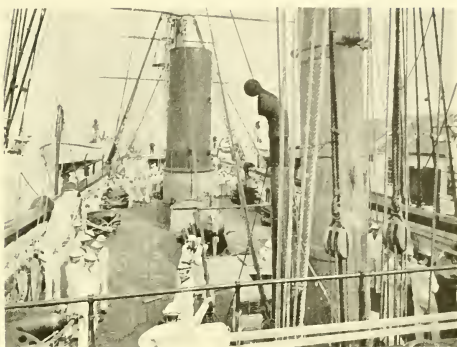


Seamanship Drill, U. S. S. Monongahela,—“Shorten sail: reef topsails and furl light sails.”

service. While these three classes are at sea the second and the engineer division of the first remain at the academy to work in the machine shops, making short cruises on the gunboat *Bancroft*.

The cruise ends the last of August, when the upper classmen all go on leave for a month, leaving the "plebes" with their classmates who enter in September to learn enough about drills to enable them to join the rest of the corps in the exercises when the term opens.

All leave being up on the last day of September, the first recitations are held on the following day. The number of instructors is sufficiently large so that no one of them ever has more than ten cadets under him at one time. This of course amounts to personal instruction for each cadet, and each of them recites in each subject each day, receiving a mark in each. Monthly examinations are held in each branch as well as examinations at the ends of each of the four



Seamanship Drill,—“Stand by to lay aloft, topmen.”

months' terms, and the combination of the marks for all these makes the mark for the year, a certain mark for conduct based on the number of demerits received being also taken into account.

The severity of the course will be seen by the following list of studies pursued, bearing in mind the fact that each term is but four months long and that all cadets who are more than slightly unsatisfactory at the end of any term are dropped. The marking is on a scale of 4.0, that being a perfect mark. To be satis-



Dress Parade.



Observatory, Naval Lyceum Building, and Figurehead of U. S. S. Delaware.

factory a cadet must have an average of 2.5. The difficulty of attaining this mark is shown by the fact that two thirds of every class fail to do it. The fact that nearly all the instructors are officers in the navy, that no cadet remains under the same instructor continuously, and that the examinations are all written and therefore matters of record, makes the school one in which favoritism and unfairness can have but little place.

The studies pursued are as follows:

Mathematics: Algebra; geometry; logarithms; trigonometry; descriptive geometry; solution of the astronomical triangle and its stereographic projection upon the principal planes of the celestial sphere; conic sections; differential and integral cal-

culus; mechanics; hydro-mechanics; least squares; strength of material.

English studies: The English language; general and United States history; United States naval history; international law.

Modern languages: French, with a special course in maritime terms and the translation of professional articles; elective

course in Spanish.

Drawing: Mechanical course in drawing machinery from the originals.

Physics and chemistry: Elementary physics and chemistry; explosives; harmonic motion; sound; light; heat; photography; magnet-



Cadet Quarters and Tripoli Monument.



Maryland Avenue, looking towards Academy Gate.

ism; electricity, with its special application to marine plants.

Steam engineering: Principles of mechanism; expansion of steam, marine and other engines and boilers.

Seamanship: Rigging, fitting, and handling boats and ships under sail or steam; naval tactics.

Shipbuilding and naval architecture: Laying down and taking off, with necessary calculations; construction of wooden and steel ves-

sels; theory of deep sea waves and of ships thereon.

Ordnance: Great gun construction, drill, and fire; infantry and light artillery tactics; boat guns; ammunition; armor; torpedoes; motion of projectiles.

Navigation: Nautical astronomy; methods of determining position at sea; marine surveying; deviation of



U. S. Practice Ship Bancroft.

the compass in steel ships, and its correction.

Physiology: Effects of alcoholics and narcotics on the human system; emergency treatment of wounds, drowning cases, etc.

At the end of its third year, each class is divided into two parts, proportional to the number of vacancies in the line and in the engineer corps of the navy for the preceding year. Two corps are thus formed, the cadets of one being destined to become deck officers, and of the other engineers. During the fourth year each corps has its course of studies developed in the particular studies with which its members will deal in after life.

In addition to these



U. S. S. Santee.

studies, the cadets have drill or practical work every afternoon during the academic year.

As will be seen from the above schedule of study together with the day's routine as given below, there is not much time in which a cadet can acquire habits of idleness, and in fact almost all recreation periods are voluntarily devoted to some form of athletics or boating. The routine for an ordinary working day is as follows:

	A. M.
Reveille	6:00
Morning roll call and breakfast	6:35
Sick call	7:30
Call to rooms and first recitation	7:55
Call to second recitation	8:55
Recall from first two hour period of recitations	10:00
Call to third recitation	10:10
Call to fourth recitation	11:10
	P. M.
Recall from second period and release from rooms	12:15
Dinner formation	12:30



Old Mortar and Gymnasium.



Blake Row.

Call to rooms and fifth recitation . . .	1:50
Call to sixth recitation	2:55
Recall from third period and release from rooms	3:55
Drill call	4:05
Recall from drill	5:30
Dress parade (in May and June) . . .	6:00
Supper	6:30
Call to studies	7:25
Release from studies	9:30
Taps	10:00

Each cadet makes but three recitations a day, one in each period, the rest of the time devoted to recitation periods being spent in his own room in study. Much of interest could be written about the daily life of the cadet, but it would seem as if the above details would suggest everything to the thoughtful reader necessary to a thorough understanding of the trials of a naval cadet, especially when it is remembered that strict military discipline prevails, and that the cadets are under the constant surveillance not only of the seventy or more commissioned officers attached to the academy, but also of

a number of cadet officers chosen from the upper classes. Of course attendance upon all exercises is compulsory, sickness being the only excuse, and then only upon the recommendation of the medical officer of the day. Saturday and Sunday afternoons, national holidays, and the month of September are the only holidays.

The secretary of the navy may order the dismissal of a cadet for any

offence which he thinks deserves it, and in cases not meriting dismissal the superintendent may assign any of the following punishments at discretion:

Solitary confinement not exceeding seven days; coventry; public reprimand on parade in written orders; confinement under guard; confinement in quarters; deprivation of leave; deprivation of recreation; extra watch or guard duty or drill; extra duty; suspension; reduction of rank in case of a cadet officer.



Boats under Oars.



Light Artillery Battalion.

In addition to the above punishments demerits are assigned as follows :

For falsehood, fraud, theft, gouging (receiving assistance or carrying in notes to recitation or examination), breach of arrest, mutinous conduct, gambling, intoxication, introducing intoxicating liquors within the academic limits, hazing,—100 demerits.

Slander, prevarication, obscenity, irreverent conduct at divine service, deliberate disobedience of orders, refusing to give evidence before a board of investigation,—75 demerits.

Insubordination, being present at or witness to any hazing or any unlawful assembly and not suppressing it or immediately reporting it to proper authority, gross disrespect to senior officer, absence from academic limits without authority, maliciously injuring or endangering government property,—50 demerits.

Card playing within academic limits, unprovoked assault, using threatening or insulting language towards or intimidating any person in the naval service, unwarranted assumption or abuse of authority, visiting any drinking saloon, billiard room, or other improper place, absence from quarters after taps, disobeying a lawful order,—25 demerits.

Disrespectful conduct to senior officer, profanity, making an improper evasive statement, shirking duty, exercise, or recitation, sitting up or burning light after taps without authority, wearing or having in possession civilian's clothing, when on duty failing to report violations of regulations, using tobacco or having it in possession,—10 demerits.

Unauthorized articles in room, introducing unauthorized persons into quarters, introducing or having any animal in quarters, overstaying leave, room or clothing smelling of tobacco,



Infantry Battalion—Scaling a Wall.



Broadsword Drill.

malingering, turning in after reveille, entering a locked room without authority,—7 demerits.

Absence from duty or room without authority, careless or indifferent performance of duty, disorderly conduct, neglect of duty while in charge of room, visiting prohibited places within the academic limits, slow in obeying orders, assisting another cadet at recitation or examination, creating disturbance at recitation, drill, or examination,—5 demerits.

Injuring public property through carelessness or neglect, room in disorder, inattention at drill, recitation, or examination, slouchiness, improperly dressed, talking at drill or in ranks, not turned out at reveille, not turned in at taps, wearing non-regulation clothing, receiving visits,—3 demerits.

Late at formation, room not in proper order, untidy in dress or person, negligence in preparing official papers, wearing any article of dress improperly, not saluting properly, neglect of uniform, clothing not properly marked,—1 demerit.

If a first classman receives 150 demerits, a second 200, a third 250, or a fourth 300, he is dismissed.

In addition to this long list of offenses there is always room for any heretofore unheard of misconduct under that blanket clause of the naval regulations providing for the punishment of any "offenses not specified in the preceding articles."

The requirements being so severe it would seem almost useless to attempt the course, but the reward is proportional to the effort. A cadet takes the oath of allegiance to the

United States, submits himself to the requirements already described, and in return he receives a thorough education, his expenses are paid during his schooldays, and should he stand sufficiently high to obtain one of the yearly vacancies he obtains an honorable life position of which any man could be proud. If there are more cadets in any year than there are vacancies the extra ones are given a year's pay and honorably discharged into civil life.

Severe as are the duties and stern as is the discipline, the cadets still find time for play, and football, baseball, general athletics, fencing, rifle shooting, boating, etc., all come in for their share of attention. A great impetus was given to sports of all kinds by the annual game of football with the cadets of the United States military academy, but after four games, with a record of three to one for the naval cadets, the practice was stopped because the excitement attending the rivalry seriously interfered with the studies at both institutions. The pluck and perseverance which leads the cadets to success in this outside work will be appreciated when it is known that there is absolutely no let-up in discipline or routine for those taking part, that one hour a day is all the time available for practice, and that any cadet

who is unsatisfactory in his studies for a month cannot take part in any important event for the next month.

Thus we get some idea of the patience and hard work required from those who aspire to serve their country on its outer line of defense, but there is one more lesson to be learned which has not yet been noticed, and that is patriotism and fidelity to the flag and to regularly constituted authority. This lesson is taught not by text-books and word of mouth, but by example and surroundings. The reverence with which the flag is treated, the chapel with its memorial windows and mural tablets to dead heroes, the naval cemetery where may be read the names of Cushing, De Long, and of many another, the mess hall with its many paintings of the famous men of the old navy, with the smiling face of Farragut, the noblest of them all, leading the van, the naval lyceum building containing the largest collection of captured British battle flags in the world, and the many monuments and trophies on every hand, each recalling some noble name or heroic deed,—all move the heart irresistibly, and must inevitably bring forth that pride and love of country and *esprit de corps* without which no military organization can hope for long or successful life.



Stribling Row—Old Recitation Hall.



THE DAGO

By FRANK WEST ROLLINS

“**W**HAT would n't I give for one week of our old college life! Jove! What times we had!”

“Great! were n't they? But you couldn't enjoy the same things now, Dave, that tickled your palate then.”

“I don't know; I don't feel any older, though the family Bible and my bald spot prove the contrary.”

“I know, but the things which amused us then would seem silly, puerile, and boyish now. It was our youth which gave the relish. Still I feel like breaking loose somewhere, myself, and doing something real devilish. I never worked so hard in my life as I have the past year. My brain rejects the thought of volts and ohms, and I feel I must turn off the current, take my trolley off the wire, and let the dynamo rest.”

“Same here. The panic of last year was a terrible strain, Bob. No one who was n't in financial circles knows anything about it. We both need an absolute change. You see, you can't even talk socially without employing the phrases and tools of your profession. You are saturated

with electricity. Your head has become an arc light in which the carbons are burned out and need replenishing.”

“Well, what can we do? I don't want to go away to a mountain or seaside hotel and sit on the piazza, and ogle old maids, or make a fourth at whist with a lot of moss-backs. I can't afford a yacht; I've been to Europe several times, and nothing that I can think of has any charms for me. I want to do something out of the ordinary; have a little fun; break a law or a commandment or something. Don't you remember that remark of Mulvaney's,—‘Oh! my time past, whin I put me fut through ivery wan av the tin commandmints between revelly and lights out,’—well that's about the feeling I have, and I thoroughly sympathize with Mulvaney.”

“Hello! what the deuce—Well, a monk! How he startled me!”

This exclamation was caused by the sudden appearance at the open window of a little monkey, and it was not difficult to connect the string tied to his collar with the organ grinding lugubriously below. It was a warm

July evening, and the organist, spying the open window, had sent his bread-winner on a foraging expedition.

Bob Scovel, as the owner of the rooms and host, put his hand into his pocket for change, whereat the monkey sprang from the window into his lap, and took off his hat in the most amiable manner.

"That's right," laughed Harris; "make yourself at home, you little beggar. What piercing eyes he has, and how human he looks as he cocks his head now one way and now the other! If they had the parrot's ability to talk they would make excellent servants."

The monkey seized the coin, and in answer to a pull on the string, disappeared out of the window, touching his hat.

"Queer way to earn a living, isn't it? Can't be much wear on the gray matter about it," remarked Scovel between the puffs of his cigar.

Harris did not reply, but removed his pipe from his mouth, and sat intently regarding his companion for several moments; then, with a laugh, he laid his pipe on the table, listened intently for a moment, and, as though satisfied, seized his hat and rushed out of the room.

"Here! Where are you going, Dave?" called Scovel in astonishment, but the only answer was the bang of the outer door. Stepping to the window, he saw Harris hurry up the street and disappear around the corner. Then, having some knowledge of his friend's ways, he sat down to await developments, wondering what crazy idea had caused his departure.

Scovel was still studying "The Tourists' Guide to New England,"

when he heard the lower door open and a great thumping and clattering up the stairs. He was about to go to the door to see what all the row was about, when it was burst open with a bang, and in walked Harris followed by a wide-mouthed Dago, his organ upon his back, their recent visitor, the monkey, seated on top, and a remarkably pretty tambourine girl bringing up the rear, dressed in the gaily colored garb of her people, and of course bareheaded.

"What in the name of all that's good are you up to, Dave?" exclaimed Scovel, when the cavalcade had lined up. But Dave gave no heed.

"Let her go, Italy!" he cried. "Whoop her up! Give us 'Grandfather's Clock' or 'Down went McGinty,' if you've got it in your repertory."

The gentleman with the broad smile and the big ear-rings raised his eyes to heaven in mute protestation, and set the spring for the next tune.

"Hold on!" shouted Scovel. "Do you want to get me turned out of the house, to say nothing of the neighborhood? They won't stand this, Dave."

"Go ahead, Banan, don't mind him; he don't count. The rooms belong to me," interrupted Harris.

Whereat, with a wheeze and a squeak the old barrel organ launched out into the "Marseillaise," while Scovel leaned back with a sigh of resignation, and Harris lit his pipe and listened in a most appreciative manner, keeping time with his hand. In order to add to Scovel's discomfiture, he motioned to the girl to join forces, and she started in with tambourine and voice, and they really

made a very pretty din in the confined quarters of the room. When the organ stopped, during a change from the "Marseillaise" to "Garry Owen," Scovel could hear voices in the hall in angry protest, and, glancing out of the window, saw a crowd looking up in amused wonder. He knew, however, that it was idle to remonstrate with his friend when in this mood, and so resigned himself to his fate. He was not at all surprised when Harris seized the girl's tambourine and danced and cavorted around the room to an Irish jig, while the girl clapped her hands in delight. When, at last, the organ had played through its list and was beginning to repeat, Harris beckoned the performers to follow him, and led them into Scovel's dressing room, where he furnished them with chairs, and then rang for the hall boy. When the boy appeared, grinning from ear to ear, Harris ordered him to go to a near-by restaurant, and get a dinner, which he quickly outlined on a slip of paper. It was to be served for four, and quick.

"What Tom-fool thing are you going to do now? You blamed idiot!" growled Scovel. "My landlady will be scandalized, and the rest of the people think we're drunk."

"That used not to trouble you a great deal. How about the gray matter, the law, and the commandments, my boy? You wanted a little excitement. I'm giving it to you, that's all."

"Oh, well, I meant something reasonable. What do you propose doing? I might, at least, be taken into the secret, as these are my rooms and you have ordered the supper in my name."

But Harris made no reply. Instead he began to throw the things off the large center table; books, pictures, papers, bric-a-brac, were scattered over the floor in the twinkling of an eye, and the table cover decorated the wood basket.

"I wish you would be a little more careful of the Venus de Milo. It cost me seventy-five dollars," exclaimed Scovel, plaintively.

"What's a Venus de Milo to a living lineal descendant of the Caesars!"

Shortly the dinner arrived smoking hot. Harris arranged it on the table; placed four chairs, and then opened the door to the dressing room, and asked his new friends out. He placed the ringletted Dago on his left, the pretty daughter on his right, and motioned for Scovel to take the other end of the table, but the latter shook his head.

"Sit down there, I tell you! Is this the way to treat guests?"

Seeing there was no escape, Scovel took the vacant chair, and Harris began to serve the dinner, carrying on, meanwhile, a running conversation with the visitors in a mixture of Pidgin-English, French, and poor Italian, which nearly choked his friend. A few glasses of good claret warmed Scovel up, and he began to enter into the spirit of the thing.

"Will the daughter of *la belle Italie* have a morsel of the wing or a piece of the bosom?" asked Harris in his most seductive tone.

"Sì, Signor, vorrèi del pollo," smiled the dark maiden, showing her glistening teeth.

"Does the descendant of the Caesars prefer olives, insalata, or some other hors d'œuvre?"

"Gràzie, Signor."



'I was born in Rome, New York.'

"The Signor est servi. Do you remember, Signorita, that beautiful toast first proposed by King Ferdinand at the time of the launching of the *Pinta*?—'Here's another nail in your coffin'—or, as it is put in your own liquid tongue,—'*Il corpo to-bacco est vermicelli tomato, non parlo Italiano bon marche tabasco a bas the Dago.*'"

"Bravo!" cried Scovel.

"El Signor speaka Italiano ver wella," added the maiden.

"Grâzie, Signorita, and again merci, likewise thank you. I was born in Rome, New York. Now, our friend, Scovel, who, by the way, is a lineal descendant of George Washington—"

"Gr-r-r-rande signóre, Washingtonna. Chop old Washingtonna banan tree," interrupted the Dago.

"Right, old boy. As I said, our friend, Scovel, will now favor us with that tender ballad,—'What's the

matter with McGulligan's pants?'" Whereat, Scovel, who was now in the procession, arose and poured forth those soulful lines so familiar to us all, to the great enjoyment of the company and the crowd outside. This was followed by a song in the Italian by the signorita, and a theme on the organ by the descendant of the Caesars; after which, the dinner being ended, Harris loaded the remains of the feast into Scovel's wood basket, a beautifully decorated affair, and started his new friends on their homeward way, after they had affectionately kissed both their hosts. Harris accompanied them into the hall, and held a whispered conversation before they went down stairs.

At last he returned, and sat down opposite Scovel, his face aglow, and eyes shining with quiet drollery. For a minute they regarded each other in silence over the empty dishes, and then Scovel said:

"Well, you've had a devil of a time, have n't you!"

"Yes, have n't you?"

"Oh, yes, but what will people think?"

"That used not to trouble you much in the old days. But I suppose you mean what would Elsie Gardner think of it if it came to her ears."

"Nothing of the kind," retorted Scovel, irritably, while a hot flush crept over his face.

"Don't get excited, old man," said Harris soothingly, "we have n't begun our fun yet."

"What deviltry are you up to now?"

"I have a great scheme. You wanted excitement, brain rest, a change, a racket, you said, and I have arranged it all."

"Well, let's have the details," said Scovel, half smiling and half angry.

"It will be like this. You and I and the monk are going to take a trip through the mountains, visiting the principal hotels."

"The deuce we are?"

"Yes, on foot."

"Oh! on foot?"

"Yes; you will be disguised as the Dago and carry the organ and the monk, while I go as the fascinating signorita with the tambourine."

"Do I carry you on my back, too?"

"No; just the organ and the monk, and whatever things we need with us."

"Thanks; I decline, but am much beholden to you."

"But you can't, you know. I've made all the arrangements. The thing is as good as done, and we start day after to-morrow. I have hired the organ and monkey and

tambourine, and the Dago and his daughter will rig us up with the help of a costumer. We will express all our kit to some point in the mountains, and then don our rigging and start out from there. You won't have to carry the organ from here to the mountains."

"That's very kind of you, I'm sure."

"Of course, won't it be great sport?"

* * * * *

Three days later, two young men got off the cars at Bethlehem station in the White Mountains, and sought a small hotel not frequented by the crowd. They were followed by various boxes and bundles; one box having holes in the sides and evidently containing live stock. These men were in earnest conversation for some time with the proprietor of the house, and after much reasoning and argument and some interchange of notes, were shown to a room on the ground floor at the back of the house, looking out upon the stable yard.

* * * * *

Breakfast was just over at the Maplewood, and the guests were getting ready for riding, driving, walking, or were promenading the broad piazzas to settle their morning meal. Several gentlemen were smoking at one end of the piazza, lazily conversing the while. It was a beautiful July morning, with just enough breeze to temper the heat of the sun, and the girls in their lawns and gingham, and the men in their flannels, made a cool and attractive picture.

It does not take much to attract the attention of the idlers at a summer resort, and when an organ grinder with a monkey and tambourine girl came up in front of the house

and prepared to play, all the people in sight gathered to look on. The organist halted just in front of the group of men who were smoking, with their feet on the rail, and they all stared idly at the young girl and her companions. The Dago was a big, swarthy fellow, wearing a long black moustache, heavy eyebrows, and gold ear-rings. He was dressed in a very much worn suit of velveteen of a soft brown color, and on his head he wore one of those conical shaped caps which somewhat hid his eyes. The girl, who evidently was not the man's daughter, as there was not enough disparity in their ages, had on some kind of a light-colored dress trimmed with black velvet after the manner of her people. Her gown extended to just below her knees, exhibiting a very shapely ankle. Of course she wore no hat, and her hair, which was of the most beautiful seal brown, hung down her back nearly to the ground in two broad braids. Her eyes were large and expressive, and were shaded by long lashes. Close examination showed that she was somewhat made up, but she was a most attractive looking girl, and full of mischief evidently, as every man noted.

The organ started in on "The Last Rose of Summer," and the monk began his performances, while the girl kept time on her tambourine, and executed a slow, graceful *pas seul* to the music.

"The Dago ought to make his fortune with such a girl," said one of the men. "She would 'catch on' at Koster & Bial's, if they gave her a chance."

Various comments were made as the smoke curled upward from the cigars, and the men were lazily

amused. Suddenly, one of the men, who had been sharply watching the organist, put his feet to the floor, and touching the man next him, indicated that he wanted to speak to him. Throwing away his cigar, he led the way to a point on the piazza out of sight from those watching the monk, and then, turning to his companion, he said:

"Do you see anything peculiar about that organ grinder?"

"No, except that the girl's deucedly pretty, and boiling over."

"You're right; but there's something very strange about that couple. Now, just as sure as my name's Phil Gardner, that Dago is a fraud. He's disguised, and so is the girl. Did you ever see a tambourine girl made up? Of course not. And she is. You can see it. I'll bet a hat on it. And, what's more, the man looks and acts tremendously like Bob Scovel. His nose gives him away. And as for the girl, if I am right, of course she is Dave Harris. They are inseparable. When they were in college they were always up to some unheard of deviltry, and I think they have come up into the mountains this way for a lark. You remember Harris took part in the club theatricals last winter, and what a good looking girl he made."

"By Jove! If you are right, Phil, what a job we could put up on them! Let's go back and I will see if I recognize them. I did not look at them particularly before, because my suspicions were not aroused!"

The two men lounged back, unconcernedly. The crowd of listeners had grown; many ladies had gathered, among them Gardner's sister, Elsie, who was staring curiously at

the Dago, as though trying to recollect something. The latter was grinding away industriously, never raising his eyes, except when he had to extricate the monk from some mischief.

The monkey was gathering a rich harvest of nickels and dimes. Gardner watched his sister's face a moment to see if she suspected anything. He could see that something puzzled her; some resemblance, but that she had no suspicion of the real truth as yet. His friend Leverett was keenly eying the pair from behind a pillar, and presently nodded as though his suspicions were more than confirmed.

When the Dago had played all his pieces and had received a goodly supply of money he shouldered his organ, although the girl seemed to want to stay longer, but the man moved doggedly off, while the monkey bowed his acknowledgments.

* * * * *

"By the great horned spoon! but that was a close shave! Who would have thought we should run right into Phil Gardner and his sister, Leverett Acton, and all the rest, the first house we came to? Did you ever see such luck?" and the Dago threw his organ down under a tree, without any regard for the monk, and wiped the sweat from his brow. They had gone into the woods at the side of the road for a rest, and were out of sight from the hotel.

"Great, was n't it? Never enjoyed a thing more in my life," replied the supposititious daughter of Italy. "Did you see Phil stare at us and then walk off with Acton? I wonder if he made us out? Jove! If he did catch on, it would be well for us to get out of this neighborhood, for he 'd just lay for us."

"Do you suppose Elsie knew us?"

"No, she detected some resemblance in you, I am sure, but she never for a moment suspected the truth. Did you see me make eyes at Leverett? I made a great impression and he ogled me and smiled and winked as though I were a ballet dancer. I had all I could do to keep from yelling at him, 'Oh, you duffer!'"

"All I can say is that I am tremendously glad to get away without being detected. Sit still, you beggar, and shut up your everlasting chatter! I'm tired."

* * * * *

The next morning at breakfast Gardner turned to his sister and said:

"You know that organ grinder and his daughter who were here yesterday?"

"Daughter! She was n't his daughter. They were just about of an age."

"So I thought, and, evidently, that's what the authorities thought, too, for they arrested them this morning. It seems that the moral sense of the town's people here is highly shocked at their travelling around this way together, especially after they found out they were not man and wife, and she such a pretty girl, and they arrested them this morning, and the trial is to come off this afternoon before Squire Hardscrabble, who is the trial justice here. We're all going. It will be great fun."

"Would it be proper for me to go, Phil?"

"Well, perhaps not as an individual, but as practically the whole hotel will be there you will be safe."

"Phil, did you notice any resemblance in that organ grinder to a friend of ours?"

"Yes, more than a resemblance."

"What, you don't mean, Phil—"

But Phil jumped up from the table and was out of hearing before she could ask any more questions.

The trial was to be held in the dance hall of the hotel, no other place being available. Phil Gardner had had a hand in all the preparations, and the old Squire was acting under his advice. By three o'clock, the time set for trial, every inch of space was occupied, for the report had spread all over the town that the pretty tambourine girl and her companion had got into trouble. Every hotel and boarding house contributed its quota, while there was a goodly sprinkling of the sturdy, orthodox farmers and town's people. It was a great event in the village, and especially a great day for the Squire.

He sat on the small stage, with a pine table for a bench, his spectacles pushed up over his gray hair, his bandanna handkerchief in his hand, while the marks of copious use of the weed could be seen in his long gray beard. At a signal the door opened, and the village constable entered with the delinquents, organ, monkey, and all.

The girl did not seem at all embarrassed, neither did she seem to apprehend the seriousness of the situation, for she glanced smilingly around, letting her eyes dwell especially on the men as though it were all a lark; but the swarthy, dark-browed Italian kept his eyes on the floor and seemed very nervous. He glared quickly around on his entrance and then scarcely looked up again. After the warrant had been read in an impressive manner, the old Squire adjusted his glasses, blew

his nose vociferously, took a chew of tobacco, looked around for a place to expectorate, and not finding one, proceeded.

"Prisoners, you are arrested on a very serious charge. Be you guilty, or not guilty?"

No answer.

"I say, be you guilty or not guilty? Can't you understand?"

"No unstan. No speaka. Ver leetle," said the man in a low voice, without raising his eyes.

"Is there any one here who can speak his lingo?" asked the Squire. No one arose, so he had to go on as best he could.

"Is this your wife?"

The Dago looked quickly at the girl, and some thought they saw her smile, but, if so, it was quickly suppressed.

"No unstan," repeated the man.

"Is this woman your wife?" shouted the Squire, with that common feeling one has with foreigners that if they can't understand the language you can beat it into them by yelling. But the Italian only shook his head. Then the old man stepped down off the stage and went through a very expressive pantomime, which sent the audience into convulsions, the purport of which was to illustrate the relations of man and wife. Finally, it seemed to dawn upon the girl what was wanted.

"Ah! No." And she shook her head, blushing and showing her teeth.

"That settles it," cried the Squire, "that's all the evidence I want," and he stumped back to the stage, put on his glasses, and began to study the statutes. While he was at work Gardner edged his way up towards

the platform. * Having found what he was in search of, Squire Hardscrabble cleared his throat and began his commitment, but just before he got to the fatal words, Gardner stepped to his side, and in spite of the old man's black look, whispered something in his ear. The Squire stopped, considered a moment, and then looked approvingly at his disturber.

"I d'now but yer right," he said. "T'would be ther best way to settle it, and save the county some money, as you say. 'Taint a bad idee, young man. Be you a lawyer?"

"No," said Gardner, modestly, "but it seems the common sense way to treat the matter, and you, yourself, have demonstrated that common sense is common law, Squire."

"Thet's so. I allus said so myself. Darned ef I do n't do it. Here, constable, go git me a Bible. You can borry one over to Pamela Hornblower's acros't the road."

The constable started, and there was a stir of suppressed excitement and wonder in the crowd, which the Squire sternly suppressed. What was he going to do with a Bible? The prisoners looked anxiously at each other, while the monk took off his hat repeatedly to the ladies. These latter were immensely interested, and were whispering comments and ejaculations and questions. It was a rich treat for the summer boarder, as well as for the town's people, and no one was more satisfied with himself than Squire Hardscrabble.

Presently the constable returned, bearing a great family Bible with gilt edges. The Squire seized it and began to con its pages hurriedly.

In the meantime the prisoners had

gradually edged up close together and talked in whispers earnestly.

"This is a nice mess you've got us into," whispered the man fiercely.

"Don't get rattled; it will all come out right in the wash. It's bully! No matter what he says, do n't speak English. What do you suppose he's going to do with that Bible?" replied the girl.

"I do n't know. Read us a moral lesson and then send us to the calaboose, probably. If it want for giving ourselves away, I'd confess and ask the Squire to let us off. Phil Gardner is at the bottom of all this. I'd like to know what he told the Squire just now."

"He put him onto this Bible racket, whatever it is," replied Miss Italy.

"I say, Scovel, look at Elsie Gardner's face. She has n't smiled once, and is as pale as ashes. She knows you, I'm certain."

"Of course she does. I'd give a thousand to be well out of this."

"Brace up, old man. Here comes trouble."

The Squire had finished reading, and approached the prisoners with the Bible under his arm.

"Let the prisoners stand up," he said in a deep, chesty tone.

The constable indicated by signs that they were to rise, and they did so.

"I am about," continued the Squire, "to join this man and this woman in holy wedlock in the interests of morality. They have evidently ben livin' an immoral life, contrary to the constitushoon and laws. It would naturally be my dooty to bind them over to ther next term er court, but I have decided on

this course, as better calkilated to save their immortal souls, and likewise the county some money. They be only ignerant furriners, and do n't know our laws, but they must understand what marriage means. Join their hands, constable."

The constable took the man's right hand and placed that of the girl in it. The latter looked coy and wondering; the former sullen and distraught. Then, the Squire opened the big Bible at several places he had marked and read in solemn tones:

"They have mouths but they speak not; eyes have they but they see not."

"For thou hast trusted in thy wickedness; thou hast said, None seeth me; thy wisdom and thy knowledge it hath prevented thee; and thou hast said in thine heart, I am, and none beside me."

"And I will visit upon her the days of Baalim wherein she burned incense to them, and she decked herself with ear-rings and her jewels, and she went after her lovers."

"Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, they spin not, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

"This is the thing which the Lord doth command concerning the daughters of Zelophehad, saying, Let them marry to whom they think best; only to the family of the tribe of their fathers shall they marry."

Then, closing the book, he added, with uplifted hand:

"I pronounce this ere Italian and this ere companion er his, man and wife from this day forth. Those who the law hath brung together, let no man put in sunder. Amen."

There was a great stillness all over the hall while the Squire took off his glasses, wiped his face, and then stumped out of the room as though he had done a good job. The people did not know whether to laugh or take it seriously. Some took it one way and some another, but the hotel people mostly looked upon it as a good joke, while the towns-people were inclined to think the Squire had done the thing well. The constable indicated to the prisoners that they were free to go their way, so the Dago shouldered his organ, and the cavalcade came down the steps through two lines of curious people. The newly made wife shook her tambourine roguishly at the laughing faces of the men.

When they had cleared the crowd somewhat, Gardner stepped up to the organ grinder, and said, mockingly:

"Now that you are married, I think the hotel people would not object to your playing in front of the house."

"Go to thunder!" was all the answer he got.

Then he turned to the pretty tambourine girl and added:

"Won't the fair Italian maiden come up and favor us with a dance?"

"The fair Italian maiden will punch your head, Phil Gardner. She has no use for the cigarette smoking scion of an effete aristocracy."

Gardner and his friends turned away convulsed with laughter, while the Dago and his party hurried down the road and plunged into the woods out of reach of their tormentors.

"Now, let's go and telegraph the whole thing to the Boston papers," cried Gardner.

"Won't that be a little rough,

Phil," said one of the men. "Seems to me we have given them a pretty hard roast, as it is."

"Serves them just right, the cheeky beggars," retorted Gardner. "Coming up here to humbug us in this fashion. By Jove! Won't the fellows roast them when they get back to town!"

* * * * *

An hour later, two men whom we recognize as Scovel and Harris are in conversation with the proprietor of the hotel where we first found them, the day before.

"You will find the things all packed, and all you will have to do will be to ship them to the address on this card," said Scovel. "And be sure and put in some food and water for the monk. I don't want the little chap to suffer. He's done his part well, anyway."

The two conspirators had returned to their normal condition and were faultlessly dressed. They looked as though they had just stepped out of the Somerset club.

"Well, what do you propose to do now?" asked Harris, when they had seated themselves on the piazza.

"I am going up to call upon Elsie Gardner, and try and explain my ridiculous position."

"Better not. Let the matter rest for the present."

"No, I'm going now," answered Scovel, moodily, and he threw away his cigar, and walked up the road, striking the weeds by the roadside viciously with his cane.

Miss Gardner received him in her sitting room. She was alone. Her reception was frigidity itself.

"Elsie, I've come to explain this absurd business," he began.

"I do n't see that it needs any explanation," she answered. "It seems a clear case. You thought it a great lark to go travelling around the country in disguise, with a pretty Italian girl. Of course, you did not expect to find friends here, or you would have been more cautious. With all their badness men are seldom as indiscreet as that. But, you see, these people here are not so free and easy going as the people in town. They have a conscience, if other people have not, and separate the evil from the good. You were caught red-handed, and they have simply done an act of simple duty in making you marry that poor, ignorant, misguided girl."

She stood haughtily erect, while her eyes were full of tears, which she turned away to hide. Scovel had listened to her with open mouth, stupefied and overcome, but when she ended her chastisement a new light broke upon him. He saw it all in a moment. Phil had not taken his sister into the secret, or at least, only partially. She had, with his assistance, recognized Scovel, but not Harris. She had believed the girl bona fide. His eyes began to twinkle. It was all plain sailing now. Miss Gardner heard him laughing, and turned upon him with proud indignation.

"Have you no shame?"

"Not a bit," replied Scovel. "May I bring my wife up to call upon you?"

She was too indignant to answer, but simply pointed to the door. Scovel saw he was going too far, and hastened to add:

"Is it possible you did not recognize the girl to whom I was forcibly

and irrevocably married? You were very keen to know me, why didn't you make out Dave Harris as well?"

"What!" she exclaimed, a glad light breaking over her face. "Dave Harris! our Dave? that pretty girl? I don't believe it. It isn't possible!" but all the same she was smiling now through her tears. "This is another of your cheats. It's impossible, and yet he was a pretty girl in the opera last winter. Oh! If this is true I'll

never speak to him again, or you either, you miserable wretch!"

"It's as true as gospel, and you can thank that blessed brother of yours for the whole infernal mess. But now, Elsie, that you know I am not married to that shameless hussy, Dave Harris, will you marry me?"

"No, never! that is, yes, on one condition."

"Name it."

"That we are not to be married by Squire Hardscrabble."



AS THE BUD MUST BLOOM.

By Persis E. Darrow.

As the bud must bloom,
 As the spring must come,
 As the earth must be green below
 And blue above,
 As the birds must sing,
 As the leaf unfolds,
 As the grass must grow,
 So hearts must love.

As the flower must die,
 As the frost must come,
 As earth must be buried deep
 'Neath many a flake,
 As the birds depart,
 As the leaf must fall,
 As the grass must sleep,
 So hearts must break.

THE WARDER OF THE PASS: A SKETCH OF FRANCONIA.

By H. C. Pearson.

"Once more, O Mountains of the North, unveil
Your brows, and lay your cloudy mantles by!
And once more, ere the eyes that seek ye fail,
Uplift against the blue walls of the sky
Your mighty shapes, and let the sunshine weave
Its golden network in your belting woods,
Smile down in rainbows from your falling floods,
And on your kingly brows at morn and eve
Set crowns of fire . . .

They rise before me! Last night's thunder gust
Roared not in vain: For where its lightnings thrust
Their tongues of fire, the great peaks seem so near,
Burned clear of mist, so starkly bold and clear,
I almost pause the wind in the pines to hear,
The loose rock's fall, the steps of browsing deer.
The clouds that shattered on you slide-worn walls
And splintered on the rocks their spears of rain
Have set in play a thousand water-falls,
Making the dusk and silence of the woods
Glad with the laughter of the clashing floods,
And luminous with blown spray and silver gleams,
While, in the vales below, the dry-lipped streams
Sing to the freshened meadow lands again."—*John G. Whittier.*



FRANCONIA, "the land of the Franks," was originally the title of one of the four great duchies comprising the old German empire. On this side the water, in this country and this state, its geographical application is threefold. It gives the title to a range of our White Mountains only inferior to the Presidential peaks in majestic height and grandeur, and surpassing even them in picturesque beauty. Its name is applied also to the defile through this range, which Harriet Martineau declared to be "the noblest mountain pass I saw in the United States." And, thirdly, it is the village and town of Franconia which lie at the entrance to this mountain

stronghold as in feudal days the homes of the villeins clustered about the gray-walled castles of the barons.

There are and always have been many ways of access to these Franconnias. The Indians made the Notch one of their most travelled thoroughfares, and white hunters and trappers knew it well in the last century. To-day the summer visitor who desires to be awed and impressed by its majesty and that of the pierced mountain range, and to enjoy the quiet valley village beyond, has his choice of half a dozen routes of approach.

He may drive up from that fine hotel, the Deer Park, at North Woodstock, over one of the loveliest roads in the state. A puffing engine will draw him over what was until last

season a narrow guage railroad from Bethlehem Junction to the Profile House, passing, as did Charles Dudley Warner's Summer Pilgrim, "through nine miles of shabby firs and balsams, in a way absolutely devoid of interest, in order to heighten

the ascending orders of the wilderness." Still another route is from Lisbon over the most beautiful of the many "Sugar Hills" in the state.

It was this last way that Starr King liked best to approach the east side of the mountains. Crossing



Profile Lake and Eagle Cliff.

the effect of the surprise at the end." There are stage routes from Bethlehem and Littleton, at certain points on which the enraptured traveller beholds the "gentle crescent line of the vast outworks of Lafayette, suggesting the sweep of a tremendous amphitheatre, whose walls are alive with

Winnipiseogee by steamer, he came by rail to Plymouth, lingering at Prospect hill, whence Whittier gazed and wrote:

"Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,
The great Notch mountains shone,
Watched over by the solemn-browed
And awful face of stone."

Driving from Plymouth to Franconia, he studied the Notch mountains in both morning and evening lights, when, as he said, "they differ from their ordinary aspects as much as rubies and sapphires from pebbles.



The Old Man of the Mountain.

See the early day pour down the upper slopes of the three easterly pyramids; then upon the broad forehead of the Profile mountain, kindling its gloomy brows with radiance, and melting the azure of its temples into pale violet; and falling lower, staining with these tints the cool mists of the ravines, till the Notch seems to expand and the dark and rigid sides of it fall away as they lighten, and recede in soft perspective of buttressed wall and flushed tower. . . . Or, towards evening of midsummer, at the same spot, see the great hills assume a deeper blue or purple; see the burly Cannon mountain stand, a dark abutment, at the gate of the Notch, unlighted ex-

cept by its own pallor; and, as the sun goes down, watch his last beams of crimson or orange cover with undevastating fire the pyramidal peaks of the three great Haystacks."

"The Franconia range," says Professor Charles H. Hitchcock, of Dartmouth College, "is properly the one commencing with what was called Haystack on my map, but now is called Garfield. Then comes Lafayette and several of less note, known as Lincoln, Liberty, and Flume. This makes a range running about north and south nearly ten miles long. People would naturally include with this range the Profile mountain, on the west side of the Notch, together with Mt. Kinsman. It would be more precise to speak of this assemblage as the Franconia mountains, but the first named series of peaks as the Franconia range."

The peaks of these mountains, though of less altitude than those of the Presidential range, are sharp and lofty, and, not having been devastated by fires, are beautifully wooded. Geologists tell us that dark felsite predominates in their composition, the southerly peaks being coarsely granitic.

Lafayette, the monarch of these mountains, appears on Philip Carri-gain's map (1816) as Great Haystack. Its height is 5,259 feet, and the view from its summit—which can be reached without considerable difficulty—is but little inferior in extent, and not at all in variety and beauty, to that from Mt. Washington itself.

President Dwight spoke of Lafayette as exhibiting "in its great elevation elegance of form and amplitude, a rare combination of beauty

and grandeur;" and Frederika Bremer, comparing these mountains with those of her own Sweden, said: "The scenery here is more picturesque, more playful and fantastic, has more cheerful diversity; and the affluence of wood and the beautiful foliage in the valleys is extraordinary."

Mount Garfield was so named by the selectmen of Franconia in 1881, having previously been known as Haystack.

The Franconia Notch is a pass between five and six miles long and averaging half a mile in width, between one of the western walls of Lafayette and Mount Cannon. It contains more objects of interest than any other area of like extent in the mountain region. It is traversed by the clear and sparkling waters of the upper Pemigewasset river and until recently had been spared the devastation of the ruthless lumberman. Its lofty and precipitous mountain walls are clad with verdure which softens their sublimity and adds to the general aspect of "primeval quietude and tranquil beauty."

Mrs. M. E. Blake has embodied the spirit of the place in fitting words as follows: "The Profile House and the Franconia Notch are the purest gems of this great jewel casket. What was but suggestion at Crawford's is reality here; and the exquisiteness of the spot is so singular as to produce an effect of enchantment. The valley is like a chalice and the two shining lakes its wine of consecration. The mountains drop so steeply to the circle of perfect green lawn upon which the inn stands, that they are more precipices than slopes, and the solemn shadow of their presence creeps at all hours of the day

down to the sunny hand's breadth of space below."

The Franconia Notch owes, however, the greater part of its worldwide celebrity to the fact that upon one of its mighty mountain walls is

"Where the Great Stone Face looms changeless, calm,
As the Sphinx that conches on Egypt's sands."

This Profile, which W. C. Prime calls "the American wonder of the world," is composed of three separate masses of rock which jut out abruptly from the bold summit of Mount Cannon, 1,500 feet above the road. One of these masses forms the forehead, another the nose and upper lip, and the third the chin. The whole is



Mt. Pemigewasset, from the Flume.

about eighty feet in length. It was discovered in 1805 and first described by Gen. Martin Field in 1828 in the *American Journal of Science*.

Seen under the most favorable conditions the expression of the Profile

is both grand and noble, yet sad, perhaps, as well it might be from its centuries' long survey of the weakness and pettiness of mankind. It has inspired at least two prose tales worthy of its majesty in "Christus Judex" and Hawthorne's "The Great Stone Face," and poets and poetasters in-

lend to this region a unique and lovely fascination which is not possessed by any other section of the mountains.

Echo lake, "a little tarn . . . rimmed by the undisturbed wilderness and watched by the grizzled peak of Lafayette," is an especially



Bridal Veil Falls.

numerable have aimed their winged flights of fancy at its lofty serenity.

A rare combination of the sublime with the beautiful is formed by the situation of Profile lake, which is directly under the Profile itself, and is, therefore, called in the vernacular "The Old Man's Washbowl." There are, in fact, half a dozen pretty bits of water within a radius of a mile or two from the Profile House which

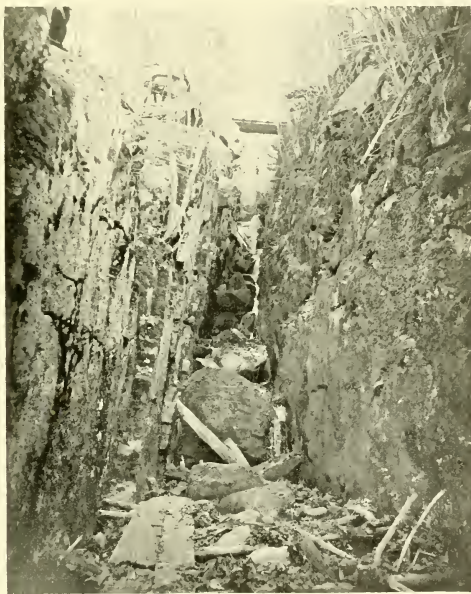
favorite resort at the evening hour when its calm surface is dotted with boats, the songs and laughter of whose occupants are repeated with startling distinctness from the wooded banks.

The basin is a granite bowl sixty feet in circumference and ten feet deep, which a tiny cascade keeps filled with water as pure and clear and beautiful as a young girl's eyes.

Geologists say that it is a pothole formed by the attrition of stones whirled about by the current.

Quite unlike this mountain pearl is the gloomy Pool, lying under the shadow of darkling cliffs like a monster in wait for its prey. It is one hundred feet in diameter, and, ac-

Tamarack pond was its old name, but it was re-christened by its present owners, Dr. W. C. Prime and W. F. Bridge of New York, who have built upon its shores a picturesque fishing lodge and there entertained friends whose names the world knows. General McClellan spent here what he



Mt. Kinsman Flume.

cording to legend, bottomless; according to the guidebooks a forty-foot line will reach its bottom.

Far up on Mount Cannon, a thousand feet above the road, is Lonesome lake :

“ Eye of the wilderness,
Lonely and loverless,
Ages and ages since nature began ;
Sending toward heaven
The blue it had given,
Fringed with the forest untrodden by man.”

called the most delightful days of his life.

After the Profile the prime attraction of the Franconia Notch is the Flume, a deep, jagged cut in the side of the mountain through which flows a little brook. Until June 19, 1883, a great boulder hung suspended, a natural sword of Damocles, between the chasm walls. But on that day a fierce mountain rain started a land-



Richard Taft.

slide from Mount Flume which swept through the defile, gouging out its way, and carrying off the boulder from "a grasp, out of which," Starr King had said, "it will not slip for centuries."

Bridal Veil falls, the Mt. Kinsman or Howland's flume, and a score of other wonders or beauties of nature well deserve description which space limits will not allow.

These magnificent scenes of natural beauty and grandeur so conveniently

situated for access from the centers of civilization, have been the Mecca of thousands of visitors ever since their discovery and it is on record that these "summer boarders" from the earliest days to the present time have been most hospitably received and kindly cared for.

Fifty years ago the hotel business in the White Mountains was in its infancy. Crawford and Horace Fabyan had made the small beginnings of the great establishments that afterwards bore their names and in the Franconia Notch Stephen C. and Joseph L. Gibbs kept the Lafayette House with a capacity of fifty, situated near where the Profile House now stands.

In 1848 a small hotel called the Flume House was built, of which, the next year, Richard Taft, then proprietor of the Washington House, Lowell, Mass., secured possession. When, in 1852, the Messrs. Gibbs went to the Crawford House, Mr. Taft and a partner bought from them the Lafayette and began the erection of the first Profile House.

Mr. Taft was an active and enterprising pioneer in the summer hotel industry, and he had a worthy helpmeet in his wife, who was Miss Lu-



Profile House.

cinda Knight of Hancock. He was the projector of the narrow guage road from Bethlehem Junction to the Profile House and was its first president.

To-day the Profile House is one of the world's famous hotels. Unique in location, tremendous in size, per-

accompanying villas occupies almost the whole of the little glen between Eagle cliff and Mount Cannon.

It has a tone, peculiarly its own, of freedom from care, of reposeful enjoyment, coupled with the highest type of refinement and of social cul-



Charles H. Greenleaf.

fect in management, every tourist knows that he cannot claim to have "done" the mountains until his name is inscribed on the Profile's register. At a height of 1,974 feet above the sea it is the most lofty hotel in the mountains except the Summit House on Mount Washington. It can accommodate with ease five hundred guests, and with its

ture; even as the wild freedom of nature mates with the civilized ingenuity of the great hotel. Charles Dudley Warner makes one of his characters say in reference to the Profile House: "If you simply want to enjoy yourself, stay at this hotel—there is no better place—sit on the piazza, look at the mountains and watch the world as it comes round."



Forest Hills House.

Colonel Charles H. Greenleaf, the present proprietor of the Profile House, as well as of the Vendome at Boston, married a daughter of Hon. D. R. Burnham of Plymouth. For thirty-two years as managing partner of the Profile House Colonel Greenleaf has reason to be proud of the success he has achieved and of the splendid reputation which the hotel long since acquired and has religiously maintained.

Second only to the Profile in size among Franconia's hotels, and second to none anywhere in beauty of location and excellence of management, is the Forest Hills Hotel. It stands on the very edge of the Pine Hill plateau, looking away on the west across the Franconia valley to Sugar hill on the one hand and the Franconia mountains on the other, while the little village nestles at its very feet. On the east a rich lawn stretches away with Mount Washington visible

in the distance. The Forest Hills accommodates some two hundred guests, and is a fine type of the modern summer hotel at its best. Its patronage is of the highest class, and it is one of the few hotels in the mountains which have been successfully opened for winter parties. The picturesque and comfortable Lodge, in connection with the hotel, is occupied the present season by the Rev. Henry Van Dyke,

D. D., the distinguished New York clergyman. The Log Cabin and the Casino are other attractive buildings belonging to the hotel property, which also boasts the best bicycle track and golf links in the mountains. Priest & Dudley was the original firm at the Forest Hills, but since the retirement of Mr. Priest—who is a Franconia boy by birth and the successful manager of hotels in Florida and Massachusetts—Mr. Dudley has directed affairs alone, how well his every patron will testify.

Another pleasant summer hotel in the village is the Mountain View



Franconia Inn.



E. B. Parker.

House, while further up the glen is the large Lafayette House, kept for many years by the Richardson brothers. The Bald Mountain House, the Mt. Jackson House, the Mt. Cannon House, Echo farm, and Brook farm are other hostelries well and favorably known to tourists. Within the limits of other towns but fairly coming within the scope of this article, are the Franconia Inn, formerly the Goodnow, on Sugar hill, and the Flume House.

Much of the present prosperity of Franconia certainly depends upon that, almost the chief, product of New Hampshire, the summer boarder, but it was not always thus.

Probably Capt. Artemas Knight, Samuel Barnett, Zebadee Applebee, and their companions little thought when they threaded their way through the primeval forest in 1774 that their footsteps a century afterwards would be followed by palace cars and tallyho coaches.

Franconia was originally granted under its present name to Jesse Searle and others, February 14, 1764, but as no move was made by them towards settlement, a second and more extensive grant was given January 8, 1772, to Sir Francis Bernard, Bart., his Excellency Thomas Hutchinson, the Honorable Corbyn Morris, Esq., and others. In honor of the last named gentleman the tract was called Morristown.

These conflicting grants subsequently caused much trouble, and it was not until nearly the beginning of the present century that the controversy was finally settled in favor of the original grantees. Among the first settlers was one John Taylor, whose powers as a letter writer, judging from specimens remaining to us in the State Papers, were extraordinary. He voiced the many and doubtless just complaints of the pioneers of that territory in glowing language. In one epistle, for instance,



W. F. Parker.



Baptist Church.

he complains of the legal license given to the opposing grantees who were "now allowed to rise up from their long ambush of Idleness and take the Cruel advantage of gathering the ripe fruits of all our Labour and Expence."

Largely on account of this conflict, doubtless, the growth of the town was slow and in 1790 the population was but seventy-two. Since the first settlement the Spooners, Aldrichs, Streeters, Howlands, and Jessemans had come and their descendants still remain in goodly numbers. One of the pioneers, that soldier of the Revolution, Capt. Artemas Knight, had a son, Thomas, born in 1783, the first

white child in town. He inherited the water privilege on the Gale river, and sold it to a Boston firm who desired to work the rich iron ore which had been discovered in another part of the town.

They erected a foundry, furnaces, etc., around which the present village of Franconia grew up. During the first part of this century the mines were worked extensively and the ore was considered the richest in the United States, yielding from 56



Advent Church.

to 63 per cent. In 1830 the business was in the hands of the N. H. Iron Factory Company whose works, extensive for that time, comprised a blast furnace, erected in 1808, an air furnace, and a forge and trip hammer shop. In 1854 from 25 to 30 men were constantly employed and 250 tons of pig iron and 200 to 300 tons of bar iron were produced annually. But the lack of railroad facilities and the increase of competition gradually forced the Franconia mines to the wall and to-day their only memorial in the village is the picturesque old ruin of the furnace.

In common with all the rest of the North country, Franconia was at one



Congregational Church.

time busily engaged in the manufacture of starch from potatoes. The turning of lumber into various articles from bedsteads to bobbins has for almost a century been carried on along the Gale river, and this industry still survives in the mill of Parker, Brooks & Co. This water power has also turned the wheels of divers saw and grist mills, and charcoal burning, sugar making, spruce gum gathering, and various other employments, in addition to the two staples, farming and lumbering, have engaged the attention of Franconia people.

One of the men who contributed much to the business prosperity of



The Old Furnace.

Franconia was Hon. Eleazer B. Parker, who was born at Sugar Hill December 10, 1818, and died May 12, 1884. He was a member of the once famous firm of Moody Priest & Co., manufacturers of potato starch, and was also extensively engaged in the importation of lumber from Canada and in trade. A staunch Democrat, he served as town clerk, representative, and state senator. He was succeeded in business by his sons, Os-



Dow Academy.

man and Wilbur F., who are among the present prominent citizens of the town. The latter is proprietor of the principal store at the village and has been honored by the Democratic party with the office of county commissioner. The remaining business firms of the village to-day include: George H. Burt, L. B. Howard, and H. L. Priest, general merchants; Caleb Huntoon, variety store.

Until almost within the past decade Franconia's religious worship was all carried on under one roof, that of the old "Union church," embalmed in Mrs. Slosson's exquisite story, "Fishin' Jimmy." Now, however, there are three buildings, the Free Baptist, the Congregationalist, and the Advent. The Baptists



The Dormitories—Dow Academy.



Prof. F. W. Ernst.

occupy the original house, built in conjunction with the Congregationalists in 1835 and sold by the latter when their present pretty church was built in 1882 at a cost of \$5,000. The little Advent church was completed in 1885.

The Congregational church body was organized in 1814 with seven members by Revs. Asa Carpenter and Nathan Goddard. Its first pastor was Rev. Edmund Burt, and its present one is Rev. Milton T. Craig. September 20, 1834, saw the organization of forty-eight Freewill Baptists by a committee from the Lisbon church. Rev. N. R. George was the first settled pastor, and at the present writing the church is without a pastor. Rev. Daniel Gregory gathered fourteen Adventists into a church body in 1883, and their present minister is Rev. B. A. Glazier.

In the New England mind, church and school are indissolubly connected, and it is an easy transition in nar-

rative from one to the other. Franconia has twofold reason to be proud of her schools: first, because of their excellence in material and results; and, second, because of their modern and complete equipment and housing, the latter due to the generosity of one who went out a boy from Franconia to victory in the business world.

A dozen years ago the schools of this mountain town were no better and no worse than those in a hundred other little villages. To-day Dow Academy is one of the leading educational institutions of the North country, and the permanent value of its work is being daily proven in the universities and in responsible business positions throughout the country. This happy result is due to the joining hands of a wealthy philanthropist, an active executive, and an able educator.

Moses Arnold Dow was born in Littleton, May 23, 1810, but his parents removed to Franconia when he was but three years of age. He learned the printer's trade, and in 1849 or 1850 founded the *Waverley* magazine at Boston on a cash capital of five dollars. Its idea was unique and it eventually became a great financial success. With the acquisition of wealth the desire came to Mr. Dow



Residence of Prof. F. W. Ernst.



W. C. Prime's Summer Home.

to wisely use it, and he could think of no better way than by establishing a model educational institution in the town where his boyhood days were spent.

In the furtherance of his plan, he found a willing and active coöperator in the then pastor of the local Congregational church, a man who did much for Franconia in many ways, Rev. F. V. D. Garretson. Although Mr. Garretson is not now connected with Franconia save as a trustee of the academy, his influence and that of his family will long be remembered for its potent uplifting of the mental, moral, and material standard of the town. To him is due much of the credit for the pretty Congregational church and for many other improvements about the village as well as for Dow academy.

Mr. Dow and Mr. Garretson put the finishing touch to their work in connection with the academy when they engaged as its principal Rev.

Frederick W. Ernst. Mr. Ernst is a Southerner by birth and a clergyman by profession, having graduated at Dartmouth in 1876, and later at the Yale theological school. He has been at the head of Dow academy since its opening in 1885, and the value of his work is seen in the full measure of its success. Of scholarly tastes and well rounded culture, Professor Ernst commands the affectionate respect of every student. His able assistants for the past year have been R. Howard Bolton, A. B., Paul R. Clay, Mary H. Alcott, Ada A. Coffman, and Eulalie O. Grover.

Dow academy is to-day on the top wave of success. Its handsome, modern school building proper, complete in equipment and ideal in location, its comfortable and commodious dormitories, its museum, reading-room and athletic field, all are fully appreciated and wisely used by the more than a hundred students annually enrolled on its catalogue. Its prospects, too, are bright for the future and it may safely look forward to decades, we hope centuries, of good work. The board of trustees, to whom credit is due for the wise management of its business affairs,



Echo Lake and the Notch.



The Breeding Pond, Franconia Notch.

is composed of Rev. G. Walcott Brooks, Boston, Mass.; Rev. F. V. D. Garretson, New York; W. F. Parker, Osman Parker, Franconia; Leonard F. Cutter, Brookline, Mass.; Rev. A. T. Hillman, Concord; F. G. Chutter, Littleton.

There is much more deserving of mention in the past and present history of this mountain town which cannot be touched upon in a brief magazine article. From the days of long ago, when Jacob Abbott wrote the Franconia stories, down to the present, when W. C. Prime delights us with the scenic descriptions, philosophic reflections, and the keen glimpses of human nature, which the Notch inspires in him, hundreds of authors and artists have sought to portray the beauties of the moun-

tain land and the life of its dwellers. "It is a small college, yet there are those who love it," said Daniel Webster of Dartmouth. Franconia is a small town in population and in wealth, but those who love it are in number legion, and in residence world scattered. The wearied, worried denizens of ant-hill cities breathe here the pure air of the hilltops, and in the presence of the eternity of nature forget their petty cares in the nearest human approach to the peace that passeth understanding. The young men and women who acquire more or less of the wisdom of books in the academy, at the same time draw into the substance of their very souls some part of the majestic grandeur by which they are surrounded and retain through life its impress. And those whose birth and life and death occur within its limits love the old town in a different manner and for other reasons, but no less devotedly and sincerely.

Where the summits of the everlasting hills pierce the snowy clouds in lofty aspiration towards heaven's blue; where the sun of morn and noon and eventide bathes all nature in color floods; where crystal lakes and opal brooks reflect unsullied summer skies; where winter winds blow fiercest and the power of the Ice King is least challenged; where the Great Stone Face, alike in sun and storm, gazes above and beyond our human vision; where God, the Maker, wrought His first and grandest works;—there is Franconia, the Warder of the Pass.



IDEALS.

By Adelaide George Bennett.

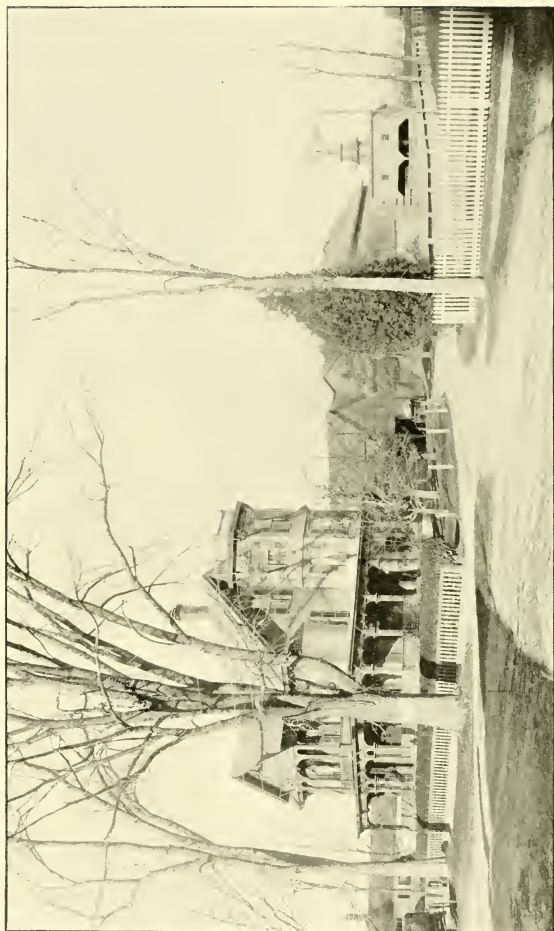
High on Franconia's armored mount we see,
Immovable and fixed, that grand stone face,
Whose every line seems carved with virile grace,
Gazing forever towards immensity.
We higher climb to grasp its symmetry,
But when we would the noble form embrace,
Rough, jutting boulders all its outlines trace,
Moss-grown and scarred with time's grim imagery.

So our ideals, which seem to us so fair,
So faultless, unapproachable, and true
In the cold stratum of the upper air,
Brook not the ordeal of a nearer view.
Be not their fine minutiae laid bare
Lest ye, a vandal hand, despoiling rue.

FRANCONIA'S PROFILE.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

They hail the Rocky Mountains and the Garden of the Gods,
Up the Alps and Andes yearly many a weary tourist plods,
And, 'midst panoramic changes, over stony stairways long,
They have told us of their climbing in cold prose and melting song ;
But my happiest moment gilding, the most thankful since my birth,
Shone the sun on in New England, the dearest spot on earth.
It was when in manhood's vigor I beheld the Face of Stone,
And Franconia's pines all murmured, " See him there, upon his throne ! "
Yes, 't was summer ; all the valleys were a mass of leafy bloom ;
Form and color dazzled vision, there was not a hint of gloom ;
Echo lake, in restful beauty, like a polished mirror shone ;
In the heart of nature's wonders, rapt, I stood as if alone.
Never, never will that moment from my mem'ry fade away,
And its rapture, sweet and sacred, will make calm my dying day,
For I knew the Hand that fashioned such an image in a breath
Made all things and ruled wisely over life and over death.
With the thought, the lips, rock-sculptured, lost their sternness, and the face
For a flash smiled kindly on me with benignity and grace,
And I stood with clasped hands, dreaming where a thousand splendors shone ;
Hope's rainbow brightly glistened above the face of stone ;
Franconia's pines breathed softer, while a voice said, " From the sod
The trusting soul soars upward to the bosom of its God ! "



Residence of George P. Little, Pembroke.

A PEMBROKE FARMER.

By H. H. Metcalf.



ONE of the most prosperous agricultural communities in the state is to be found in the town of Pembroke. "Pembroke Street" is, in fact, a farming village, and the fertile and well-cultivated fields on either side, and the substantial farm houses all along the way, are an unfailing delight to the eye of the passing traveller. Among the best of the many excellent farms here situated is that of George P. Little, who has won a prominent position in agricultural circles, particularly as a breeder of Jersey cattle, in which line he was extensively engaged for many years.

The son of Dr. Elbridge G. and Sophronia (Peabody) Little—his mother being a sister of the noted London banker, George Peabody, for whom he was named and at whose decease he was handsomely remembered—he was born at Pembroke, N. Y., June 20, 1834. In 1846 he came, with his mother, to Pembroke in this state to continue his education at the academy there, he having previously for a time attended the Lewiston, N. Y., academy. Subsequently he attended the Gymnasium and Military Institute, a noted school which flourished then at the "Street" in rivalry with the academy. The winter after he was eighteen years of age he taught school in Pembroke, but went the next year to Portland,

Me., where he was in mercantile business five years. Thence he went to Boston where he was similarly engaged for a time; but having developed a strong taste for photography, he finally located in Palmyra, N. Y., where he pursued that business for ten years, until 1868, when he came back to Pembroke and purchased the farm where he now resides, erecting thereon a fine residence, spacious barn, and other necessary buildings, effecting various other improvements, and adding to the acreage from time to time. He has about 225 acres in the home place, with back farms and woodland, to the extent of 700 or 800 acres in all. The mowing and tillage includes about 75 acres, and the annual hay product is about 100 tons. As has been stated, Mr. Little was for many years a breeder of Jerseys—registered animals of a superior class, which he sold all over the country. He has also been a breeder of fine horses, and has bought and sold horses extensively, but of late he has been inclined to an easier life and has relinquished his activity in these lines.

Mr. Little has taken an active interest in public affairs in the town of his adoption, and is one of its most honored and influential citizens. A Republican in politics, he had served as deputy United States collector of internal revenue while residing in New York. In Pembroke he has

been several years town treasurer, three years selectman, was a representative in the legislature in 1876 and 1877 and again in 1890-'91. He was treasurer of Merrimack county four years, and a delegate in the last constitutional convention. He is a 32-degree Mason, and Knight Templar, an Odd Fellow, and deacon of the Congregational church in Pembroke.

He married Elizabeth N., daughter of Daniel Knox of Pembroke, August 22, 1854. They have six

children living, a son and five daughters. The son, Hon. C. B. Little, a lawyer of Bismarck, North Dakota, has been a member of the state senate and chairman of the judiciary committee the last eight years. Of the daughters, Mary G. is the wife of James E. Odlin, Esq., of Lynn, Mass.; Lizzie E. married L. F. Thurber of Nashua; Nettie H. is Mrs. Frank E. Shepard of Concord; Lucy B. is at home, and Clara F. the wife of Herman S. Salt of Brooklyn, N. Y.

FAR AWAY.

By Fred Lewis Pattee.

O summer day, O long, midsummer day,
 With flower and bird and softly whispering tree,
 And dreamy cloud and half-heard roundelay,
 So like the land where I have longed to be,—
 I love thee, oh! I love thee, summer day;
 Thine every hour brings keenest joy to me,—
 And yet my joy would swiftly speed away
 Had I, O summer day, no hope but thee.

O mortal love, of all life's joys most sweet,
 O foretaste of the life that is to be,
 When once our paths in summer days did meet
 My soul did tremble like a summer sea,—
 In fierce, tumultuous joy my heart did beat
 Until I dreamed I held the heavenly key;
 But, ah! my joy would speed with rapid feet
 Had I, O mortal love, no hope but thee.

For summer birds will fly beyond the wold,
 And summer flowers will perish with the day,
 And dreamy clouds will turn to pearl and gold
 And vanish in the evening's leaden gray;
 For hearts must break, and love must soon be cold,
 And fiercest joys can but a moment stay;
 Ah! mortal life, thy sweets are all untold,
 But yet my hope—my hope is far away.

MRS. ANNIE E. HUTCHINSON.

By N. J. Bachelder.



OF the various fraternal orders or organizations whose membership is open to women, there is none of whose privileges they have so extensively availed themselves in the state of New Hampshire as the Grange or order Patrons of Husbandry, established, primarily, especially for the social, intellectual, and material advantage and improvement of those directly connected with the pursuit of agriculture, and whose membership of nearly 20,000 in this state includes fully as many females as males.

Among all these thousands of lady Patrons there is no other so well known to the order at large as Mrs. Annie E. Hutchinson of Milford, wife of the indefatigable secretary of the New Hampshire State Grange, Emri C. Hutchinson, who, as lady steward of that organization for the last eight years, has come in official contact with all members attending its sessions, and who, by virtue of that position, has been the guide and inspiration of all her sisters in the order seeking advancement through the sixth degree, since the state grange was endowed with authority to confer the same.

Mrs. Hutchinson was born Annie E. Lovejoy, daughter of Abiel A. and Mary J. (Osgood) Lovejoy, in the city of Nashua, November 28, 1850, but removed with her parents

to Medway, Mass., in infancy, and subsequently to Milford in this state, where she had her home until about twelve years of age, when, on account of her health, her father again changed his residence, removing to the town of Mason, where they lived about five years, the daughter in the



Mrs. Annie E. Hutchinson.

meantime receiving the benefit of instruction for some time at the famous Appleton academy in New Ipswich. Subsequently they returned to Milford.

After a time, obeying the promptings of the spirit of independence which characterizes so many of our American young women, and having acquired a practical knowledge of the business, Miss Lovejoy opened

a dressmaking establishment in the thriving town of Peterborough, which she conducted successfully for five years, developing a business capacity which has proved of material advantage in later years, in the assistance she has rendered her husband in his office work and otherwise.

August 9, 1876, she was united in marriage with Emri C. Hutchinson, son of B. F. Hutchinson, of Milford, and has since resided with him at the old family homestead near Richardson's crossing, some two miles west of the village, which has been in the family for generations. They have two children, both daughters, Mary Roselle, born February 1, 1879, and Medora Annie, born August 8, 1888.

Mrs. Hutchinson has been a member of Granite Grange, Milford, since the summer of her marriage, twenty years ago; has held the various offices in that organization ordinarily accorded the ladies; has also been lady steward and Ceres of Hillsborough County Pomona Grange, No. 1, and was chosen lady steward in the State Grange in 1887, holding the office

four successive terms, until December, 1895, a longer term of official service than has been accorded any other lady member of the organization.

Mrs. Hutchinson, like her husband, is liberal in her religious belief, and is a member of the Unitarian church at Milford. She is also an interested member of the newly organized woman's club in that town. Through her connection with the Grange, she has formed many strong friendships, and has a wide acquaintance throughout the state, her amiable manners and worthy traits of character gaining her the kindly regard of all with whom she comes in contact. Fulfilling faithfully all the ordinary duties of wife and mother and mistress of a well-ordered home, she has also been of material assistance to her husband in the often pressing work of his office as secretary of the State Grange, and of the Grange Fire Insurance Company, both of which positions he has held for several years past, and which, with his farm business and other affairs, involves no small measure of effort and responsibility.


AUTUMN.

By F. H. Swift.

The sleeping lily breathes a parting prayer,
And for the last time scents the quiet air.
The blushing rose is pale at early morn,
Nor can the robin cheer the queen forlorn.
The wind, that long has slumbered in the trees,
Awakes and flings afar the trembling leaves,
Or drives them, like a witch, with unseen hand,
And, mocking, sports them o'er the moon-washed sand.
The brook, long nursed by Summer, wakes in chill
To see that Autumn stands upon the hill.

MISCONCEPTIONS OF UNITARIANISM BY UNITARIANS THEMSELVES AND OTHERS.

By James O. Lyford.

“HY do Unitarians go to church?” is a question frequently asked in one form or another by people of other denominations, who seem to think that Unitarianism is merely a protest against the creeds of the so-called Evangelical churches. How far this question is prompted by Unitarians themselves, is a problem which confronts us to-day, when we are either to go forward in our work to grand results or leave the mission for other denominations to complete.

There is a prevalent misconception in other churches of Unitarianism, which presupposes that release from ancient creeds gives license for wrong doing; that disbelief of dogmas absolves one from all religious thought and feeling, and that secession from orthodoxy does away with the necessity for church association and church-going.

There are some Unitarians who appear to think that the sole mission of Unitarianism is to combat erroneous beliefs, and who, for this reason, fail to see that the religion of Jesus Christ, relieved of the dross which for centuries enveloped it, has the same imperative calls to duty as when the rack, the dungeon, and the stake compelled external professions of faith.

“Why do Unitarians go to church?”

might be answered by the inquiry, “Why do people of other denominations go to church?”

A century ago, people were fined five shillings for each offense of non-attendance at church on the Sabbath, and money being scarce, and the people in sympathy with the law, the delinquents were not so numerous as they have been since. The spiritual guide was selected to point the way to a far-off heaven; to paint in lurid colors the punishment of non-believers; to explain knotty points of ecclesiastical controversy; to portray to the mind the seriousness of the Sabbath and the hardships of a religious life. To the young, the approaches to correct living and model behavior were surrounded by gloom, and a pall of despair settled upon the convert to Calvinism with its accompanying terrors of judgments and retributions. The solemnity of piety, the outward austerity of its devotees, the forced suppression of the laughter and sunshine of existence, needed the strong arm of the law to compel men to do violence to a natural conception of the God of humanity. With the growth of knowledge and the expansion of thought, there could be but a protest against the misconception and misconstructions of the teachings of Jesus Christ. How that protest grew from faint whisperings and half-expressed doubts, and was

fanned by persecution into open rebellion, are matters of history with which you are all familiar. It took several decades of fierce religious controversy, of family and church estrangements, to overcome the prejudices and superstitions which were part of the creeds of orthodox faith. What wonder then that those who protested grew bold and audacious in their independence; that one extreme followed another, and that church service grew irksome to those who had felt the weight of its compulsion and the gruesomeness of its teachings.

The liberal churches in their beginning had aggressive work to perform. They taught freedom of thought and action as distinguished from blind acceptance of human creeds and human interpretations of the Bible. It is one thing to point out error; it is quite another to define the truth. Religious like secular reforms deal first with the destruction of the error, then with laying the foundation of the new truth. To secure religious freedom, it was necessary to strike vigorous blows at the prevailing religious tyranny. To secure a hearing for the new interpretation of the gospel, with its simple teachings of love of God and love to man, the hard formalities which encrusted the prevailing creeds had to be pierced with invective and ridicule. To many, therefore, it seemed sufficient to protest against the existing order of things without laying any new foundations. "We are with you," they said, "in destroying the doctrine of future rewards and punishment, in eliminating the God of vengeance, in doing away with an incomprehensible trinity, in letting in the light of reason

upon religious beliefs, in discarding vulgar superstitions and fears; but what more is there to do?"

Associated with the hard dogmas of the orthodox churches were the forms and ceremonies incident thereto. It was but natural that, with the rejection of the creeds, should come a rejection of formalities as well. These formalities, however impressive, were the emblems of a discarded theology. Released from the pains and penalties both here and hereafter, which were once a part of the old doctrine of church and church service, too many people of liberal religious belief have felt themselves absolved from more than occasional attendance at church, and have thought that, if their lives were above reproach, there was no further duty toward their fellows. The demand has been for the simplest form of service, and sometimes there has been satisfaction with as little as possible of it consistent with propriety and a feeling that there should be some kind of public worship.

Nor is this confined alone to our own denomination. It is a general complaint. Removal of the fetters of fear, substituting love for force, giving freedom to individual thought and action, has caused a revolt in all churches from that oppressive sense of duty which once compelled attendance at the sanctuary. The orthodox and the heretic alike have shirked church service.

Yet in puncturing the old creeds, in abolishing the hard conceptions of the Deity, and in casting out the personal devils and the literal hell of the orthodox faith, nothing of the teachings of Jesus Christ has been destroyed. The lessons of right-living

all are left. The beauties of the Golden Rule are as impressive to-day as when first uttered in Judea. Teaching the doing of right because it is right, and not because it will save from terrible consequences after death, is as essential now as ever. The opportunity of saving men from sin is just as great as when it was supposed they were snatched from a burning lake.

When the pulpits taught that you could have a good time here, but look out for the hereafter, everybody was possessed to get a taste of iniquity before all of the bad places were closed. Then the old sinner on his death-bed, with impressive ceremony and in "the name of God, Amen," set aside a part of the worldly goods he could not carry with him to the service of the church, that his soul might have easy flight through the realms of purgatory. In dissipating the doctrine that made eleventh hour penitents of the most of mankind, there still remained the gospels of Jesus Christ in all their purity, and it is instructions in these gospels that churches are to give to-day. Because the plan of salvation is now understood to be saving men from a hell here instead of a hell hereafter, it does not follow that the labor is lessened or that the duty is made less imperative.

No one questions the necessity for secular education. Your schools, your colleges, and your universities testify to that. Is instruction in right living less important? The alphabet is simple to those of us who have mastered it, yet it can be forgotten by disuse. Because religion has been simplified and its mysteries, doubts, and fears removed, it

does not follow that its instruction should cease. The old saying that truth crushed to earth will rise again is beautiful in theory but disastrous in practice. Truth has to have defenders as well as error, and if the counsel for error is the more vigorous and active, he usually gains the day. There is a political maxim that active ignorance will beat slothful intelligence every time; and I do not know but it applies with equal force to religion. It is only by iteration and reiteration that teachings of any kind are effective, and there is just as great necessity now as ever for coöperation of pew and pulpit in eradicating evil. Unitarianism is on the threshold of a new era. The days of its controversies with other denominations are over. Having successfully combatted error, it must now press on as the living exponent of truth. To do this it must avail itself of that experience which in the past has made those who differed with it so effective.

The Puritans, who came to this country to escape religious persecution at home, were especially wary of everything which experience had taught them might be detrimental to their freedom. So the Unitarian churches, with their teachings of the largest liberty in religious thought, have been until recently wary of any organization or confederation which might in any way hamper or abridge that liberty. They have preferred to act as independent and detached churches, to being consolidated and mobilized into a denomination actuated by a common purpose. The history of denominational government has been such as to make them apprehensive of a church hierarchy.

They feared the return in a new guise of dogmas which put the manacles on thought and imprisoned conscience. Happily these fears have been dispelled, and Unitarianism has been united in its efforts and consolidated in its labors. Unitarians now see that it is organization which has kept together their orthodox brethren in the face of discredited creeds and lapsing dogmas. With the eradication of the popular idea prevalent to some extent among Unitarians themselves, that Unitarianism was merely anti-orthodoxy, and stood only for antagonism to existing creeds, the next step to effective organization was easy. With organization have come duties and responsibilities. What are they?

If there is one thing that Unitarianism has taught, it is that the pews are as much a part of the church and its work as the pulpit. The Unitarian minister is not set on a pedestal to worship; he is not held up as an infallible exponent of religious doctrine, to dispute whose conclusions is sin; neither is he to preach an easy-going, comfortable, stay-at-home-when-you-please religion; but he and the congregation are to coöperate in the promotion of truth, in the advancement of knowledge, and in the checking of evil. Therein lies the personal responsibility of the laity. If Unitarianism is to grow, it must have their cordial and enthusiastic support. No other religious idea ever thrived without the zealous advocacy of its adherents. Something more is required than the prompt payment of pew rent and liberal contributions for church work. Mere endowments never built up an academy or a college. There must

be interest and zeal and labor in the undertaking. It is the same with a church. You cannot hire someone to do your work for you in the Unitarian church, any more than you can in any other church. There is the same necessity for individual exertion and individual interest. It is not enough that other creeds have been tempered to the expanding intelligence of their followers.

If Unitarianism represents the best of religious thought and is the purest exposition of the teachings of Jesus Christ, as we believe, then we are in duty bound to proclaim it. Because the days of combativeness of the Unitarian church are past, there is no reason for not being alert. Proclamations from the pulpit will not alone make converts. It requires the same zeal on the part of the laity as was shown when Unitarians were but out-comers from other denominations; the same zeal that in other denominations hurries the infant in the cradle to the baptismal font early interests him in the Sunday-school, and so identifies him with the church that it costs effort in after life to break away from its associations. Unless we are going to allow the orthodox churches, liberalized by our teachings, to usurp our place; unless we are going out of business as a church organization, we have got to have the same loyalty which in other churches recruits their decimated ranks.

The idea of proselyting has been in a measure repugnant to the Unitarian laity. They have felt that, if their cause did not speak for itself, did not commend itself to others, no effort should be made to bring the stranger within their gates. Deprecating the emotional in religion and

appealing to the reason and intelligence, Unitarians have stood apart from that work which swells the folds of other denominations. This was but the natural outgrowth of that position which for years put them in the attitude of protestants against the old creeds and the formality of their observances. What they have already accomplished in the liberalization of the teachings of other denominations brings into greater prominence now the grand yet simple principles for which all this warfare and contention have been waged. The preliminary contest was for a hearing, and it needed the belligerency of such as Theodore Parker to secure it. Now that it has been accorded, what is it we have to offer? Having disproved the charge of heresy which for so long a time was a stumbling block to accretion of strength, what is Unitarianism? Aside from the freedom of thought for which we have battled, what do we believe? What is our faith, or, to put it stronger, what is our creed? for I do not object to the term now that it has been shorn of its superstitious fears.

It is very simple and has been pithily put in form by one of the master minds of the denomination. It is this:

We believe in the Fatherhood of God,
The Brotherhood of Man,
The Leadership of Jesus,
Salvation by Character,
In the progress of Mankind onward and upward forever.

Lived up to is there anything more sublime? Is there any other rule of action that will make of us here or hereafter better citizens? There is no mystery about it, no doubt, no fear. It requires no labored interpretation to bring it to the under-

standing. It is as plain as the unadorned teachings of the Savior, of which it is the sum and substance. Saint and sinner, orthodox and heretic, can subscribe to it.

It is what has made men more humane toward their fellows. It is what has awakened sympathy for suffering, what has made glad sore and bereaved hearts, what has built hospitals, abolished slavery, and made of all this earth more of summer's joy and less of winter's discontent. It is the answer of the mother to the

"Infant crying in the night:
And with no language but a cry."

It is the voice of good cheer to those who are faint and weary. It is the chord which relaxes the tension of the heart strings. It is the whisper of love which gives to hope its brightest dreams. It is the echo from Calvary, and it is the religion of Jesus Christ as he taught it to the multitudes who gave to him their attention.

Yet it must be taught over and over again so long as the world lasts. It must be inculcated by precept and example to the end of time. Otherwise there is no reason for the existence of any church to-day.

This is the work that the Unitarian church has before it. This is the personal responsibility of its pews and pulpits. This is the duty of its laity; and there can be no grander mission, no more inspiring work. In teaching this simple faith that it is better to do right than to do wrong, more blessed to give than to receive, and that the progress of man-kind is onward and upward both here and hereafter, there is just the same necessity for church association and

church work as when men were corralled by fear into public observance of the Sabbath, and driven by torture into subscribing to beliefs that mocked every affection of the hearthstone.

This is why Unitarians go to church, and it is why every one should go to church, whatever his belief in the trinity or the hereafter. To do good and get good is the object of church association. It is the life here that we are living, not the life hereafter. It is here that we need the props, the help, and the encouragement that come of right association and Christian fellowship. It is here that the cup of cold water quenches the thirst; it is here that the prodigal returns; it is here that the wayward are reclaimed.

If the Unitarian church is to go forward; if its mission is to be something more than the mere breaking down of old creeds, Unitarians themselves must not furnish occasion for misconception of their work. We are either at the beginning of a new career as a church or we are nearing the close of our labors. It all rests

with us whether the powerful organizations now camping where our last fires are smouldering shall absorb us, or we shall draw from them. They still cling in council and religious assembly to the old tenets and faith. Lip service is still given the antiquated creeds, but there is more practical religion, and less theology in their pulpits. To gain the attention of their followers; to commend ourselves to their support, we must give more prominence to what we believe and less to what we disbelieve. We need not now concern ourselves with their doctrinal discussions and heresy trials. While we have been combatting their errors, they have continually arrogated to themselves the religious side of the controversy. We must therefore demonstrate to those who do not think, to those who venerate old creeds, that we are not less religious by being less orthodox. In other words, we must teach what we stand for, rather than what we stand against. If this is done, there will be no misconception of ourselves by others.

A-SWING IN THE OLD HOME GARDEN.

By Frances H. Perry.

Neath the maples' cool shade in the dear old home garden,
By a clover field, fragrant, my hammock low swings;
Stray sunbeams rain gold through the leafy, green arches,
And sweetest of odors the morning breeze brings;
While day-dreams enfold me the saucy birds scold me,
The squirrels come, chat'ring, then scurry away;
Swift insects buzz round me, a butterfly 's found me,
And shyly alights, just a moment to stay.

But here comes the busiest, sweetest intruder,
Dear baby, and with him his little white kit;

I clasp him, but, no, he is off for a frolic,
To find where the fluttering butterfly lit;
Away it goes, winging o'er wild flowers springing,
Two little feet follow pit-pat through the grass,
Till a daisy sways lightly and nods to him brightly,
And a gay poppy greets him, too charming to pass.

A buttercup woos him, a brown bird entices,
A bending bough rustles its leaves in his face,—
Back falls the white bonnet and trails through the grasses,
Invitingly coaxing Miss Kit to a race;
A frolic, a scramble, a tug with a bramble,
A grasp at the down flying by on the breeze;
A laughing roll over in a tangle of clover,
A whirring and droning of sweet-laden bees.

So happily listening, so leisurely swinging,
I watch little Gold-Head flit tireless around,
Till slowly away to dreamland I go drifting:
But, hush! 'mid my dreams falls a sweet, sleepy sound,—
Close by in the clover the dear little rover
Has dropped down, too drowsy to hold up his head;
While the little white bonnet, with mussed ribbons on it,
Lies near, brimming over with sweet clovers red.

A trail of crushed blossoms, of green leaves and grasses,
Leads off through a tangle of verdure and bloom;
Along it steps softly the tired little fol'wer,
And a cuddling, white ball in the bonnet finds room;
A languorous stirring at the sound of the purring,
A faint little dimple, a satisfied sigh,
Then, cradled in clover, 'neath boughs bending over,
All restfully sleeping the tired rovers lie.

Oh, roses in Eden ne'er bloomed that were sweeter
Than the two sweet, pink roses all dimpled I see!
Oh, a dear little rose he is, swiftly unfolding
Delightful, fresh loveliness daily for me.
Oh, what to fond eyes are the dreams of the poets,
Or wondrous creations of masters of old,
Beside this fair picture, framed o'er by the maples,—
This dear, sleeping babe with his ringlets of gold?

Dear, dear little rover, I envy the clover!
I 'm coming to gather my sweet little rose—
My fair, nodding blossom—to wear on my bosom,
Then back we 'll go swinging to dreamland's repose.

THE LEGEND OF JOHN LEVIN AND MARY GLASSE.

[CONTINUED.]

By E. P. Tenney.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.



MAJOR Treate, of the Chabacco parish, who lived at the corner where the great seed farm is to-day, brought back Martha's Indian girl, Myra, from the Canadian wilderness; and since the Doctor was always quarrelling with her maid, Mistress Langdon gave easy assent that she should abide with Mistress Elizabeth Treate, who now loaned her for the season to Mary Glasse in her wild-wood life. With her, Mary felt like a whole tribe of Indians roaming at will in the Cape Ann forest. Myra could move about among the farms and perform all needed services, while Mary, her mistress, was hedging herself about by secrecy, and as effectually concealed as if she had been in paradise. Indeed, the first night that she spent in the shelter of the Zion boulder, Mary dreamed that she was indeed in paradise, and waking found it to be true. And the second night she dreamed that her several ministering angels had a loving quarrel among themselves to decide upon their turns in keeping watch and ward over her in this favored nook of paradise, and that they settled it by all coming at once. Doubtless they enjoyed it as much as she did.

Martha Langdon stole away from

the doctor now and then to visit Mary's wigwam, with Elizabeth Treate's daughters, Admire and Katherine, who pretended to be camping here and there for some weeks. And the major himself with Raymond Foote spent many days in the forest with traps and guns. That there should have been so many terrestrial guardians, was well calculated to make jealous those celestial beings who sought to be near Mary in her exile. Still, for the most part she was alone, with Myra to go and come; and no life could be more divine. To herself Mary seemed to be dwelling in the porch of heaven, with no more of earthly care than a disembodied spirit.

Beech and birch, pine, hemlock, and oak grew near the boulder where she first erected her wigwam. Then Mary made friends of many aged trees, gigantic chestnuts of the earlier wood, hickory of great girth, and knotted pasture pines; and, upon northern slopes, heavy, thick-set growth of white pine masts, towering high with their lower trunks untouched by sunshine. She often stood upon the boulder after sunset, when the surrounding woods were dark, and the west side of the forest was all aflame with yellow and red lights, streaming far skyward as if the whole world were on fire, and

black clouds could be seen rolling like smoke.

Kindling a mosquito smudge to the windward, when there was not a brisk breeze to drive away the devils which attempted to scale the walls of this paradise, Mary wound a spiral of dough and stuck the breadstick into the ground near the fire of maple, and baked their evening meal, while Myra roasted roots of spikenard. Trout for breakfast, and wild meat for dinner, testified to the friendly services of guardian angels armed with muskets and fish-rods. Yet night with its curling smoke, and its effulgence of pitch-knots, and its flash of familiar star-fires through the tree tops, this was the hour for celestial visitation.

The physique of the early American woman of sturdy stock, the bounding heart of girlhood, the independence bred of tough muscles, the whetting of wits given by out-of-door life, brought Mary into sympathy with all wild creatures; so that it was to her as much a diversion to hear the wolf howl at his own echo or to see the swooping of the hawk, as to listen to the black-bird's whistle or to watch the brisk movements of the birds warbling at day-break. Through the mother-heart of nature, the girl in her exile was related to all living things; was of a piece with that wholesome, wild-flavored life which is wafted upon the summer air of the forest and the shore. To her a lowering sky and falling weather was no less inspiriting than the quivering of leaves in the sun; and the dripping of twigs no less musical than tinkling bird-sounds, afloat like little bells among the echoing tree-tops of cathedral woods.

Mary was much alone upon the extensive bare ledges of the hill-tops, where there was always a slight air stirring. Here the stillness of the forest was more moving than its music. Here at daybreak she waited for the silent tides of sunlight to pour over the dark world, wave on wave. And sometimes the morning was fringed with fire, and the contour of the hills became vague with mists; and loose ragged clouds filled the sky, the locks of an approaching storm. Then, instead of the whispering leaves, strange muffled sounds arose from the woods; and the great murmur of the sea was borne upon the wings of the wind.

Upon the Lord's day, Mary often gave the hour of morning service to her imagination, transporting herself to city celestial. The songs of her childhood no longer trilled, and the camp-fire hymns were silent, and the solemn chant of the ocean was merged in other tones sweet and far; as if the forest and every tree therein, and the low coast-range hills, had broken forth into singing,—as if she were listening to their clear notes from mountains divine or to the faintly sounding music of angelic instruments rendered sweeter by the resounding walls of cliff and woodland. And the pure in heart heard a voice out of heaven,—“Lo, I am with you.”

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Meantime Raymond Foote found the Hammersmith parish very jolly, socially; but morally, a peculiar people not zealous of good works. He set means in operation for the amelioration of their condition. The most genial of parsons found sun-

ny Christian homes standing over against those cursed by grim superstition or animal vice. Wholesome, hearty, of full nature, with a good deal to him, so that he was mightily moved by affection or indignation,—he was well adapted to deal with the liberty-loving, the generous, the impulsive, the self-denying, the enterprising, the self-seeking, the grasping, and the hardening. Is not human nature enduring as the sea, surging and shining age after age?

Raymond was here at home; his father still living, not yet turned fifty, still plowing and reaping the sea, and still playing the part of conscience in that village; which, as his father before him, he even now persisted in calling by the old name for that wandering Jeffrey, who affixed his cognomen to no small part of the north shore as to points and creeks. The Foote homestead was upon the slope of Sundown Hill rising above the oaks; the new road from the railway to the beach passing within a few rods of the site.

By pupilage in college and out, by sea going and merchant adventuring, Raymond had not lived at home for fifteen years, since a mere lad. And, dwelling here now, his heart, but for Mary Glasse, was still on the ocean.

“The strange old sea talking to himself” could always be heard,—heard like an ancient harp at the Sunday services, or booming at the burial of the dead, heard in the intervals of conversation with neighbors about clods and cattle, heard stealing into the chamber if he was wakeful at night; seen like a picture gallery with paintings changed every day, seen in full-tide harbor with rainbow

tints at nightfall, seen at midday with burnished shield lying close to the green fields and the overhanging headlands, the summer sea within the horizon of the gray-purple haze.

Often as a lad Raymond had looked out at the windows to see between the crags the ships of all the world, as he thought, going past,—tacking hither and thither; as if the sea were a part of his father’s dooryard. Born and reared where he had been, Raymond Foote took to blue water as naturally as any web-footed whistler, and as merrily. Sweet was the memory, in his prime, of that sailor-boy delight with which he used to sway to and fro on the mast-head, watching the fury of the storm and at home in it; and, with a boy’s imaginings, believing himself for the moment to be at one with the tempest.

And Sundown Hill looked out upon the edge of an ocean of woodland. One could at that time easily pick his way from Jeffrey’s Creek to Canada without leaving the forest; save that, for the first day or two, one must cross here and there a high-road or path between isolated farms. Raymond as a lad wandered in the edges of this wilderness, as if upon the harbors and bays of a great sea. And in this forest land, in going from a point a little easterly of Chubb’s Creek through the wet grounds, upon the north, toward the old road to the Chebacco ponds, he had found the burning bush in his childhood. It was when he was so little, that he little understood the Midian story; and he easily believed that the autumnal foliage, upon a resplendent October morning, was ablaze with God. So he learned that he was treading holy ground. And this idea

was always after flaming in his heart with unwasting power, as if he could see the Invisible.

To tell the truth, however, Raymond Foote did not half do his work during the June and July in which he supplied Brother Hammersmith's pulpit. Even his hours of devotion led him to pray for Mary Glasse. One day he built mud dams with her, in a sun-illuminated beaver brook which poured into the Chebacco, and persuaded her to reside nearer to the sea,—where he could more easily see her several times a week. To which Admire and Kathy Treat easily assented, taking Mary and Myra with them. It was said that there had been a great reversion of feeling as to the witchcraft business, so that, even if Mary should happen to be seen, no harm would come of it. Accordingly, she camped along the coast easterly of the town, early in July.

Here Martha's youngest sister, the rollicking Sue, and her brother, Bobby Dune, the irrepressible, were often at Mary's wigwam, whenever they could find it. And Martha, now living in her new summer home at Chubb's Creek, more frequently saw Mary, whom she looked upon as numbered with the dead, so far as her husband and the town's people knew.

Mary now and then spent days and nights at a small cavern among the rocks south of the Weatherbee Hill, which is remembered by persons still living. The rail track runs within a few feet of the location; but the rains and frosts made the roof fall in some years since. It was large enough for only one person's lodging; a detached, low-lying, shelving rock,—with dry and ample bed made even

by small flat stones,—which were also placed at the head and foot to protect from the wind. Scarcely attracting the observation of one passing by, it was as safe a refuge and convenient as the abode of a ground squirrel.

From such covert Mary often skirted along the fringes of the forest, now emerging from the drooping branches, again hidden by sheltering leaves. It was easy for her to see the lines of smoke from chimney tops meandering over marsh and meadow; and she could almost hear the groaning of the cumbersome machinery called society in the little hamlet between wooded knobs of rock and the sea. One Monday she even visited the Washing Pond, from which flows the stream now converted into ice for market; where the women in fine weather made a picnic and frolic of the weekly wash.

Then Mary went often alone in a boat among rocky islets, and spent many nights with the sea gulls. Here she could sometimes hear the roar of the sunrise gun at Salem, or the shrill free notes of the bugle. And here, among the wild birds, all wild strivings after things unattainable were at rest, and her peace was like that of the summer sea.

Raymond Foote was to her a forbidden subject of thought when alone, although she loved to be with him. Even if she was told by fate not to marry John Levin, she would not marry another unless John should be overtaken by some such catastrophe as marriage or death. And concerning him whom she so strangely loved, Mary had an abiding sense of sorrow, as if for a dear friend who had been deeply bereft.

But as to Raymond Foote, the little he saw of Mary made him wild to see her more; and his love was like the lightning asleep in summer skies.

CHAPTER XL.

John Levin returned from England upon the twenty-fifth of July. Without going to his office till he should get his land legs on, he walked straight to Glasse Head; and, finding the place deserted, he followed the coast back, say half a mile, to Doctor Langdon's new summer quarters. Martha was at House Island, under the bass-woods, with Mary Glasse. As Mr. Levin seated himself upon the verandah overlooking the rocks, the waters, the sands at the mouth of Chub Creek, the doctor returned tired, cross and blunt,—in no mood to talk with a nervous patient, even if an old friend.

For some weeks the physician had been out of humor with all the world save the adorable Martha; but ill-temper he left on the door-rock—when she was at home. Yet, as to other people, if Doctor Langdon ever had slight qualms of conscience, instead of blaming himself, he was grouty toward anybody he happened to meet. Satisfied as he was that he had removed one of the prime causes of John Levin's mental disturbance, his own course stood approved to himself; and so it should stand, even if the patient resent it.

"You seem tired, Doctor; where have you been?" asked Mr. Levin, as, after due formal salutations, they seated themselves at the lunch table.

"I have been in Newbury for a month, attending small-pox."

"Do you return?"

"No. I drove death across the line into New Hampshire and put up the bars. But what are you here for? It was my advice that you stay in England a year, at least."

"I had no need of it. I found myself thoroughly well, as soon as I was on the salt water; and I have made more money, and done more public business, by this voyage than I could ordinarily do in a year. It's been a twelve-month, to all intents and purposes. Besides this, my mind is wholly diverted; and there is only one subject that I cannot think about, and that we will not touch upon. But there's one thing I want to talk with you about. I can talk with you, when I cannot with any one else; since you knew me so long ago."

"What do you want?"

"I am growing old too fast, and want to know how to hinder it."

"Kill out your conscience,—if you have any; that's the first thing. A man of your strong animal impulses has no business with a moral nature. If you have one, it will tear you in pieces, as if by wild horses. Get rid of it soon as you can."

"Well said, Doctor. But how can I best do it?"

"All you've got to do is to surround yourself by a halo of deceit and mental confusion as to the moral code, so that you do not know whether there is any God, or the smallest difference between good and evil, virtue and vice; and consult no one but yourself as to what you do, following your feelings only as your guide to right action. Do this, and you will get on well enough, and live to a green old age. It is a very rare thing that vices kill any one, it is the

attempt to be virtuous that worries men to death."

"You trifle with me, Doctor."

"Never. I cannot be more sincere. I have studied your case. You did well enough in your health till you struck an incarnate conscience; and the heeding of that has nearly wrecked you. It is now, according to your own showing, twenty-five years since your soul came to be more or less under the domination of your physical nature. Do not, therefore, make a fuss about what you cannot help. Passion unrestrained for a quarter of a century becomes a disease. It is like the ague. It shakes you, then sleeps till it gets ready to shake you again. The only thing you can do now is to exclude moral sensibility. Do not attempt to stem the tide of disease, any more than the eel-grass tries to stem the flow of the tide. Do not throw yourself, John, against fate. You inherited the most part of anything that is gross in your nature. And by voluntary action on your part you have now made yourself into a ratchet wheel,—capable of progress in only one direction and held to your course by tooth of iron."

"What you say is true, Doctor. But I might as well spend my time in the critical examination of the aerial path of last year's swallows, as to seek to trace possible ancestral traits in my own makeup. I want a practical answer to the practical question—what am I to do? As it is now, I am making progress toward going over a precipice. I have already had what you call paroxysms of insanity; brought on primarily, as you asserted before I went abroad, by my obedience to passion instead of reason. I

cannot keep long upon the path I am treading. I want to find some other road."

"You know, Doctor," he added, rising from the table and looking about wildly, "that I am denied by fate the companionship of the only being who ever exercised the slightest influence upon me in leading me away from that which is worst about me."

"Yes, I know it, sit down, John," said the doctor tenderly, as he arose, with the tears starting in his eyes.

"I know it, John. God bless you, my friend. I know it. I know it. But, John, I cannot talk with you about that matter you know. It was this that made you almost beside yourself. Do not allude to it, I pray you."

"Am I then, Doctor, but a bubble breaking in the whirlpool of life? Am I but a summer song, now flying in gay feathers, to be annihilated by next winter's storm?"

Dr. Langdon's real religious belief was never known to any one. He who dealt so much in medical mysteries, kept secret his creed. But the profound sympathy which made him a good physician now quite broke him down, in talking with John Levin.

"I do not know, John, what to say. Ask Martha, she knows. She is not here now. God bless you, John. Sit and wait till she comes."

"But I must go now. I have not turned the key of my office yet."

Mr. Levin took his hat, but could not go till he asked:

"Tell me, Doctor, where is Mary Glasse? I found the house shut up."

"Ask Martha, John, ask Martha,

she knows." And the doctor fell in apoplexy; and was dead before Martha returned.

CHAPTER XLI.

But his death was not instantaneous, so that John Levin left him in charge of the servants and Neighbor Pride, and hastened to Salem for assistance. It was already twilight, and Mr. Levin wondered why Martha was so late; but upon her part she had no reason to expect the doctor's return, and she had gone with Mary Glasse to what is now the Dana Island, where Mary had a booth for her night's lodging.

Upon reaching Salem, Mr. Levin learned of Mary's tragic death, and of the part the doctor had taken in the affair. He spent the night in madly pacing up and down under the gallows, which still stood upon Gibbet Hill. In his imagination he lived through the beauty of that summer evening when the forms hung against the western sky, and the stillness of the night following. He touched the gallows with hands and lips; and he sought among the graves; and he went to the door of the prison. But toward morning he quieted himself, and returned to his office, slept a little and partook of an early breakfast.

He could not trust himself in his excited state to return to the Langdon house. He could never see the doctor again, even if he should recover; and Martha he did not wish to see. So that, this twenty-sixth of July being his own birthday, John Levin gave a few directions as to his

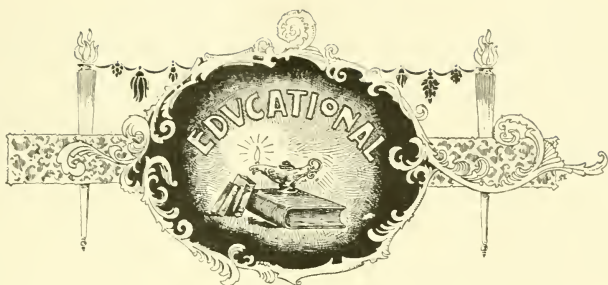
business, and caused the lunch hamper of his pleasure craft to be replenished, and then sailed down the harbor, determined to remain upon the water till the sea air should give such tone to his nerves that he could take up the regular routine of his office.

"Is then Mary dead?" this question he asked over and over again, till it died upon his lips.

"But was she not dead to me long ago? No, she never was. Her love for me was like that of a faithful child. It could not die but with her death. Is she dead? Is she dead? No, she is not. She is alive forevermore. She is now alive to me, for me. And if she lives, I live, and will live; and for her sake, and possibly by her help, I will fight out my life battle. I can never think of the spirit of Mary Glasse as a mere broken bubble in life's sea, or as some bird annihilated by frost and storm. But if she still exists, why not God? Is there a Personality above me? If I felt so sure of personal love infinite, as I am sure of Mary's continued personality and continued affection, then my life would redeem itself."

With such thoughts he landed at the Dana island, at this time owned by Richard Graves. It was low tide, and he made his way to the open cleft upon the eastern side, and there sat in this craggy pocket looking out toward the Shark's-mouth rocks. Here he listened to the vague and inarticulate sorrows of the sea. And here he recounted his birthdays, beginning at the year when he left college.

[*To be continued.*]



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

RURAL SCHOOL PROBLEM.¹

By Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction of New Hampshire.

MR. PRESIDENT: In view of all phases of this discussion I can hardly be expected to settle the rural school problem in ten minutes.

There is a rural school problem and there is a city school problem. The latter problem can be solved. Its solution is possible. One might quote the old music hall doggerel as applicable:

"We don't want to fight,
But, by jingo, if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men,
We've got the money, too."

The city has, or may have, the mechanism; it has the men; it has the money, and can apply these if it will. But in the country! The sinews of war are largely lacking. Mechanism, men, money, are not to be had for the wishing.

Preceding speakers have dealt with supervision, training of teachers, consolidation, and the peripatetic normal class. The matter of revenue has not been emphasized. Of course, it is a recognized fact that in rural communi-

ties at present, besides financial difficulties, there is an inertia, an apathy, to overcome, until some of us are fain to pray with the good old lady, "O Lord, we pray that Thou wilt make the indifferent, different!" This difficulty, arising from ignorance of possibilities, indolence, poverty, self-satisfaction, indifference, a good-enough-for-our-fathers-good-enough-for-us feeling, or from all these, complicates the problem and is so real and considerable a factor that it must be taken into serious account by one practically working in this field of rural schools.

Are the present conditions materially different from those of former days? In New Hampshire as in other New England states, in former times, there was a more even distribution of people. The congestion in cities came later. Families were large. The farmers raised their own "help." Instead of mammoth "manufacturing plants" in centres, owned and administered by

¹ An address delivered before the American Institute of Instruction at Bethlehem, July 11, 1899.

foreign, rather than local, capital, there were smaller factories, owned, controlled, and conducted by individuals or single families, and these have passed from father to son. The whole community took a peculiarly personal interest in the success of such enterprises. Rapid transit was unknown. Newspapers and magazines were few. People were self-reliant and independent. Industry and thrift were fundamental virtues. The population was homogeneous. Language, religion, traditions, were largely the same for all. Illiterates were few and possibly the ratio of well educated to uneducated was considerably higher than now.

Bearing directly upon the school problem, there was formerly a tendency toward culture among the poor even, a high appreciation of education. Children were taught that education was a most desirable thing, a pearl of great price, a key to success, a well-spring of happiness. Sacrifices were freely offered upon the altar of education. This one condition made the difference between an upward and downward tendency. Consequently the common school life of a child was prolonged, and as "prolonged infancy" has increased the power of the race, prolonged school life strengthened the child of other days. Books were few but classic. The best scholars among the girls became "summer teachers" and college boys taught the winter term. Enthusiasm for mental development prevailed to a great extent. Distractions were fewer. Boys and girls "knew a thing or two," could turn their hand to "doing things," rarely "got stuck" in difficulties. These days were full of hardship and privation possibly but certain virile qualities seemed inherent in the stock.

To-day large aggregations of population and of industries are found in a few cities and large towns. Rural towns have diminished in wealth and people. Large numbers of people alien in tongue, tradition, institutions, and religion, have come to us as residents, whom we welcome but who must be transformed by some agency into American citizens, thinking the thoughts of a free country, absorbing our principles. These people, too, are not pioneers subduing a stubborn soil, but are laborers for others. School life is shortened. In a word the present conditions are somewhat nearly opposite to those just noted. We are not deploring but trying to recognize and meet the change. Naturally generalization is difficult. True it is, however, that the country has been giving of its life to the city. From these hills have gone forth the best, leaving the weaker, the more timid, the less enterprising behind. The country bred men and women are the leaders in the cities. The city owes a debt to the country of incalculable amount. How shall it pay it? These springs of health must be kept pure at the sources. Fun and joking at the expense of the "deestrick skule" are prevalent, and I laugh, too, to keep myself from crying.

The remedy? A partial remedy lies in state aid to poorer towns. Simple gratitude would indicate that such help is righteous and beautiful. But it is the state that demands the education of the young. It is the state that makes laws for compulsory attendance of children at school. It is the state that regulates the employment of children in manufacturing establishments. The state assumes the education of the young. The state, then, must set standards for both pupils and teachers. The state, too, must see that the stand-

ards are maintained, must assure success, must invest sufficient capital to bring desirable returns. It cannot put its hand to the plough and turn back. If any community, then, is unable for lack of funds to meet its necessary school expenses, the state should assist in lifting the burden, not as an act of charity done grudgingly but as a duty and a recognition of what is fitting and gracious.

In many ways state aid may be distributed. Here is one. It will not prevail in New Hampshire this year, nor next year, but in some year relief will come. The aim is to levy a mill tax or a half-mill tax throughout the whole state, and then distribute this fund in such a way that, while all shall receive back some, the larger benefit shall come to the poorer community.

Consolidation of schools is not feasible in many places. "The lay of the land" inhibits this. Some of our towns are like the Vermont town where the three-legged milk-stool was invented because there was no room for the fourth leg. In these towns a comparatively large number of schools must be main-

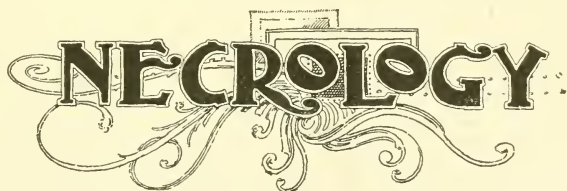
tained, and many teachers in comparison with the number of pupils must be employed.

Let us divide the fund into two parts, and distribute one half among all the towns and cities in proportion to the number of teachers employed. Herein the larger, richer places will help the smaller.

It is of advantage not only to get pupils into the schools, but to keep them in. The other half of the fund may be distributed in proportion to the attendance of the pupils for the year preceding the distribution. The New Hampshire literary fund, a very uncertain quantity, is distributed in proportion to the number of children attending school two weeks or more.

There are objections to this plan, but they will be found to be superficial largely. It is a much better plan than any now existing in this state and many states.

In closing these incomplete, scrappy remarks, let me bespeak for the rural school your earnest, hearty, active interest, and that our strength may continue to come from the hills, let us aid in sending back to the hills somewhat of our acquired wealth.



W. H. SISE.

Col. William H. Sise was born in Portsmouth, September 12, 1827, and died there August 5. He early engaged in the commission business, and later was a successful dealer in coal for thirty years. He was very prominent in the Republican party, and held various offices, including alderman, mayor, four years, chairman of the police commission, and representative to the state legislature. He was on Governor Prescott's staff.

A. J. OWEN.

Augustus J. Owen was born at Livermore, Maine, May 12, 1822, and died at Lakeport, August 2. He came to Lakeport in 1857, became clerk of the Winnipisogee Lake Cotton and Woolen Manufacturing Company, and retained the position to his death. Mr. Owen was a Democrat, and served as treasurer of the town of Gilford.

M. G. HOWE.

Moses G. Howe was born at Portsmouth, August 14, 1826, and died at Cambridge, Mass., August 13. He was a well known member of the Suffolk bar, and an active and prominent Unitarian. He resided in Lowell until 1875, when he moved to Cambridge. He was an alderman of the latter city.

J. M. KIMBALL.

J. M. Kimball was born in Tamworth, May 30, 1820, and died at Malden, Mass., July 25. He removed to Massachusetts when a young man, engaged at once in business as a building mover, and amassed considerable property before he retired, seventeen years ago.

H. A. ALLBEE.

Harvey A. Allbee was born at Thetford, Vermont, April 15, 1828, and died at Nashua, August 5. He had lived in that city since 1874, having served as member of the city council and representative to the legislature.

THOMAS WINCH.

Thomas Winch was born in Sullivan in 1814, and died at Marlow, August 8. He had served Sullivan and Langdon as selectman, was commissioner of Sullivan county from 1873 to 1876, was twice a representative to the legislature, and was a member of the constitutional convention in 1889.

P. P. PARROTT.

Peter Pearse Parrott, who died at Arden, N. Y., July 30, was born at Portsmouth, June 18, 1811. After making several voyages around the world he engaged in the manufacture of iron, and for fifty years devoted himself to the development of that industry in New York. At one time his employ  s numbered 1,500, but of late years the property has been abandoned as unprofitable.

C. F. KITTREDGE.

Dr. Charles F. Kittredge, a native of Mont Vernon, died very suddenly, August 19, while taking part in the reunion of M'Collom institute there. He was 57 years of age, and a wealthy and prominent citizen of Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, New York, where he was proprietor of a private sanitarium.



REV. MARY BAKER EDDY.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXI.

OCTOBER, 1896.

No. 4.

ANDOVER.

By Miss M. J. Hersey.

"Oh, happiest, scene-favored, brave, mountain land,
Where my heart still lingers while wanders my hand."



O sang one of Andover's poet sons, and the refrain is echoed in the hearts of a multitude of men and women who, from early associations, long connection, or appreciation for Nature in her most widely diversified forms, have grown to love the old mountain town that, like that oft-quoted city of the Latins, rests in conscious strength on her seven hills. Though "Beech Hill" may not possess the classic ring of the "Capitoline," nor "Marston Hill" the softly flowing cadence of the "Aventine," yet Andover's hills have as nobly borne each its share, in the rearing of the little community of which they are a part, as the vanishing hills of ancient Rome.

Andover is preëminently a residential town. Few are the shrieks of the factory whistle, telling of shut in days and foreign labor, and faint the clouds of smoke staining her clear sky. The beautiful mountain slopes, the winding streams, the rugged hill farms, and secluded lakes may well

inspire the brush or pen, and the children of Andover have long since proven another demonstration of the theory that life among such surroundings is conducive to the truest poetry of feeling.

To these children and to others of its lovers every tribute, however humble, to the worth and beauty, past and present, of the dear old town, will, it is hoped, be of some degree of interest.



Highland Lake.



Union Hall.

The original grantees of Andover were "twelve good men and true," who in 1746 bought of John Tufton Mason the lands now comprising the town of Andover. They in turn gave a grant of them in 1751, under the name of "New Britain," to sixty worthy men, mostly citizens of Hampton and Hampton Falls. Although the grant gives the name as "New Britain," the town was originally called "New Breton," and fittingly, too, nearly all of the grantees having taken part in the expedition of 1745, which resulted in the capture of Cape Breton, and which, it is said, "filled America with joy and Europe with astonishment."

Walter Williams, one of the grantees, was distinguished as a brave

commander in the New Hampshire regiment under Col. Samuel Moore; and Anthony Emery, who was regimental surgeon, is described in an old record as "a gentleman of liberal education and graduated at Harvard College in 1736." He was one of the earliest of a long line of Emerys who have helped make the history of the town, and whose descendants are among its honored citizens of to-day. Indeed, the town was at one time called *Emeristown*.

Although the grant was given in 1751, it was ten years later when the first fearless pioneer, dominated by that spirit which has brought our country to be the foremost nation of the earth, tramped through the lonely woods from Contoocook, now Bosca-



The North Church—Congregational.



Town Hall.

wen, and made him an habitation on the southern border of the town, and, as is familiarly known, Joseph Fellows's log cabin, built in 1761, in Flaghole, was the first building in town. Following closely after Mr. Fellows came Elias Raino of Kingston and soon afterward John Rowe, William Emery, William Morey, and Edward Ladd.

The little settlement grew slowly,

owing to the great hardships the settlers were obliged to undergo. There was no settlement north whence they could obtain assistance and they were obliged to bring their provisions ten or fifteen miles on their backs. In 1763 there was only one path through the town—it led around Highland lake, or Loon pond, as it was then called, and back to the Pemigewasset river, which was the eastern bound-



The South Church—Free Will Baptist.



Congregational Chapel.

ary of the town until 1828, when Andover yielded a part of herself to help form the town of Franklin. Notwithstanding the dangers that beset them, the settlers persisted in their attempts to reclaim the wilderness and in 1773 organized a town government. The town was divided into eighty-one rights, each right consisting of two lots of one hundred acres and one of eighty acres—of these eighteen were reserved by the grantors and of those remaining one was set aside for the first ordained minister, one for the parsonage, and one for the support of schools. The other sixty rights were to be the property of the sixty grantees. In 1767, the proprietors realizing the need of a place nearby where the lumber in which Andover abounded might be transformed into

proper building materials, arrangements were made whereby the sum of £40 was to be paid to anyone who would erect a saw-mill, he also receiving the water-privilege and site. Nathaniel Prescott accepted their offer, with the conditions accompanying it, being an agreement to saw at the halves all the logs that the proprietors should haul to his mill for ten years, and erected the first saw-mill on the outlet of Highland lake. Then frame houses began to take the place of the primitive log cabins.

June 25, 1779, the town was incorporated by the legislature under the name of Andover. The town apparently enjoyed a healthy childhood, as not until 1792 did it require a resident physician. In that year Doctor Silas Barnard came to Andover from



Hotel Potter.



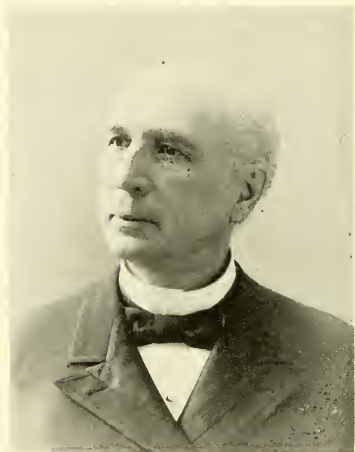
W. A. Bachelder.

Bolton, Mass. Doctor Barnard is distinguished as being an ancestor of the eminent New England divines of that name, and was evidently a man well fitted to endure the hardships of those early times.

Notwithstanding the increase of population as well as the number of diseases that fall to the lot of mankind, the healthfulness of the town is proved by the fact that Andover still has only one physician, and in Dr. H. A. Weymouth, who has practised

here for fifty-three years, and who is recognized as one of the sterling advisers of the town, Dr. Barnard has a worthy successor.

Prominent among the first men of Andover was Jonathan Weare, Esq., a native of Seabrook, whose grandfather was a brother of the Hon.



Hon. N. B. Bryant.

Meshech Weare, the first governor of New Hampshire. Jonathan Weare was the first justice of the peace in Andover, and, according to the records of the town, he was in 1779 chosen by the people to be commissioned by the government as a civil magistrate.

The martial prestige of the grantees was nobly upheld by Andover in later years. During the Revolution a large number of her citizens, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, were sent to aid the



"Highland Farm" — N. J. Bachelder.

patriots' cause, and in 1812 her soldiers were not found wanting. During the War of the Rebellion the town was prompt in responding to the call for soldiers, and furnished her full quota of men; and afterward, when the smoke of battle had rolled away, but the shadow of a great debt was heavy over all the land, Andover struggled along under the burden for a few years, and then, in 1871, it was resolved to lift the debt at once, while farm products were still commanding the high prices occasioned by the war. Hon. John



Weymouth Farm.

dition that the debt should be paid within three years, and in 1874 Andover emerged into the bright light of prosperity with money in the treasury.

In nearly all the original grants of our towns provision was made for the establishment and maintenance of divine worship. A meeting-house was erected in New Britain in accordance with the conditions of the grant, and the first settled minister was Rev. Josiah Badcock of Milton, Mass.,



Rev. Lyman Clark.

Proctor and John M. Shirley, Esq., two influential and public-spirited men who were especially devoted to the interests of the town, were the promoters of this movement and labored untiringly for its accomplishment, Mr. Proctor offering to contribute three thousand dollars on con-



Dr. H. A. Weymouth.



F. E. Putney



C. E. Carr.



Miss Mariana Marston.



Mrs. Thompson and W. S. Carr.



Daniel Downes.



E. B. Merrill.

whose strong character and curious personality have caused much to be said and written of him in later years. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1772 and afterwards received calls from many different churches, finally accepting the one extended to

him in the summer of 1782 by the church in Andover, then the most northerly Congregational church west of the Merrimack river. He was ordained on the thirtieth of October, 1782, the church formed at that time consisting of six members. The text



E. G. Emery.



Rev. John Thorpe.



Rev. Howard Moody.



Rev. W. P. Elkins.



Dr. George B. Weymouth.



Mrs. Hannah J. Barnes.



Miss Alma Walker.



J. D. Philbrick.



George R. Stone.



Samuel G. Haley.



Barron Shirley.



George W. Stone.

of the ordination sermon was peculiarly appropriate for the time and place, the pastor in his vigorous young manhood coming to the pioneer mountain town,—Isaiah 52:7, “How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that

publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion thy God reigneth.” Mr. Badcock continued as pastor of the church for twenty-seven years and then resigned, in 1809, and was dismissed by a council from several churches.

In 1795 the meeting-house was torn down, and the present one erected in



John M. Shirley.

the spring of 1796 and dedicated January 5, 1797. Unusual harmony has prevailed among the different religious denominations of Andover. This church has been variously occupied—at one time by the Christian denomination out of which the present Congregational society of East Andover was evolved, about the time the Rev. Howard Moody was called to its pastorate in 1870. Mr. Moody

was a scholarly man of great depth of thought, whose memory is revered by those who listened to his powerful sermons. The conservative society gave him an ample trial, as not until 1882 was he installed as pastor over this church and its sister church at Andover Centre. In 1884 his health failing, he determined to resign, but his devoted followers refused to accept his resignation, and remained loyal to him until his death about a



The Shirley Residence.

year later. His successor was Rev. F. G. Chutter, an enthusiastic, whole-souled worker, destined for wider fields of labor. He remained a few years, and since his departure the pulpit has been variously occupied, the longest pastorate being that of the Rev. T. J. Lewis, an able preacher of singular purity of thought and expression. The present pastor is Rev. John Thorpe, who was installed October 30, 1895, the anniversary of the ordination of the first pastor of the church.

Prior to 1801 a Free Will Baptist society was organized in Andover. In that year there was a revival of religion, and Elder Elijah Watson was ordained, and continued as pastor for several years. About 1810 the church grew much larger, and Elder



R P Carr.

Ebenezer Chase was ordained, who, with short interruptions, preached to the society for some time. The society was maintained until a few years ago.

There is also a Unitarian society at Andover Centre, a strong and wealthy church, of which Rev. Lyman Clark has been pastor for several years. Mr. Clark is also the financial agent of Proctor academy, and is greatly interested in all educational movements.

The interests of education have ever been the subject of earnest thought on the part of the citizens of Andover, and the number of liberally educated men and women who have



G. W. Thompson, J. P. Carr, Jr., J. M. Shirley, Geo. Sleeper, H. A. Weymouth, R. F. Eastman, D. F. Langley, John Fellows, John Proctor.

cumstances its existence was limited.

Proctor academy, a co-educational institution under the management of the Unitarian Educational society, is located at Andover Centre, and receives the cordial support of the people in town. It was established many years ago by the citizens, Dyer H. Sanborn being the first principal. Later it came under the management of the Christian denomination, but has now been maintained by the Unitarians for some years. The principal, Rev. J. F. Morton, is devoted to



"Great Elm Farm"—George E. Eastman.

won distinction at home or abroad is an honor to the town.

The Noyes school, founded by the will of Joseph Noyes, was one of the earliest, and was situated on the River road, now a part of the city of Franklin. An early record says its growth was slow, owing to the unfavorable location, and because of untoward cir-



H. N. Rowell.



Hon. John Proctor.

his work, and with his efficient corps of teachers gives satisfaction to trustees and students alike.

Highland Lake Institute was established by the townspeople in 1850, and flourished for some years.

The manufacturing interests of the town are few, as has been stated, the most important being the Consolidated Hame Company, formerly Baker, Carr & Co., at Andover Centre. Fine specimens of granite have lately been discovered near the base of Kearsarge mountain, and it is being quarried with excellent results.



Academy Boarding Hall.

The legal profession has been well represented here, some of its members having attained unusual distinction. Among the earlier lawyers were John H. Slack and Samuel Butterfield. William Butterfield, the son of the latter, was for many years editor of the *New Hampshire Patriot*.



Mrs. John Proctor.

Lawyer Butterfield's successor was the late John M. Shirley, a strong lawyer, whose originality and keen insight into intricate situations are famous in the annals of the town and state. Mr. Shirley's successor is Geo. W. Stone. His son, Barron Shirley, has been engaged in the practice of law in Chattanooga, Tenn. Andover was also the birthplace and early home of Hon. N. B. Bryant, the eminent Boston lawyer and eloquent orator, who returns each year with unfailing loyalty to the scenes of his early life.

Hon. Joseph W. Fellows, of Manchester, and Geo. R. Stone, of Frank-

lin, both prominent lawyers, by right of birth belong to Andover.

Space permits but fleeting mention of a few of the sons and daughters who are an honor to the old town. George E. Emery, of Lynn, Mass., the antiquary, poet, and *litterateur*, is a native of Andover, as is his wife, Mary Bachelder Emery, who was the daughter of Deacon Josiah Bachelder, and who has been a worthy contributor to our current literature. Mr. Emery delivered the historical address at the centennial celebration of the incorporation of Andover, and was chosen town historian.

That sweet singer, Edna Dean



Proctor Academy.

culture and master of the State Grange, has made a rapid rise in public favor for so young a man, merited by the marked ability and untiring zeal with which he has labored in whatever capacity for the interests of the cause in which he was engaged.

Prof. John R. Eastman, of the navy department, is an Andover boy who has won a high place for himself in the observatory at Washington, D. C. His writings are considered works of value in scientific circles.



Rev. J. F. Morton.
Miss Smith.

Miss Scales.
Miss Emerson.

FACULTY OF PROCTOR ACADEMY.

Proctor, spent her childhood days among our hills, laying the foundation for future fame. William Adams Bachelder is another of the literary workers of Andover, who has done much for local history and traditions. His son, the Hon. N. J. Bachelder, secretary of the state board of agri-



Joseph A. Rowe.

The late Samuel G. Haley, for years actively engaged in the interests of education in the West, was a native of this town.

Among Andover's brilliant artists are Miss Janet Emery, for several years supervisor of drawing in the public schools of Trenton, N. J., and Miss Alma Walker, teacher of music in the training school at Elwyn, Penn.

Andover has sent a share of her men and women to carve out their destinies in the great West, and among them was a life, brilliant and

powerful, cut down ere its prime. The late E. L. Emery, real estate broker and president of the Duluth Land and Water Power Company, was one of her promising sons for whom Andover mourns to-day.

The town is full of years and honors; its strength and beauty fitly mirrored in the lives of those reared within its limits. With an honorable past as a firm foundation for a noble future, Andover promises to coming generations a rich harvest of all that goes to make life "one grand, sweet song."

ON MIDDLE GROUND.

By A. W. E.

Among the mountains in God's upper land
 Old Washington, with lofty, snowy crest
 Uprears itself;
 Its barren crags and cliffs on either hand
 In the first snows of coming winter drest—
 A realm austere.

And well I know, looking across the vales
 Glorified now by autumn's frosty air
 On leaf and blade,
 That winds of turbulence, and bitter gales,
 Sweep o'er that summit, grand and fair,
 While warmth is here.

Far down the valley the gay leaves are sere;
 Fogs settle heavily, gray bank on bank,
 With chill of death,
 And the glad sunshine, flooding all things here,
 Has no warm blessing for the moist and dank
 Plains farther down.

And so in life—its ills most plenty lie
 In the extremes of wealth and poverty;
 Peace is not theirs.
 Care comes with surplusage; Want brings a sigh,
 While in the middle ground between, we have
 Our best estate.



PLEASANT VIEW, CONCORD, N. H.,

REV. MARY BAKER EDDY.

By Judge S. J. Hanna, Editor of the Christian Science Journal, Boston, Mass.



HE Reverend Mary Baker Eddy, discoverer and founder of the system of religious healing known as Christian Science, and author of the text-book on that subject,—“Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures” (which has already reached its one hundred and tenth edition),—was born in the town of Bow, adjoining Concord, N. H. Her parents were Mark and Abigail Baker, old citizens of that place, and of Scotch and English extraction.

When she was a child they removed to Tilton. She numbers among her ancestors Sir John MacNeil of Scotland, Gen. John MacNeil, the New Hampshire general who won renown in the War of 1812, and Gen. Henry Knox of Revolutionary fame.

The foundation of her education was laid by a memorable woman, Mrs. Sarah J. Bodwell Lane, a teacher at the Ipswich seminary, and by Mr. Courser, of the Sanbornton Bridge academy. Their training was supplemented by the tutelage of Professor Sanborn, author of “Sanborn’s Grammar,” and by that of her brother, Hon. Albert Baker, as well as by years of self-culture in reading and study. Among her studies were natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, Blair’s rhetoric, Whately’s logic, Locke’s metaphysics, Watt’s “On the Mind,” moral science, and somewhat of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French.

Her pious parents being members of Dr. Bouton’s church, Mrs. Eddy was christened in Concord by the Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, D. D., pastor of the First Congregational church. When alluding to Dr. Bouton and his family and to his successor, Rev. Dr. Ayer, no denominational prejudice was manifested by her, but much tenderness and reverence. At the age of about twelve years she united with the Congregational Trinitarian church, of Tilton, continuing her membership for about forty years, and until 1879, when she established her own church in Boston, The First Church of Christ, Scientist.

The distinguished Unitarian, Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D., while chaplain at Harvard University, and occasionally supplying Mrs. Eddy’s pulpit in Boston, in a letter to her wrote,—“Do not hesitate to call on me for any assistance that I can give you. I enjoy speaking to your people; they are good listeners and earnest seekers.”

Before leaving her native state, she communicated to her pastor the new and more spiritual sense that she entertained of the power of Christianity, and its effect in healing the sick. Prior to requesting a letter of dismissal from his church she presented to her pastor, for examination, her published works. After a careful perusal of them, she received from him the following recommendation to an evangelical church:

JAN. 13th, 1875.

This certifies that Mrs. Mary M.¹ Glover is a member of this Church in good and regular standing. At her own request, she is dismissed from this Church and recommended to any evangelical Church in Lynn.

When received there her particular connection with us will cease.

THEODORE C. PRATT,
Pastor Cong'l Church, Tilton, N. H.

In 1894 her students and adherents erected a beautiful church edifice, corner of Norway and Falmouth streets, in the fashionable Back Bay district of Boston, at a cost of over two hundred thousand dollars, as a testimonial to Mrs. Eddy, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science. In the year 1895 they made her pastor emeritus of this church. She donated the ground on which this edifice stands, valued at \$40,000.

After this fine building was completed, the Christian Science board of directors, in behalf of the church, presented to Mrs. Eddy their superb edifice, but she gratefully declined to accept the gift!

It was the intention of her church to receive her formally on her first visit to Boston after the cathedral was finished, and, in grand procession, with chiming of bells, to escort her to the church. Suspecting their purpose, she went quietly and unexpectedly to Boston, accompanied by two of her students, and while they remained in the vestibule, entered the auditorium, passed to the platform, and, kneeling, bowed her head upon the steps in silent prayer. Mrs. Eddy uniformly and emphatically rebukes man-worship; discouraging in every instance the genuine outbursts of homage that her grateful students would lavish upon her.

Under various pen names, in her

earlier years, she wrote much for the press and for the leading magazines, both in the North and South. At the commencement of our Civil War Mrs. Eddy delivered a lecture on "North and South," at the Colby University, Waterville, Me., that Professor Sheldon highly complimented through the press. Recently the president of that institution, Rev. Nathaniel Butler, in a lecture delivered in Boston, said, "It may be that the Christian Scientists are working out a great fundamental truth for us."

In 1843 she was united in marriage to Col. George W. Glover of Charleston, S. C., and after his death to Dr. Asa G. Eddy, of Chelsea, Mass., who died in 1882.

Early in life Mrs. Eddy became actively interested in many religious and social organizations and movements. She is now a life member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Boston, Mass.; the Society for the Prevention of Vice, New York; the Victoria Institute, London, England; and a life member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. One of the distinguished members of the D. A. R. recently presented her with the insignia of this society in diamonds and a large ruby, a badge said to be even more costly and beautiful than that of their president, the late Mrs. Harrison, wife of President Harrison.

Prior to her discovery of her system of Metaphysical Healing, Mrs. Eddy had studied and experimented in curing disease by the homœopathic system. She continued this practice for several years, but never received a diploma as she refused to face the horrors of the dissecting-room; and

¹ At her last marriage she dropped the initial "M," and retained her maiden name.

at that time no woman had been admitted to a medical society or to the practice of medicine. Mrs. Eddy was never at any time, as has been asserted by persons desiring to misrepresent her, a student of the late magnetic doctor, P. P. Quimby, but has expressed both publicly and privately her absolute disapproval of magnetic practice. She knew nothing of Christian Science at the time of his death, as her discovery was not made until some time thereafter.

In 1867 Mrs. Eddy began teaching her first student in Christian Science Mind healing. In 1881 she opened and became president of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College in Boston, where she personally taught upward of four thousand students. In 1876 she founded and became president of the first Christian Scientist association, and subsequently of the National Christian Scientist association. She established in 1883 the *Christian Science Journal*, a monthly magazine devoted to Christian Science topics, and for several years was its proprietor and editor. She is the author of a number of books pertaining to Christian Science, among which we mention, in addition to the denominational text-book above referred to,—“Retrospection and Introspection” (1891); “Unity of Good and Unreality of Evil” (1887); “People’s Idea of God” (1886); “Christian Healing” (1886); “Rudimental Divine Science” (1891); “No and Yes” (1891); “Christ and Christmas,” a poem, illustrated (1893); “Pulpit and Press” (1895); and a “Church Manual of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.” (1895).

Mrs. Eddy is also author of the

tenets of the churches of this denomination, which are as follows:

1. As adherents of Truth, we take the Scriptures for our guide to Eternal Life.
2. We acknowledge and adore one Supreme God. We acknowledge His Son, and the Holy Ghost, and man as the divine image and likeness.
3. We acknowledge God’s forgiveness of sin in the destruction of sin, and that sin and suffering are not eternal.
4. We acknowledge the atonement as the efficacy, and evidence of divine Love, of man’s unity with God, and the great merits of the Way-shower.
5. We acknowledge the way of salvation demonstrated by Jesus to be the power of Truth over all error, sin, sickness, and death; and the resurrection of human faith and understanding to seize the great possibilities and living energies of divine Life.
6. We solemnly promise to strive, watch, and pray for that Mind to be in us which was also in Jesus Christ, to love one another, and to be meek, merciful, just and pure.¹

In 1878 Mrs. Eddy accepted a call to the Baptist Tabernacle pulpit, Boston. She preached with great success to crowded houses and remained with them until her own church was organized.

INCIDENTS IN MRS. EDDY’S LIFE.

About the year 1870, before Mr. Charles Slade’s door in Chelsea, Mass., there stopped an emaciated, pale-faced cripple, strapped to crutches. His elbows were stiff, and lower limbs so contracted his feet touched not the ground. Mrs. Eddy was there, and gave him some scrip.

A few weeks thereafter, sitting in her carriage, Mrs. Slade noticed a smart-looking man, having that same face, vending some wares on the grounds where General Butler held parade. She drove to where he stood. Their gaze met, and simultaneously they exclaimed, “Are you that man?” and “Where is that

¹ These tenets are copyrighted, but are here published by permission of the author.

woman?" Then followed the explanation, he narrating that after leaving her house he hobbled to the next door, and was given permission to enter and lie down. In about an hour he revived, and found his arms and limbs loosed—he could stand erect and walk naturally. All pain, stiffness, and contraction were gone, and he added, "I am now a well man, and I am that man."

Mrs. Slade then answered his question as to "that" woman, and afterwards narrated to Mrs. Eddy the circumstances connected with his recovery, but not until she had inquired of her, If she thought that terrible-looking cripple, whom they both saw, was healed? To which Mrs. Eddy quickly answered, "I do believe that he was restored to health." Later, on being asked by her students as to how she healed him, Mrs. Eddy simply said,—“When I looked on that man, my heart gushed with unspeakable pity and prayer. After that, he passed out of my thought until being informed by Mrs. Slade of his sudden restoration.”

About the year 1867, as Mrs. Eddy sat alone at her quiet occupation in an outside room opening on a garden and porch, the door was suddenly burst open, and an escaped maniac dashed into the room. Her quiet, truthful gaze momentarily met his wild glare; then he fiercely seized a chair to hurl at her head. She spoke to him; he dropped the chair, approached her, and, pointing upward, exclaimed, "Are you from there?" The next moment he was kneeling before her with his head pressed hard into his hands. She uttered not a word; but those of our readers who are Christian Scientists can appre-

hend a little of her inspiration at that moment. Soon the poor maniac gave a deep groan, then he looked up into her face with a new wildness—the astonishment of sanity—and breathed out, "that terrible weight has gone off the top of my head."

"Yes," she answered, figuratively, "I have anointed you with the oil of gladness." Some conversation followed, in the course of which she learned that he was talented and scholarly, the beloved son of a cultured and wealthy family residing on Beacon street, Boston. He left the house clothed in his right mind.

Several years after, in the midst of pressing work, there was announced a caller to whom she felt obliged to return the request to call again. On the receipt of this message from the attendant, the gentleman hesitated a moment, then requested her to ask Mrs. Eddy if she remembered the foregoing incident, and to say, as he was simply passing through the place on his way to a distant city, and had an hour to spare, he had come to tell her of that maniac, if she would like to hear about him. This summons brought her to the parlors. And to the fine-looking gentleman who stood before her she expressed heartfelt interest in the case which he had come to report. His reply was, "I am that man"; and she recognized her "callers" to be identical.

"And now," concluded he, "I am a married man, and instead of a shattered family, with husband and father in the insane asylum the best years of his life, when most needed by his loved ones, we are all together, useful, happy, and our children are being educated as they should be."

No woman has more real friends

than Mrs. Eddy, and perhaps no character is held in higher estimation in the nineteenth century. As her biographer, we deem it safe to say that, judging of the future by the past, this estimation will increase in proportion as her character and life work are understood.

"Such is the tale of one of the thousands of lives that have come, either directly or indirectly, in contact with this our Mother, as we endearingly term her, inasmuch as she has been the one in this century to show us the true nature and present possibility of Christ healing the sick. Thus has she turned everywhere to the sick, the desolate, the anguished, and comforted those who were of no use to themselves or to any one else."

When a little girl of seven years, she would steal out of doors on a cold November evening and cuddle down by the pen where her father's hogs were squealing, to sing them to sleep. Did not this unselfishness foreshadow her future life work?

In addition to her beautiful home on the outskirts of Concord, she owns a fine residence on Commonwealth avenue, Boston, and a fine estate with ornamental grounds at Roslindale, near Boston. In answer to the inquiry of an official, if she was a millionaire, she replied, "No; I will never own one million's worth of property while so many others are poor! I could have been worth many millions of money,—my college alone was an annual income of \$40,000,—but I manage to give away enough to balance my account with conscience."

She is an exceedingly busy person, standing as she does at the head of the movement founded by her, which has now reached such vast propor-

tions that it may be said to be a great army of teachers, healers, and students, extending to every part of this country and many places in Europe. To have charge of such an army and carry on with it a vast personal correspondence involves almost incalculable labor, patience, and wisdom. With the zeal and devotion of one committed wholly to a great and holy work, she gave up society, and stands faithfully and unflinchingly at her post. Her neighbors, passing by her quiet and peaceful retreat, little dream of the amount of work going on there.

She has many friends yearning to see her. Her secretary receives letters from strangers in California and Europe, asking him to let them know at what date Mrs. Eddy will speak to her church in Boston. But generally she declines to name the time, and repeats this Scripture,—
"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

Mrs. Eddy writes,—
"It has always been a cardinal point of my teaching that students shall never, under any circumstances, mentally trespass upon the rights or thoughts of another. But they shall pursue their mental ministrations very sacredly. They shall never touch the human thought save to issues of truth; never to take away rights, but only to aid in removing the wrongs of mankind. Otherwise, they diminish if not destroy their ability to heal in Christian Science." She teaches them also to avoid mesmerism, mind cure, spiritualism, hypnotism, theosophy, occultism, and all other systems based upon the theory that one human mind can or should control another human mind. She points them to God as

the one controlling Mind, and only as they are obedient to Him, and reflect the Christ character are they true Christian Scientists.

"In her system of therapeutics she classifies disease as mental, in the sense that, while disease is indeed real and painful, as long as mind assents to it, yet through a sufficient understanding and realization of the all-presence and all-power of the Divine Mind, it can be overcome. And the fact that it can be overcome through Mind alone, as thousands of Christian Scientists are daily demonstrating, is the evidence of its mental origin."

The number of Mrs. Eddy's adherents is variously estimated at this date from three to four hundred thousand, but no attempt at statistics has yet been made. There are about four hundred churches and societies holding regular Sunday services, one hundred and thirty of which are chartered; thirty chartered Christian Science institutes for the teaching of Christian Science and healing of disease (these latter located in the larger cities); and a large number of reading-rooms for the dissemination of Christian Science literature, etc. The total membership of the "Mother Church" in Boston is 6,000 at the present time and rapidly increasing. The entire movement continues to make fast headway, and its influence for good is largely felt.

Mrs. Eddy communicates the following interesting letter from a college classmate of her brother:

EX-GOVERNOR MOODY CURRIER.

She writes,—“Out of the large correspondence commending my labors,

I present to my biographer the inclosed letter from one of New Hampshire's noblest sons—ex-Gov. Moody Currier. It has the special merit of being free from preconceived views; it breathes the inborn strength of our Granite state; it kindles anew the fires of religious freedom, lighting an illustrious life, and lifting the shadows of over three-score years and ten.”

MANCHESTER, N. H., August 17, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. EDDY: Some days since, I had the pleasure of receiving by express two nice volumes, containing your card, showing that I am indebted to you for the very welcome present, for which I most heartily thank you. From a hasty examination I am sure I shall receive much satisfaction in their further perusal and study.

It gives me great pleasure to find your system so free from mystical creeds and theological dogmas. Every theory of philosophy or religion, in order to stand the scientific criticism of the present day, must be founded upon the eternal laws of God. The original method of your teachings reminds me very forcibly of the characteristic manner of your lamented brother, Albert, who thoroughly despised every appearance of sham and pretence in the pretended teachers of mankind.

I wish to congratulate you upon the broad and independent foundation on which you are now building your great work, and trust that your fame and renown may last as long as the principles you teach.

Very sincerely yours,

MOODY CURRIER.

MRS. EDDY UNFOLDS CHRISTIAN
SCIENCE.

At the request of the editor of this popular magazine, I have written for its columns this bit on the subject of my doctrine:¹

Christian Science begins with the first commandment of the Hebrew Decalogue, “Thou shalt have no other gods before me.” It goes on in perfect unity with Christ's Sermon on the Mount, and in that age culminates in the Revelation of St. John,

¹ Copyrighted, 1896.

who, while on earth and in the flesh, like ourselves, beheld "a new heaven and a new earth,"—the spiritual universe, whereof Christian Science now bears testimony.

Our Master said, "The works that I do ye shall do also," and "The kingdom of God is within you." This makes practical all His words and works. As the ages advance in spirituality, Christian Science will be seen to depart from the trend of other Christian denominations in nowise, except by increase of spirituality.

My first plank in the platform of Christian Science is as follows: "There is no life, truth, substance, or intelligence in matter. All is infinite Mind and its infinite manifestation, for God is All in all. Spirit is immortal Truth; matter is mortal error. Spirit is the real and eternal; matter is the unreal and temporal. Spirit is God, and man is His image and likeness; hence man is spiritual, and not material."

I am a strict Theist—believe in one God, and one Christ or Messiah.

Science is neither a law of matter nor of man. It is the unerring manifesto of Mind, the law of God being its divine Principle. Who dare say that matter or mortals can evolve Science? Whence, then, is it, if not from the divine Source and the contemporary of Christianity, so far in advance of human knowledge that mortals must work for the discovery of even a portion of it? Science translates Mind, God, to mortals. It is the infinite calculus defining the line, plane, space, and fourth dimension of Spirit. It absolutely refutes the amalgamation, transmigration, absorption, or annihilation of individuality. It shows the impossibility

of transmitting human ills, or evil, from one individual to another,—that all true thoughts revolve in their own orbits—they come from God and return to Him; and untruths belong not to His creation, therefore, they are null and void. Christian Science has no peer, no competitor, for it dwelleth in Him besides whom "there is none other."

That Christian Science is Christian, those who have demonstrated it according to the rules of its divine Principle, together with the sick, the lame, the deaf, and blind healed by it, have proven to a waiting world. He who has not tested it is incompetent to condemn it, and he who is a willing sinner cannot demonstrate it.

A falling apple suggested to Newton more than the simple fact cognized by the senses, to which it seemed to fall by reason of its own ponderosity; but the primal cause, or Mind-force, invisible to material sense, lay concealed in the treasure-troves of Science. True, Newton named it gravitation, having learned so much; but Science, demanding more, pushes the question, Whence or what is the power back of gravitation,—the Intelligence that manifests power? Is pantheism true? Does mind "sleep in the mineral, or dream in the animal, and wake in man?" Christianity answers this question. The prophets, Jesus, and the apostles, demonstrated a divine Intelligence that subordinates so-called material laws; and disease, death, winds, and waves obey this Intelligence. Was it Mind or matter that spake in creation, "and it was done"? The answer is self-evident, and the command remains, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me."

What is the *Me* spoken of in the first commandment? It must be Mind, for matter is not the Christian's God, and is not intelligent. Matter cannot even talk, and the serpent, Satan, the first talker in its behalf, lied! Reason and revelation declare that God is both noumena and phenomena—the first and only Cause. The universe, including man, is not a result of atomic action, material force, or energy; it is not organized dust. God, Spirit, Mind, are terms synonymous for the one God, whose reflection is creation. All must be Mind and Mind's ideas; since, according to natural science, God, Spirit, could not change its species and evolve matter.

These facts enjoin the first commandment, and knowledge of them makes man spiritually minded. St. Paul writes, "For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." This knowledge came to me in an hour of great need; and I give it to you as death-bed testimony to the day star that dawned on the night of material sense. This knowledge is practical, for it wrought my immediate recovery from an injury caused by an accident, and pronounced fatal by the physicians. On the third day thereafter I called for my Bible, and opened it at Matthew ix: 2. As I read, the healing Truth dawned upon my sense, and the result was that I rose, dressed myself, and ever after was in better health than I before enjoyed. That short experience included a glimpse of the great fact I have since tried to make plain to others, namely, Life in and of Spirit, this Life being the sole reality of existence. I learned that mortal

thought evolves a subjective state which it names *matter*, thereby shutting out the true sense of Spirit. Per contra, Mind and man are immortal; and knowledge gained from mortal sense is illusion, error, the opposite of Truth,—therefore it cannot be true. A knowledge of *both* good and evil (when good is God, and God is all) is impossible. Speaking of the origin of evil, the Master said, "When he speaketh a lie he speaketh of his own; for he is a liar, and the father of it." God warned man not to believe the talking serpent, or rather the allegory describing it. The Nazarene prophet declared that his followers should handle serpents; that is, put down all subtle falsities or illusions, and thus destroy any supposed effect arising from false claims exercising their supposed power on the mind and body of man, against his holiness and health.

That there is but one God or Life, one Cause, and one effect, is the *multum in parvo* of Christian Science; and to my understanding it is the heart of Christianity, the religion that Jesus taught and demonstrated. In Divine Science it is found that matter is a phase of error, and that neither really exists, since God is Truth, and All in all. Christ's Sermon on the Mount, in its direct application to human needs, confirms this conclusion.

Science, understood, translates matter into Mind, rejects all other theories of causation, restores the spiritual and original meaning of the Scriptures, and explains the teachings and life of our Lord. It is religion's "new tongue," with "signs following," spoken of by St. Mark. It gives God's infinite meaning to

mankind, healing the sick, casting out evil, and raising the spiritually dead. Christianity is Christlike only as it reiterates the Word, repeats the works, and manifests the spirit of Christ.

Jesus' only medicine was omnipotent and omniscient Mind. As *omni* is from the Latin word meaning *all*, this medicine is all-power, and omniscience means as well, all-science. The sick are more deplorably situated than the sinful, if the sick cannot trust God for help, and the sinful can. If God created drugs good, they are not poisonous; if He could create them bad, then they should never be used; and if He created drugs for medical purposes, why did Jesus not employ them and recommend them to the sick?

No human hypotheses, whether in philosophy, medicine, or religion, can survive the wreck of time; but whatever is of God hath life abiding in it, and ultimately will be known as self-evident truth, as demonstrable as mathematics. Each successive period of progress is a period more humane and spiritual. The only logical conclusion is that all is Mind and its manifestation, from the rolling of worlds in the most subtle ether, to a potato-patch.

The agriculturist ponders the history of a seed, and believes that his crops come from the seedling and the loam, even when the Scripture declares, "He made every plant of the field before it was in the earth." The scientist asks, Whence came the first seed, and what made the soil? Was it molecules, or material atoms? Whence came the infinitesimals, from infinite Mind or from matter? If from matter, how did matter origi-

nate? Was it self-existent? Matter is not intelligent, and thus able to evolve or create itself. It is the very opposite of Spirit, or intelligent, self-creative, and infinite Mind. The belief of mind in matter is Pantheism. Natural history shows that neither a genus nor species produces its opposite. God is All in all. What can be more than All? Nothing; and this is just what I call matter, *nothing*. Spirit, God, has no antecedent; and God's subsequent is the spiritual cosmos. The phrase, "express image," in the common version of Hebrews ii: 3, is, in the Greek Testament, *character*.

The Scriptures name God as good, and the Saxon term for God is also Good. From this premise comes the logical conclusion that God is naturally and divinely infinite Good. How, then, can this conclusion change, or be changed, to mean that Good is evil, or the creator of evil? What can there be besides Infinity? Nothing! Therefore the Science of Good calls evil *nothing*. In Divine Science the term 'God, Good, as Spirit are synonymous. That God, Good, creates evil, or aught that can result in evil,—or that Spirit creates its opposite, named matter,—are conclusions that destroy their premise, and prove themselves invalid. Here is where Christian Science sticks to its text; and other systems of religion abandon their own logic. Here also is found the pith of the basal statement, the cardinal point in Christian Science, that matter and evil (including all inharmony, sin, disease, death) are *unreal*. Mortals accept natural science, wherein no species ever produces its opposite. Then why not accept

Divine Science on this ground? Since the Scriptures maintain this fact by parable and proof, asking, "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?"

According to reason and revelation, evil and matter are negation, for evil signifies the absence of Good, God, though God is ever present, and matter claims something besides God, when God is really *All*. Creation, evolution, or manifestation,—being in and of Spirit, Mind, and all that really is—they must be spiritual and mental. This is Science, and is susceptible of proof.

But, say you, is a stone spiritual? To erring material sense, No! but to unerring spiritual sense it is a manifestation of Mind, a type of spiritual Substance, "the substance of things hoped for." Mortals can know a stone as substance, only by first admitting that it is substantial. Take away the mortal *sense* of substance, and the stone itself would disappear, only to reappear in the spiritual sense thereof. Matter can neither see, hear, feel, taste, nor smell, having no sensation of its own. Perception by the five personal senses is mental, and dependent on the beliefs that mortals entertain. Destroy the belief that you can walk, and volition ceases, for muscles cannot move without Mind. Matter takes no cognizance of matter. In dreams things are only what mortal mind makes them; and the phenomena of mortal life are as dreams; and this so-called life is a dream, soon told. In proportion as mortals turn from this mortal and material dream to the true sense of reality, everlasting Life will be

found to be the only Life. That death does not destroy the beliefs of the flesh, our Master proved to His doubting disciple, Thomas. Also he demonstrated that Divine Science alone can overbear materiality and mortality, and this great truth was shown by his ascension *after* death, whereby he rose above the illusion of matter.

The first commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me," suggests the inquiry, What meaneth this *Me*, Spirit or matter? It certainly does not signify a graven idol, and must mean Spirit. Then the commandment means: "Thou shalt recognize no Intelligence or Life in matter; and find neither pleasure nor pain therein. The Master's practical knowledge of this grand verity, together with His divine Love, healed the sick and raised the dead. He literally annulled the claims of physique and of physical law, by the superiority of the higher law; hence His declaration: "These signs shall follow *them* that believe . . . if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them. They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

Do you believe His words? I do, and that His promise was perpetual. Had it been applicable only to His immediate disciples, the pronoun would be *you*, not *they*. The purpose of his life-work touches universal humanity. At another time he prayed, not for the twelve only, but "for as many as shall believe through their word."

The Christ-healing was practised, even before the Christian era: "The Word was with God, and the Word was God." There is, however, no analogy between Christian Science

and spiritualism, or any speculative theory.

In 1867, I taught the first student in Christian Science. Since that date I have known of but fourteen deaths in the ranks of my about five thousand students. The census since 1875 (the date of the first publication of my work, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures") shows that longevity has *increased*. Daily letters inform me that a perusal of my volume is healing the writers of chronic and acute diseases that had defied medical skill.

Surely, the people of the Occident know that esoteric magic and Oriental barbarisms will neither flavor Christianity, nor advance health and length of days.

Miracles are no infraction of God's laws; on the contrary, they fulfill them; for they are the signs following Christianity, whereby matter is proven powerless, and subordinate to Mind. Christians, like students in mathematics, should be working up to those higher rules of Life which Jesus taught and proved. Do we really understand the Divine Principle of Christianity before we prove it, in at least, some feeble demonstration thereof, according to Jesus' example in healing the sick? Should we adopt the simple addition in Christian Science, and doubt its higher rules, or despair of ultimately reaching them, even though failing at first

to demonstrate all the possibilities of Christianity?

St. John spiritually discerned and revealed the sum total of transcendentalism. He saw the real earth and heaven. They were spiritual, not material; and they were without pain, sin, or death. Death was not the door to this heaven. The gates thereof he declared inlaid with pearl,—likening them to the priceless understanding of man's real existence to be recognized here and now.

The great Wayshower illustrated Life unconfined, uncontaminated, untrammelled by matter. He proved the superiority of Mind over the flesh, opened the door to the captive, and enabled man to demonstrate the law of Life, which St. Paul declares "hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

The stale saying that Christian Science "is neither Christian nor science," is to-day the fossil of wisdomless wit, weakness, and superstition. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

Take courage, dear reader, for any seeming mysticism around realism is explained in the Scripture,—“there went up a mist from the earth,” [matter]; and the mist of materialism will vanish, as we approach spirituality, the realm of reality, cleanse our lives in Christ's righteousness, bathe in the baptism of Spirit, and awake in His likeness.



HEMLOCK.

By Fred Lewis Pattee.

KING OF THE LAKELANDS.

Know you the northern hemlock in his home?
He is the wildest creature of the woods;
Behold his shaggy form as vast he stands
Upon the crag or by the nameless lake.
His squamous bole, his branches lithe and long,
His mighty front, his rugged, rumpled mane,—
Behold him all untamed. There's not a line
But whispers of the lakelands of the north,
The trackless swamps, and mossy solitudes,
Where man is but a wonder and a dream.

THE STORM-WRESTLER.

Behold him as he fights the winter storm;
He knows his strength, and like a king he stands,
With arms of steel and feet upon the rock;
He glories in the blast, and fiercely roars
His challenge to the tempest and the night.
What man can hear, without a throbbing heart,
A mighty hemlock in the dead of night
Fight all alone the legions of the storm,—
Beat off, as does the granite crag the sea,
The furious squadrons, spurred with hail and hate,
That pour impetuous from the boreal lands?

THE SNOW-BEARER.

And when the blast is o'er, when quiet steals
Upon the woods, and from the low, gray cloud
The snow floats softly down, and all is hushed,
And twilight in the forest comes at noon,
The hemlock spreads his branches to the snow,
And like a giant stands beneath his load,
Nor shirks to bear it, be it mountain high.

THE HEART OF THE SOLITUDES.

A glorious tree — I love him as I love
No other creature of the northern wilds,
For is he not the very heart and soul
Of those deep solitudes, free-aired and vast,
Where Mother Nature keeps my heart for me?
You cannot find the hemlock in the field
Or where the wheel or spade of delving man
Has torn the leaf mould from his fibrous root;
Struck by the axe, be it a single blow,
He pines and dies. Know you this tree?
Then you have known the lakelands of the north,
And Mother Nature holds your soul in fee.

MOST SPIRITUAL OF TREES.

A strong, sad tree. He is the priest of trees.
Who loves the hemlock oft will steal away
In pensive mood to sigh and fear and dream.
The voice of primal woods is seldom gay,
For mystery and half-dreamed tragedy
Forever haunt the deeper solitudes.
The hemlock's song is oft a threnody.
He wears the somber robe, and oft he sighs,
But he is pure,—most spiritual of trees,
He leaves no ashes in the woodsman's fire,
But springs into the sky from whence he came.


BROTHER OF MY SOUL.

O northern hemlock, brother of my soul,
O truest type of those dark woods I love,
If I can catch a single fleeting breath
Of those wild airs that whisper in thy boughs,
If I can bring into my lawless songs
A tithe of all the wildness in thy soul,
My songs will live and stir the hearts of men.



AUNT BETSY'S THANK-OFFERING.

By Mary Jenks Page.

OME up an' set down, child. I'm powerful glad ter see ye. I declare, I 'a'n't laid eyes on ye fer nigh on ter a week. Big goin's on up t'he house, I s'pose?"

"Oh dear, yes!" I answered, dolorously. "The wedding is to be on Thursday, and everything is in such confusion! I could n't stand it another minute, so I ran down here to you. I'm tired and cross, and it breaks my heart to think of losing Mildred."

Here I choked in spite of myself, and two big tears started on a voyage of discovery down my cheeks. In a minute Aunt Betsy's arms were around me, and notwithstanding my sixteen years, I was drawn on to her broad, comfortable lap, while a big white handkerchief, with a faint scent of lavender in its folds, moved softly over my face in pursuit of the vagrant drops.

"There, there, honey! I would n't cry 'bout it," said a voice as soothing and motherly as the lap was commodious and inviting. "Ye'll only end in feelin' wus 'an ever. 'T'a'n't near so bad 's it might be, for Mildred seems dretful happy. I've seen Mr. Rogers a good many times off an' on, an' he looks ter be a re'l likely young man. Leastways, that wus my 'pinion uv him at fust, an' I a'n't had no call ter change it sence."

"That 's the trouble," I said, in a despondent tone. "He's too 'likely.' If he was n't, there would be some use in objecting to his having Mildred." Then, as a sense of my wrongs came over me afresh, I added savagely,—“I do detest 'likely' young men, who come poking round making the only sister you have fall in love with them. I'd like to—to—bite him!"

A second pair of tears were making ready to follow their fellows into the undiscovered country of my physiognomy, when their career was suddenly checked by an emphatic hug of the big arms that encircled me, and again the lavender-scented handkerchief touched my eyes, as Aunt Betsy said, with a cheery laugh,—

"Law sakes, child! Ye won't allers be havin' so unfav'ble a view o' t' other sex; though I must say, as my own 'sperience an' obs'vation has led me ter b'lieve, there's heaps o' poor critters 'mongst 'em. But there, we wimmen a'n't some on us no better 'n we should be, an' I guess we can 'ford ter be gen'rous, seein' as how men is by natur' gen'ally more onstable an' more lackin' in re'l grit than wimmen."

I smiled involuntarily at Aunt Betsy's revolutionary sentiment, and at the characteristic transition from censure to apologetic sympathy. Was there anything that her mantle of charity would not cover, now

that it had proved itself sufficiently elastic to drape gracefully the shortcomings of "t' other sex"?

Back and forth swayed the chair with its double burden, and a little two-syllable creak in its left rocker seemed to be repeating, "Cheer up! cheer up!" While I was wondering if it would be proper to succumb so soon to this atmosphere of genial sympathy and begin to look comforted, I found myself deposited on the porch floor, with the rocking-chair at my side plunging violently to and fro under the impetus of Aunt Betsy's hasty exit.

"Land sakes, child, I 'most forgot them pease!"

"What pease?" I asked, startled into temporary interest by her manner. I regretted this instantly, for in some book that I had found behind the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* on the lowest library shelves, I had learned that crushing grief indulged in by a heroine is always shown by a dense obliviousness to the concerns of other people. To be momentarily animated by pease! Dreadful! Only one thing could have been worse,—beans!

"Why, Caleb's breakfast dish, to be sure," rejoined Aunt Betsy, in a sort of uselessly explanatory tone, as if the entire community were expected to know of her husband's unholy predilection for fresh pease at 5:30 in the morning. "I must go right straight to the garden an' git 'em 'fore it gits any darker, or I sha' n't be able ter see the pods. I won't be gone more 'n a matter 'f a few minutes, dearie. Ye jest set up here 'n my old chair, an' I 'll be back with a mess in less 'an no time."

I rose to go with her, but she gently pushed me down with,—

"No, no! The vines has growed too rank, an' the path 's half covered with 'em. The dew 's fell some a'ready, an' ye 'll drabble them pretty skirts. Now ye jest set quiet."

I submitted, and Aunt Betsy's portly form disappeared within the little brown house, presently to emerge with a tin pan, whose scoured surface would have done credit to a Sapolio advertisement.

Aunt Betsy is not my real aunt, of course. You could tell that by her grammar, and the way she leaves off her "g's" when she speaks. I think good grammar runs in families, and said so once to father, but he said it was much more likely to run out of families. You see he had heard my brother Roy say "those sort of people" the day before, and it troubled him a good deal. It was bad, I admit, but Roy is only fourteen, and when he grows older he will become more used, grammatically, to those sort,—I mean that sort, of expressions. I find it unsafe even to quote bad grammar. It almost makes one make mistakes one's self.

As I said, Aunt Betsy is not my real aunt. It happened this way:

Our family has always lived in the big stone house, the one with the towers, on the eastern side of the river; and long ago, when Mildred was a little child three years old (she is twenty-one now), mamma was taken ill. It was winter-time, and they could n't find a good nurse, until father heard of a Mrs. Carey, who lived at Gayville, a dreary little village about twenty miles away. I never knew why it was given that name, unless the lively sound compensated in a way for the general desolation of the place.

Father started for Gayville at once, and when he found Mrs. Carey he represented the state of affairs at home as so frightful that she got one of her neighbors to promise to "feed Caleb," her husband, and came right back with him. Really it was not half as bad as he said; but things have a way of looking big to father.

Mrs. Carey proved to be what people call a "born nurse," and mamma grew so fond of her that she could n't bear to have her go back to Gayville. It was finally arranged that her husband should come down, and that they should live in a little brown house that father owns close to the river, so Mrs. Carey might be near mamma in case of an emergency.

I was the first emergency myself, three years later, and Mrs. Carey—they all called her "Aunt Betsy" by that time—was with us a good deal during my babyhood, and for a while after Roy was born, which happened when I was two years old. All my life she has lived with us, or so near us that she seems like a member of the family—except her grammar.

We all loved the dear, faithful old soul, and she in turn was devoted to the children she had helped into the world, and had petted and spoiled ever since. So in my wretchedness at the thought of losing my beautiful sister, I naturally turned to Aunt Betsy for the homely comfort she was always more than ready to give.

Down in the garden I could hear the pea-pods dropping into the pan. I looked over the river toward the west. Near the horizon of tall fir-tree tops lay dark gray cloud-banks, whose outlines melted away into the lighter, softer gray of the upper sky. Here and there rifts in the clouds

showed gleaming bands of red and orange and gold.

As I watched the picture, it began dimly to dawn upon me that possibly I, too, might find some brightness in my own gray clouds, if I chose to look for it; and then for the first time I began to realize what a shadow my gloomy face must have cast over Mildred's wedding preparations, when I might have added so much to the joy of them. Then the storm began to clear away, and by the time Aunt Betsy came laboring up the path with her "mess" of shining pods, I was ready to fly to meet her, catch the pan from her, and rush back to the porch, where I was industriously shelling the pease, when she came up panting and dropped into the rocking-chair.

"Why, honey, how chirk ye seem! I'm glad ye 've come ter look at the bright side uv things. It's a powerful sight better way uv doin', ter my thinkin'."

I answered with a smile, and began a detailed account of the "goin's on up t'he house" for Aunt Betsy's benefit. When I had finished, she said, with a funny light in her old eyes,—*"I'm right glad Mildred seems more settled in her mind than I was once."*

"Why, Aunt Betsy," I said, "I can't imagine you unsettled, of all persons."

"Well, folks do n't allers show by their exter'rs the workin's o' their in'ards," she answered,—and I couldn't help thinking it was a fortunate provision of Providence that they did n't.

Just at this minute our attention was called to a commotion in the barn-yard, that lay a little to the left

of the garden. Aunt Betsy grew excited at once. "I do b'lieve Caleb 's havin' trouble with that cow agin!" And sure enough, as she spoke, the animal leaped over the barn-yard wall. Around her neck she wore a wooden "poke," which indicated acrobatic proclivities. As she struck the ground, the long end of the "poke" stuck in the soft earth, and the resulting shock caused "that cow" to lose her balance and roll over into the outlying row of potato-vines. Aunt Betsy, viewing with alarm the prospective destruction of her favorite "Early Rose," shrieked for Uncle Caleb, who arrived breathless upon the scene, and took the astonished beast into custody just as she had regained her feet and was prepared for an extensive promenade through the tempting garden-plot.

Aunt Betsy sank back in her chair with a sigh of relief.

"'F all critters I ever did see, that cow is the tryin'est. Caleb a'n't so spry 's he us' ter be, an' can't depend on his wind now when it comes ter chasin'; an' as fer me,"—here Aunt Betsy cast a withering glance at her own generous dimensions,—"the critters might eat up every bit o' garden-sass, re'l delib'rit', 'fore I'd be able ter git at 'em."

"Why do you keep such a cow?" I asked. "It may not be the same one, but ever since I was a little girl you have had a cow that jumped fences, and had to wear one of those big wooden things."

"Well, ye see it's kind uv a matter o' conscience." Aunt Betsy spoke hesitatingly. "It's all concerned with that time when I did n't know my mind. P'r'aps while we're shellin' the pease, I might tell ye

'bout it, though I don't know re'lly 's I ought'er. Ye 'r pretty young ter hear o' sich goin's on."

I hastened to reassure her on that point, and at last she yielded.

"'T was when we lived up ter Ebenston. 'T wa'n't a very large village, an' we wus a little out uv the town proper, too. I rec'lect it so well. Our house wus painted white, with re'l tasty blue blinds. There wa' n't much land ter the place, not more'n a matter o' twenty acres or so. In one corner uv the gardin wus a little buryin'-ground fenced off. 'T wa' n't none o' our folks as wus laid there, but they b'longed ter the fam'ly that had the place afore us. Ye see they wus dretful high steppin' folks, an' seemed ter think an ord'nary public graveyard wa' n't good 'nough fer their fam'ly remains, so they had 'em fenced in there. It made me kinder crawl ter look at the place when we fust moved in, but I got us' t' it. Howsomever, there wus a tree o' re'l tart early apples that had growed up out o' one uv the graves, but I never could be brought ter eat one on 'em; an' whenever we had a pie made out o' them apples, I could us' ter see 'Sacred ter the mem'ry uv Aminadab Evans' writ acrost the upper crust 's plain 's Belshaz'r see the hand-writin' on the wall. I felt 's if the fam'ly wus kinder like can'bles, a-suckin' the life-blood uv Aminadab. 'T wa' n't strange I could n't stomick them pies, feelin' 's I did.

"Well, we'd lived ter Ebenston a good spell, an' knowed 'most every one 'bout there. 'T wus a re'l lively sort 'f a place. We us' ter hev quiltin' parties an' candy-pulls; an' what with sleigh-rides an' spellin'-matches

in the winter, there wa' n't no chance to git dull. But the thing we young folks set most store by wus the church soci'ble. It come once in two weeks, an' there wus a high time, ye'd better b'lieve. Ye would n't think it ter see me now, but when I wus nineteen or there'bouts, I wus pretty likely, an' the boys they did set after me a sight. I could 'a' had my pick on 'em then."

A faint blush stole over Aunt Betsy's fat cheeks, and she stopped speaking for a minute to feast upon the memory of past triumphs.

"Well, 't wus the night we wus up ter Deacon Skinner's that I fust saw his nephew, Tracy Skinner. We wus playin' 'Post-office'—ye know what that is, I s'pose?"

I discreetly replied that I had heard of it.

"The girl that kep' the door, as they called it, told me I had a letter. That meant, uv course, that I must go inter the entry an' kiss the boy I happened ter find there. Now I never 'proved uv kissin' games, an' had said 'No' so many times that the boys an' girls got kinder offish, an' calc'lated I wus a little stuck up 'long o' livin' in a house with blue blinds. But, somehow, it allers seemed ter me that a woman's lips oughter be kep' kinder sacred like fur people she cared some fer, an' not passed 'round promisc'us ter everybody. An' I could n't help thinkin', young 's I wus, that some pretty square dancin' ter old Jim Downs's fiddle would 'a' been a sight less hurtful. But, law sakes! folks can't never seem ter see that there 's dancin' an' dancin', an' if 'ts taken right it 's in'cent 's rollin' hoop. I remember sayin' ter Deacon Skinner, when

they wus havin' a church ent'tainment, an' the children wus singin' their little songs an' dancin' 's pretty as could be,—'Deacon,' says I, 'what do yer think o' this havin' dancin' fer ter raise money fer the church?' An' he turned on me re'l quick, an' says he, satisfied like,—'Oh, they call this trippin'.' 'Well,' says I, 'they may call it trippin', but them children 's taking their steps mighty well;' an' he looked re'l vexed. I 'xpect eatin' must 'a' had a pretty bad name in the days o' them Epicur's ye wus tellin' me 'bout, who thought their stomichs wus all there wus uv 'em; but we do n't hear o' t' other folks givin' up eatin' mod'rit, 'count o' the things bein' 'bused by some.

"There! I've spun on 't a great rate, an' ye 'll be wonderin' what all this has ter do with the brindle cow an' Tracy Skinner.

"Well, Tracy wus standin' by the front stairs when I come inter the entry. I had n't never met him. He wus so kinder solemm lookin' that I backed right off ter t' other side uv the room, an' says I,—'Mr. Skinner, I a'n't in the habit uv kissin' young men, an' ye 'll please 'xcuse me.' I spoke perlite, but firm, an' I guess he see I wus in airnest; so he up an' says, 'I think ye 're quite right 'bout it, Miss Rice, an' I 'll gladly 'xcuse ye.' I thought 't would 'a' sounded better 'f he 'd left out the 'gladly,' but 't wa' n't his way. I know 't wus a little thing, but from that night Tracy Skinner set after me re'l hard. He told me afterwards that I wus so bound not ter kiss him when I didn't know him, that he made up his mind he 'd have a right ter kiss me b'fore long. 'T wus all right, uv course, but somehow his sayin' that riled me

so, I never let him kiss me agin fer more 'n a week. He found out 't would n't do to act so masterful.

"I never felt more 'n lukewarm to'ard him anyway, an' I should n't never have promised ter marry him, if folks had let me 'lone. But he had a fine farm his uncle had just give him, jinin' our place, an' he wus nephew ter Deacon Skinner who had the most money 'f any one in the village; an' folks kep' tellin' me what a likely young feller Tracy wus, an' what a nice house I 'd have ter live in, so my head got kinder turned, an' I said 'Yes' 'fore I meant ter. But I repented soon 'nough. I tell ye, when it comes ter marryin', child, a nice house, an' money that b'longs ter yer husband's rel'tives, a'n't a re'l sure foundation ter build on. It takes heaps o' the right kind o' love fer the best o' mortal critters ter live tergether anything like as the Lord intended married folks should. But there! I won't say no more 'bout that, or I sha'n't git ter the brindle cow ter-night.

"I 'xpect I felt wuss 'count o' Caleb. He 'd come to help father on the farm the year b'fore, an' we wus good friends from the fust. He 'd taken me ter all the goin's on that winter jest like a brother, an' somehow—well, I set a good deal by Caleb 'way down deep. I didn't know his feelin's to'ard me till one night after I 'd said 'Yes' ter Tracy, an' wus feelin' dretful blue over it. We wus ridin' home from the mill with a bag o' grist, when Caleb says ter me, says he,—'Betty, I'm goin' away.' 'Goin' away!' says I, re'l dazed. 'What for?' I declare, I wus so took aback I didn't have no time ter seem indiff'runt at fust, but when he says, dret-

ful glum like, 'I can't stay 'round here an' see ye throwin' yerself away on Trace Skinner,' uv course I come to,—any woman would; an' I says, says I, careless an' independent, 'What's that ter you?' I can't tell ye what he said then, but by the time we got home I knew Caleb's feelin's, an' he knew how bad I felt 'bout marryin' Tracy; but I 'd made him promise not ter say nothin', fer I thought 't would be a ter'ble disgrace to break off with Tracy, though Caleb held 't wus a sight wickedder ter marry a man I didn't care fer. Howsomever, I didn't see it that way just then. I wus so 'fraid o' what folks would say; an' then father wus so set on my livin' on the Skinner farm that jined ours; an' Caleb wus only a poor boy. Ye 'd better b'lieve I had a time uv it, what with my own feelin's an' Tracy in the next house, an' Caleb goin' round doin' the chores, lookin' 's if he 'd bite nails. It kep' growin' wuss, an' by the last o' May I wus dretful white an' peaked lookin'.

"We wus ter be married the middle o' June, an' my weddin' dress wus 'most done. 'T was a white muslin with sprigs on it, re'l tasty; an' my bunnit wus fine, I tell ye,—white silk with lots o' lace a finger wide, an' a bunch o' white flowers. Father thought 't wus a great lay-out fer fin'ry, an' said we 'd better put the money inter sunthin' substantial; but mother, she 'd set out, as I wus ter marry a Skinner, I should n't go empty-handed.

"As the day come near I thought I should give up. Tracy had n't stepped round re'l spry ter his courtin' that spring, 'long o' spendin' so much time in his gardin that lay

'cross the fence from our barnyard, an' I felt kinder riled nights when he wouldn't come in till most half past eight, an' then have nothin' ter talk 'bout but his everlastin' new v'rities o' pease an' beans an' pertaters. I told him 's much once, an' he said, kinder smirkin', 'Ye 'll 'preciate the gardin-sass pretty soon, Betty;' an' it made me mad; jest 's if a woman's chief thought in marryin' wus her vittles!

"The day come at last, an' the comp'ny wus in the best room waitin' fer us ter march in. Parson Peters wus ter tie the knot, which wus tryin', fer he allers ended his weddin' prayer with 'The Lord have marcy on 'em,' 's if the couple wus jest a enterin' o' purg'tory. But then he hadn't lived re'l pleasant with either uv his wives, so I didn't blame him so much fer speakin' out o' the fullness uv his heart, as Scriptur' has it. When we come in I wus 'most ready ter faint. Parson Peters had jest got ter the place where he asks the man, 'Will ye have her—?' when we heard an awful bellerin' in the barnyard. The minister stopped short, an' everybody looked out o' the winders. In a minute we saw father's old brindle cow, with her 'poke' on, jump over the wall clean inter Tracy's pertater patch, an' start to'ard the corner uv the gardin where his pease wus planted, gallopin' like mad. Well, Tracy jest lost his head complete, an' droppin' my hand rushed out o' the room shriekin', 'My gardin! my gardin!' All the young fellers follered him, 'xcept Caleb, who wus lookin' more pleased 'n I 'd seen him fer months. It took the folks so sudden that nobody said nothin' fer a minute. Then I spoke up, an' says

I,—(Caleb said afterwards that I wus white 's a sheet), 'F anybody thinks I 'm a goin' ter marry a man as thinks more 'f his pertaters than he does o' me, they 're mistaken. But ye 're come ter a weddin' an' ye shall have it.' Then I looked at Caleb, an' he came straight up an' stood in Tracy's place. 'Now go on,' says I to Parson Peters. He wus that dazed that he went on 'thout sayin' a word, an' by the time Tracy got back lookin' dretful sheepish, Caleb an' I wus pernounced man an' wife. 'T wus an excitin' time, I tell ye, after that. Folks did n't git over talkin' 'bout it fer months. A good many sided with me, an' some thought I 'd done a ter'ble bold thing, but I didn't care 's long 's I 'd got Caleb an' he seemed sat'sfied. Jest about that time an uncle o' Caleb's left him a little money, so father did n't take on quite so hard 'bout my marryin' him. We bought a farm over ter Gayville, an' we 've allers lived comf'table.

"Now I a'n't 'fraid o' critters, leastways not them as is decent, but b'fore that day we wus married, I 'd jest hated that jumpin' brindle cow o' father's, she wus so ugly. Howsomever, after that I felt so grateful, under Providence, to that cow, that when we wus stockin' the farm at Gayville, I says to Caleb one day, says I, 'Do n't ye think, Caleb, as a sort o' thank-off'rin, 'twould be a good thing fer us ter keep an' care fer one o' them contr'y critters?' An' Caleb (we had n't been married but two months) says, 'A fust-rate plan, Betty, an' we might keep a wasp-nest, too!' 'A wasp-nest?' says I, 'What do ye mean?' 'What do ye s'pose made old brindle go bellerin' 'round the barn-yard that day, an' jump inter

'Trace Skinner's pertater patch?' 'I never knew,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'when I went ter the barn that night I found the big wasp-nest over the double doors all smashed up; an' the wasps must 'a' stung old brindle ter make her tear 'round so wild.' 'But how could the nest have got tor'ed up?' says I, inn'cent like. Caleb laughed, an' says he, 'How do I know?' Then he kissed me.

"Now y'e know why we 've allers had a jumpin' cow. Some folks would think 't wus dretful foolish, I s'pose, but when I think o' the life Tracy Skinner's led the girl he did marry, I 'm ready ter have Caleb keep a whole herd o' jumpers, I 'm that grateful over 'scapin' sech a marcy."

The tall, old-fashioned clock in the kitchen struck nine. For a minute longer I sat on the porch in amazed silence. That placid Aunt Betsy should be the heroine of such an escapade seemed incredible. Then, realizing that nine was the bedtime of the Carey family, I pressed a good-

night kiss on the fat cheek of my hostess, and, with thanks for her story, hurried up the path to the big stone house. As I passed a little vine-covered arbor on the lawn, I heard Mildred's voice saying,—“If Winifred was not so grieved over our marriage, Hugh, I should be perfectly happy.” I went softly in at the arbor door. “O Mildred,” I cried, “you shall be perfectly happy! I won't be grieved any more!” Then my hand crept into Hugh's. “Please forgive me, dear Hugh; I 've been so horrid, but I 'll be good now, and I won't pray for any brindle cow to stop the ceremony.” “Why, little sister, what do you mean?” he said, drawing me closer for his first brotherly kiss. And sitting by Hugh's side, with his arm around me, and one hand clasped in those of my beautiful Mildred, while the moonbeams, stealing through the openings of lattice and vine, wrought magic patterns on the arbor floor, I told them Aunt Betsy's story.

BROTHERHOOD.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

We bring a smile the face to cheer
Where only rests a burning tear;
We speak, in sympathy and love,
One little word some couch above,
Where one in patient anguish lies,
And rapture fills those sunken eyes;
We breathe a prayer with holy zeal,
And other hearts its influence feel.

Ah, no one lives who may not bring
To God a welcome offering!
Or may not be a power for good,
By men and angels understood!

THE STORY OF THE LADY BLANCHE.

[Illustrated from photographs by Mr. and Mrs. T. E. M. White, North Conway, N. H.]

By Mrs. Ellen McRoberts Mason.

OF the thousands that come to North Conway during the summer months, there are few indeed who go away without having seen the beautiful and grand sights "across the river." The lovely little Echo lake down at the foot of the purple granite cliff, like a sparkling gem set in emerald woods; the tremendous, sheer precipices of the Cathedral rocks, the symmetrical, harmonious, natural Cathedral, nobly proportioned and satisfying to the sense of beauty, carved by the Master-hand out of the solid rock of the mountain, the exquisite cascades of Diana's Baths,—all these are sure to be gazed upon and delighted in. But further along the same highway from

which the roads branch off to the west to these famous places, it is still beautiful and attractive.

Another tremendous, bold, wooded cliff, "Humphrey's Ledge," rises further to the north. The pine-wooded road that skirts its base is delightful. Vast beds of great brakes form a low though luxuriant undergrowth, and their spicy odor is mingled with the smell of the pines. It is truly the breath of the forest you inhale. But there is no noticeable variety until one comes to a part of the road where, looking easterly, down the high bank, a peaceful, level field can be seen through the leafy screen of the hard-wood growth that borders the road and bank there. A few steps further on it looks as



Humphrey's Ledge and the Saco.



Study of Lady Blanche Murphy as She Left It.

though the road must bring up against the purplish towering rock-form of the cliff. Here, all at once and just in time, it seems, to save you from disaster, it dips down deep into a sweet little hollow where a huge, dying oak stands in the little gulf close on your right, along with the thick undergrowth, and on the other side of the hollow and at its further boundary, there is a great living oak that grows in a way wholly its own. Back a little further to the left is the cliff that you have but barely escaped.

On up the rise beyond the hollow there is a little house, brown and soft colored, as rains and weather change houses to a soft-tinted brown. It is of one story, and long and rambling, and there is a deep bay-window in it. The fence along the front, and the gateway, are odd and pretty, made of the smaller branches of trees with the bark left on.

There is a willow hedge that leads up to the door, and young willows are growing in clumps in the yard above and below it. White musk roses grow there, too, and pinks and sweet williams bloom in the shade of the hedge. The grand and beautiful Humphrey's Ledge rises sheer more than four hundred feet, just in front of the little low house, shutting out the western sky. It is dark there before four o'clock of a winter afternoon. At the rear of the house and northward is the pretty field. Here was once the home of Lady Blanche Murphy, the authoress, and the eldest daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough, and here she died.

It is a romantic story. The earldom of Gainsborough belongs to the proudest aristocracy in the kingdom of Great Britain. The family name is Noel. The founder of the family Noel, with Celestria, his wife, was

among the nobles who entered England with William the Norman. That king granted him vast estates for his services. Many of his descendants were men of distinction.

Since 1682 the Noel family have possessed the title, but it is within a century that it has passed to the present branch. The father of Lady Blanche was the second Earl of Gainsborough, and her mother, who died before she was twenty years of

proved ten times more powerful,—great talent. Lady Blanche, from her interest in the chapel music, was brought daily in contact with the organist. In the most natural and simple way it came about that after service was over and the rest of the family had left the chapel, she would remain to practice the music with him. It is nothing strange that in the hours spent singing together after matins or vespers, the glad young



The Lady Blanche Murphy Place, from the High Road.

age, was Lady Augusta, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Errol. The Noel family estate is in Rutlandshire, England.

The late Earl of Gainsborough was a Roman Catholic and had a private chapel at Exton Hall, his place in Rutlandshire, in which mass was celebrated daily. One day there came to the manor, as organist, a winsome and fascinating young Irishman,—plain, untitled Mr. Thomas P. Murphy. But in place of title, the young musician possessed what is much better, and what in this instance

voices pouring through the chapel windows, making the old woods ring, it was not strange that the young, enthusiastic Lady Blanche and the impulsive young organist fell in love with each other.

The marriage followed—a true love-match in an environment of old-world traditions and all the fixed and cruel prejudices of rank and high birth. The course the Earl of Gainsborough adopted on his daughter's marrying is shown by a quotation from a letter written to him by Cardinal Manning, and published in *The*

Catholic World of October, 1881, six months after Lady Blanche's death: "Then came her marriage, the circumstances of which I then partly knew, and now more fully. It seems to me to have been the working out of the same turn of character. Your conduct at that time must be a great consolation now, for you showed signally a father's prudence till you were assured of what her happiness required, and a father's love in sanc-

Lady Blanche Murphy: the name does not suggest a thought of the eldest daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough, the proud possessor of a long name and a fine sounding title, but brings back a vision of a graceful little figure wrapped in a gray waterproof, walking with quick, elastic step, a fresh, rosy face, fair as a flower, framed in thick, golden-brown hair, Lady Blanche as I first saw her on the sidewalk at North Con-



Boulder and Maples, near the Lady Blanche Murphy House.

tioning her marriage, with your consent, from your residence. The loving and close correspondence which still united her to you, and you to her, when she left you, was worthy of both."

After their marriage the young couple came to New York. Lady Blanche entered the field of literature, and Mr. Murphy took the position of organist at New Rochelle. In 1875 they came to North Conway. At that time the Rev. Frederick Thompson had a boys' school at the Three Elms and Mr. Murphy taught music there.

way, one rainy day in the autumn of 1875.

She was an ardent lover of nature, and delighted in the grand scenery of North Conway and its vicinity; and so it came about that after the time of Mr. Murphy's teaching in the school had expired, though they went away for a little while, they soon returned to stay.

Her life here was simple and sweet and brave and industrious. While doing a great deal of writing for the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's Monthly*, *The Galaxy*, *The Catholic Review*, *The Cath-*

olic World, and also for English magazines, she yet did most of her housework, and, with it all, she remembered the poor, the little children, all to whom she could give comfort or pleasure. Her interest in the dwellers of the mountain valley was just as real as her love of the scenery, and that was intense; so making petticoats for babies who needed them, giving Christmas gifts to her poorest neighbors, or cooking dinners for children was just as much an outcome, a manifestation, an expression of her genuine self, as were the long walks she made, the botanizing expeditions, the hours she passed in the open air and in the woods. Her life here showed forth that same spirit that Cardinal Manning bore witness to when he wrote: "The love of the people at Exton toward her expresses what I mean in saying that her heart and sympathies were always with the poor, with their homes and with their state."

She was always modest, almost shy, in the good she did. She made many plans for future good works in which some other person should seem to be taking the lead, while she, really the originator and chief worker, "would help all she could." Her conscientiousness in little acts, in the little things which tell what a person's real character is, was perhaps her strongest quality; and she seemed always sturdily content and practical, and always merry in making the best of things.

Lady Blanche had a rather striking face, the features irregular, the countenance expressive, with the greatest beauty in the winsome, sweet smile of her mouth. Her skin was beautiful, the cheeks the fresh, deep pink

of the trailing arbutus, and she had a handsome head.

If she had lived, the benefit of her presence would have been felt in the years that were to come. But it was not to be. In the March of 1881, she took a violent cold that readily developed into an acute and fatal malady. She was ill only four days, and then, full of life and hope, never thinking of death, her words and thoughts the very last night of her life words and thoughts of kindness and loving care for others, she died. She was only thirty-five years old, in the full prime of remarkable intellectual vigor, and her success as a writer was steadily increasing.

The Earl of Gainsborough said, in a letter to the present writer: "She was a remarkable character, a genius, but one of a practical and solid disposition rarely to be met with; a noble woman, as you truly say,—a daughter I am proud of. In a letter written eight years ago, she wrote of her determination to carry out her pet schemes, and hoped she should do nothing that I should not be proud of. She succeeded. . . . I believe she will be remembered by you all as long as you live, and that her influence for good will be felt, and her bravery, industry, and heroism be a constant encouragement in long years and trials to come."

William Dean Howells, who was the editor of the *Atlantic* at the time Lady Blanche made her first contributions to literature, and who did much to help and encourage her, in speaking to the writer of this sketch of Lady Blanche's intellectual habit and acumen, said, "She had the most analytical mind of any woman I have ever known."



Humphrey's Ledge and Lady Blanche Murphy's Home.

She had not lived all the five years in her pretty house under the shelter of the Humphrey's Ledge, but she had looked forward to owning her own home in the midst of the lovely scenery she so delighted in, and the last summer of her life she bought the farm at the foot of the ledge, and remodelled the house she meant to be her ideal home.

She sleeps now beside her mother at Exton, in far-off England, but her memory blooms in the peaceful glen as the few lonely flowers bloom before the house from which her bright presence is gone.

The Earl of Gainsborough lived but a few years after the loss of his daughter, but while he did live his son-in-law, Mr. Murphy, was the recipient of an annuity from him. After Lady Blanche's death, her husband lived with friends in the village, rarely going to the Humphrey's Ledge

farm, that recalled his irreparable loss. No other woman took Lady Blanche's place in his heart; he revered her memory with a loyalty rare among men.

His death also was very sudden. In August, 1890, he went on a pleasure trip to Maine; after a while he drifted to Boston, in the meanwhile having contracted an illness of which he died in a few days. He had done much to cultivate a taste for classical music in North Conway, and for his warm heart and genial ways, was rarely loved.

A memorial service was held for him in Christ Church, where he was wont on Sundays to draw such strains from the poor, little reed organ as almost persuaded the rapt congregation that they were listening to celestial music wafted from the shores of the heavenly land.



THREE REPRESENTATIVE FARMERS.

By H. H. Metcalf.



ALTHOUGH New Hampshire is generally classed as a manufacturing state, agriculture still maintains its position as the leading industry pursued by its population, a greater number of its people being engaged therein than in any other occupation.

Three representatives of different types of sturdy manhood, embraced among the tillers of the soil in the Granite State, are briefly sketched in this article :

HON. CHARLES MCDANIEL, SPRINGFIELD.

Among the largest landholders, best representative farmers, and most influential citizens of the county of Sullivan is Charles McDaniel of Springfield, a native of that town, born July 22, 1835, a son of James McDaniel who occupied the old homestead whereon his grandfather, of the same name, a descendant of the Scotch McDaniels of the north of Ireland, had originally settled in the latter part of the last century. Growing up on the farm, and thoroughly accustomed to its labors in all directions, the young man, like many another farmer's son, had a taste for mental as well as physical culture, and sought instruction beyond that attainable in the district school, which he secured by attendance at the academies in Andover, New London, and

Canaan, and himself engaged in teaching, one or more terms per year, from the age of eighteen until nearly forty, making his home with his father meanwhile, and devoting a portion of the time to farm labor, until, upon his father's decease, he purchased the interest of the other heirs in the place, and assumed the full management thereof, with which he has since been mainly occupied.

The farm, which is located in the western portion of Springfield, has been largely increased in extent under the present owner, and now embraces about eight hundred acres of land, of which about one hundred and fifty is in mowing and tillage, and the remainder in pasture and woodland. Aside from the home farm, however, Mr. McDaniel has about four hundred acres of outland, a considerable proportion of which is in the town of Grantham. Mixed farming is pursued, with dairying as the leading feature at present. An average crop of about one hundred and twenty-five tons of hay, supplemented by ensilage from a seventy-five ton silo, furnishes winter subsistence for the stock, consisting of some fifty head of neat cattle, one hundred sheep, and half a dozen horses. From fifteen to twenty cows are kept, butter being supplied to private customers, and the balance of cream sold to the Sullivan Creamery, at Grantham.

In politics Mr. McDaniel is a Democrat, and has been much in public life, having been elected a member of the board of selectmen, and an overseer of the poor in 1862, and having since served repeatedly as chairman of the board, also as town treasurer and school committee. He

years past has been a trustee of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, devoting much attention to the interests of the institution during the period covering its removal to, and establishment at, Durham. In 1895 he was appointed by Governor Busiel a



Hon. Charles McDaniel.

represented Springfield in the legislature of 1868, and again in 1891, when he was an active member of the committee on agriculture. He has also been voted for by his party for important county offices, and was the Democratic candidate for congress in the second district in 1894. He was for six years a member of the state board of agriculture for Sullivan county, and for eight

member of the State Board of Equalization.

In the order of Patrons of Husbandry no man in New Hampshire is better known, or more highly esteemed, than Mr. McDaniel. He was long master, and is at present secretary of Montcalm Grange, Enfield Centre; was the first master of Mascoma Valley Pomona Grange; three years overseer, and five years

master of the State Grange, also member and secretary of its executive committee, and chaplain of the National Grange from 1891 to 1893.

Mr. McDaniel is a member of Social Lodge, F. and A. M. of Enfield, and of the Chapter of the Tabernacle, Royal Arch Masons. In religion he is a Universalist. May 31, 1862, he was united in marriage with Miss Amanda M. Quimby of Springfield. They have had five children, but one of whom survives, Cora, a graduate of the New Hampshire State Normal school, for several years a teacher, and now the wife of P. S. Currier of Plymouth.

SAMUEL S. WHITE, SULLIVAN.

Sullivan is one of the small rural towns of Cheshire county, its population being almost entirely devoted to agricultural pursuits, and including in their numbers a fair proportion of thrifty and prosperous farmers who rank among the substantial citizens of the county. One of the best known

of these is Samuel S. White, a son of George and Lavina (Ellis) White, who was born September 18, 1850, on the farm which he now occupies and which has been in possession of the family since its original settlement.

Mr. White was educated in the public schools of the town, and at Springfield, Vt., and has always had his home in Sullivan. September 18, 1873, he was united in marriage with Miss Frances A. Locke, daughter of John Locke of Sullivan. They have one son, Winfred J. Another son, Charles E., died at the age of three years.

The farm embraces about four hundred acres of land altogether, about fifty acres in mowing and tillage and the balance in pasture and woodland. The hay crop averages from fifty to sixty tons per annum, and several acres of corn are usually planted. The stock consists of about twenty head of cattle, four horses, and thirty-five sheep. The cattle are largely cows, and milk production is a leading feature of the farm business, the same being sold to the Whitings at the station in Keene, eight miles distant. Another important item is the maple sugar product, which has amounted in some seasons to 3,000 pounds, twelve hundred trees being tapped. There is also a large apple orchard on the farm, the product of which reaches 1,000 bushels in good bearing years.

Mr. White is an interested and active working member of the order, Patrons of Husbandry, having joined Ashuelot Grange, of Gilsum, in June, 1890, and given no little time and effort to promote the success of the organization, believing it to be an



Samuel S. White.

effective agency for advancing the interests of the farmer and his family in every community where it is established. He has served several years as chorister, has filled the stations of steward and overseer respectively, and was master for two terms—in 1894 and 1895. He is also a member of Cheshire County Pomona Grange; has taken much interest in its work, and attended its sessions as generally as circumstances would allow. He received the seventh degree of the order at the session of the National Grange in Concord, in November, 1893. Mr. White is a Democrat in politics, and a member of the Congregational church, for which he was organist twenty years, and ten years superintendent of the Sunday school.

HERBERT L. BROWN, CANTERBURY.

While from our New Hampshire farms there have gone out no small proportion of the young men who have become leaders and workers in every department of human activity in all sections of the Union, there are, fortunately, many who remain faithful to the calling of their fathers, content to cultivate the soil and develop their own manhood in our rural communities. A fair representative of this class of young men, upon whom the future prosperity of the state so largely depends, is Herbert L. Brown of Canterbury.

Mr. Brown is a native of the town in which he resides, born March 20, 1867, the only child of Albert and Ellen (Leighton) Brown. His father is a native of Northfield, and the eldest son of Samuel B. Brown, who, with his father, Abram, were among the most prominent men of their day



Herbert L. Brown.

in the community. His mother is a native of Franklin, and the only child of Thomas and Eliza (Sanborn) Leighton, being a descendant of the Cloughs and Fosters, two prominent families, Abial Foster being the first representative to congress from New Hampshire, and several times returned to that body. Three of his ancestors were in the Revolutionary War, and one in the War of 1812, while his father was a soldier in the late Civil War.

Mr. Brown believes in the policy of mixed farming, regarding it as safer and more profitable than to devote all his time and efforts to a single branch. The farm consists of three hundred acres of land, fifty being natural mowing, and cuts eighty tons of hay. In 1895 he raised seven hundred bushels of corn. He keeps from twenty to twenty-five cows, and sells the milk for the Boston market. He has been quite successful in raising and training colts, among them Homer Wilkes, 2:29; Speedwell,

2:18, and a large number of fine road horses.

Mr. Brown is a member of Ezekiel Webster Grange No. 94 of Boscawen, and has filled many of the chairs, being overseer four years, and master in 1895-'96. He was also elected assistant steward of Merrimack County Pomona Grange No. 3, in

December, 1895. In politics he is a Democrat, and has been two years a member of the Canterbury board of selectmen. He is interested in the temperance cause, being chief templar of Boscawen Lodge of Good Templars No. 127, and is always ready to aid in any good cause or undertaking.

THE SINGER.

By Samuel Hoyt.

A-down the high nave flow along
The liquid measures of her song.

The towering arches seem to wake
To life and warmth for her sweet sake,

And capital and architrave
The ripples of her cadence lave.

I list her voice, and know her heart
Must tenderer be than all her art.

Alas! no gifts to me belong
To win this sweet-voiced queen of song,

So I, an humble worshipper,
Am humbler for the thought of her.

THE LEGEND OF JOHN LEVIN AND MARY GLASSE.

[CONCLUDED.]

By E. P. Tenney.



WITH the keen analysis of mature years he could now discern that, as a child, he had a certain devotional feeling which grew out of temperament, and which was absolutely separate from his life

purpose. So he had been early deceived into believing that his religiosity was religion. He remembered now with what eagerness he first discovered the political turn of the clergymen he had known, and his own final determination to keep clear

of the cloth, and the preference he soon came to have of religious uncertainty rather than the unthinking certainty of his child life. And he thought not without shame of those courses of life which first made him ashamed to pray, and of the eagerness with which he hailed the notion that he might question his own personal responsibility to a person for his dealings with persons on this planet.

And then John Levin looked at the weary waves, falling on the sands, then reluctantly rolling back into the unresting sea.

"It is now three years," he said, "since I found something to love. Yester-night"—and he paused and wrung his hands and then pressed them to his temples—"Yester-night, I found something to reverence. My soul has long been haunted by another self, an evil nature, but I am myself capable of unselfish service, as of unselfish love. If ever any one tried to overcome his passions I am the man,—as to three years past. And now," he said, rising and looking far over the deep toward the horizon, "while I still retain the mastery by will and reason, I will live for that which is beyond civilization, and beyond commerce, and beyond the reign of human law,—a life fitted to share that undying youth which I have seen embodied in the character of her whom I have loved and whom I now worship."

CHAPTER XLII.

Hearing an outcry, John Levin turned, and saw Mary Glasse lying upon the edge of a sharp boulder, and Raymond Foote beginning to clamber down the ledge to rescue her.

Mary, since Martha's early departure that morning, had spent no small part of the hours in fishing upon the west side of the island. She had seen a strange sail come out from behind House Island, and make to the eastward; but thinking nothing further about it, she had taken advantage of the low tide by proceeding to fish for lobsters with a stick. Raymond Foote had seen Mary from the Graves' farmland, where it came to the brink of the sand cliff behind the beach, and when he saw a small craft at anchor in the lee of the island, and a boat drawn upon the sands, he walked over the sand-spit, which was bare at low tide, so crossing to to the island, lest some stranger be there to Mary's annoyance.

Mary, suspecting Raymond's intent to cross the sand-spit when she first saw him on the beach, and not seeing the boat upon the other side of the island,—gathered up her belongings and slowly made her way toward the east side over the height, thinking to enter the ravine where John Levin was. Reaching the margin she saw him; and through surprise at this, and the thought flashing through her mind that Raymond Foote could not be far away and that John Levin must inevitably see him, she made a misstep, and fell.

When John Levin heard Mary's outcry, and saw her, and knew it to be her, and saw Raymond, he struck his hand to his temple. There had been a sudden report in his head,—as if a pistol shot. After a moment, he went toward Mary.

Raymond Foote retired upon seeing Mr. Levin's approach; and Mary straightway felt tender arms uplifting and bearing her, but heard no voice.

When John Levin had signalled to his skipper to come on shore the wounded girl was given into his charge, to carry her wherever she would go. Mary Glasse, the wind favoring, directed the skipper to round the cape, and land her upon the great island off the marshes of Chebacco river; where she would be hospitably entertained and cared for.

John Levin did not speak to Mary. Nor did she speak to him; but her face was so pale that he almost believed that she had appeared from the realms of the dead. After watching the craft, with its precious freight, disappear around Eastern Point, John Levin walked alone to his office in Salem. Whatever might betide his future, he had now something to live for besides a good resolution.

But concerning the first thing he should do, he had so much electric force about him that he hesitated no more than the lightning.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The next morning Raymond Foote was arrested upon the charge of witchcraft. It was no act of insanity which prompted John Levin to do this, even if his morbid jealousy led him to fail in perception. His recent arrival had not, perhaps, made it clear to him that a reaction in public sentiment had really set in, and that influential persons had begun to say, that now since one clergyman had been executed, and now that prominent merchants were being accused, and even the governor's wife, it was time to call a halt.

Even the Widow Angelica expressed surprise that Mr. Levin did not know better than to arrest his rival upon such a charge. And she

went to the jail, and astonished Raymond Foote by singing in no very sweet voice under his window. The widow knew it to be the proper thing to sing at jail windows. Upon hearing her voice, indescribable emotions filled the breast of the imprisoned pastor, and he at once hired Sheriff Ross, who was just then occupying a room with Keeper Hodgman, to go out and acknowledge the compliment and stop the performance. The major soon came back with beaming countenance, and hilariously returned the shilling to Mr. Foote, with the report that the affecting song had been intended for himself. And he said, moreover, that the widow felt rather solemn lest the minister suffer the extreme penalty of the law. He also said that Mrs. Adipose stated that she heard that the negro Moses, who resided on a rocky hill between the old road to Chebacco and the swamp road to Chebacco ponds—a wicked witch capable of all ill—was to be arrested and arraigned with the minister, and that it was no more than he deserved.

On the 1st of August the trial came off, Mr. Levin appearing as counsel against the prisoner. It was not generally known that the lawyer's health had been affected, and he was now at the height of his influence as a public man. His will in the colony had never been successfully opposed by others. What he willed he did. Popular expectation ran high when he came to the courtroom. If he had changed, he still had the eyes of a hawk; and the fascination of his presence had never been greater than at this hour. In the crowd outside, as he approached,

quaint old songs of far-off shores were silenced, and the only discordant voice was that of Tom Wimpleton,—“Make way, my hearties; here comes the devil’s chaplain.”

Under the excitement of the occasion, it could not be suspected that John Levin’s life-forces (possibly by physical changes in-working) were swinging away from the highest reason. In his address he spoke with great economy of gesture, and with such sententiousness that he seemed to pack a sentence into a word. He spoke in a quiet conversational tone, in clear accent, and he carefully avoided saying anything which was calculated to give offence. He refrained from extravagant statement, and what he said was so plausible that it was difficult not to acquiesce in it. He availed himself of the popular superstitions, and stood coldly for the letter of the English law and for antique custom, declaring that the honor of the state and of the church were at stake.

His remarks being somewhat extended, Raymond Foote thought he would take a nap; coming as he did from an ancestry of ship-masters who watched or slept as occasion might serve, he could easily sleep or not sleep.

The serenity of Mr. Levin’s self-confidence was not easily disturbed, but when he saw the prisoner sound asleep, he felt a recurrence of the singular snapping sensation in his head. And he resolved to say something that would wake him up. His clear-cut, cold face took on slight color, as he paused, then said with dignified manner, and in decided, thrilling tones, “May it please the Court, I have known the prisoner at

the bar, egg and bird, and he has, to my personal knowledge——”

At this point the outer door opened, and Mary Glasse came in. There was at once a sharp outcry on the part of many in the audience, who thought that her face, rigid as ice, was that of the dead. It was commonly believed that her body had been buried under the gallows.

John Levin raised his right hand to his temple; then, with slow and stately step, threaded his way through the crowd, and left the court. It was then remembered by some that there had been a report before John Levin’s last voyage to England that he had gone daft for love of Mary Glasse.

CHAPTER XLIV.

In no act of his life, however, was John Levin more sane than in what he did the next day.

After learning that the royal governor, who had been called home, had pardoned all those condemned for witchcraft, and released all who were awaiting trial, Mr. Levin took Major Ross to the Great Hill between Black Cove and what is now the high road on the north, and presented him with an eligible house site, upon condition that he should, within ten days, in his own place and stead, marry the Widow Adipose.

The major took the land with the encumbrance on it; and John Levin sent word by his office boy to the widow to make ready. The major dieted by abstaining from water and from sugar in his rum; and became as thin as he could in the time allowed, the better to personate the spare lawyer. The marriage was at the Old Ship Tavern, kept by John Gederly. The widow had been warned by the

boy that the bridegroom was slightly intoxicated—by joy; and that he imagined himself to be Ross, and that in his voice he sought to imitate that of the major. Brother Pepper performed the ceremony.

The house site was that afterwards occupied by Ruggles upon the south side of the hill. It stood upon good soil now used for a nursery; and the garden spot selected by John Levin was a sheltered area just below an abrupt ledge, falling off near the water. Here the oily and shining bride spent no small part of her honeymoon with the major, gazing upon the sleepy tranquility of the harbor.

It must not be imagined, however, that John Levin spent any considerable part of his time in playing practical and wholesome jokes, or even in those eccentricities which were popularly attributed to him during the forty days in which his natal star, Sirius, blended its scorching heat with that of the sun. He was too busy a man, too cool-headed as to making money; so that the business machine went crushing on even in dog days. But his multifarious affairs went like clock work, requiring little of his personal attention. The anecdotes of his oddities, in these days, comprise merely his rowing up and down Bass River in a dug-out on Sunday, with an immense dog sitting upright in the stern; and his riding horseback at breakneck pace in the night, leaping turnpike gates or farm fences.

The gossips who said that Mr. Levin had lost his head, little knew what they were talking about. A physician may recognize many indications of an abnormal mental state

in one whom the law holds responsible for his actions. Insanity is essentially loss of self-control by mental derangement. As it is hard to discern the gradations between heat and cold, so it is difficult to distinguish between medical and legal unsoundness of mind. One is legally insane who has so lost restraint over himself in his relations to others that he is liable to inflict serious injury to person or property; but he may be medically insane, when his power to govern himself effects injury to others so little, as to call for no restraint by law,—or when his erratic actions are whimsical and harmless. John Levin was never legally insane, and medically he was as sound as multitudes of business men whose oddities and partial loss of self control never lead them to the mad-house. Indeed, medical experts look upon a man wholly sane as a *rara avis*. Mr. Levin's business affairs were never conducted with more skill than at this hour.

If it were to be said that insanity consists in a confusion of the faculty of instituting just comparisons, the definition would sweep the streets into Bedlam; and even if it be said that insanity is essentially the loss of the faculty to command attention, or to dismiss unwholesome thoughts from the mind, the greater part of mankind would be convicted. John Levin had nothing morbid about him, nor did he misjudge as to business; and as to moral relations his ideas were probably more correct in those days than they had been for years. Still, he had, during this month of August, unwonted sensations; whether or not they would be called hallucinations, by a physician.

They may have been so, arising from purely physical causes, harmless but perplexing.

He heard the husky voices of some long since dead; the voices of those who had been victims of his own vices, and of his mercantile injustice, and his greed in human traffic. They were calling down hosts of spirits to curse him; and their wings he could hear whirring over his head.

These may have been merely hallucinations of sound, arising from inflammation of the internal ear; auricular delirium caused by some foreign substance accidentally introduced, which leads the patient to hear mysterious melodies, to be haunted by the songs of his childhood, or by the roar of some mountain torrent he once heard. Sometimes John Levin heard the voices of his enemies alive or dead, at his right ear, reproaching, threatening, insulting, exasperating; and at his left ear the endearments of his mother, flattering and arousing his ambition, or the cheering, electrifying voice of Mary Glasse.

He almost made up his mind one night to have his garden dug up to find the singers below the soil, and to have his office floor removed to discover his enemies. Once he thought to burn the building, and once to buy up and destroy contiguous dwellings, from which the voices came by day and by night.

Now all this was entirely consistent with sanity; as Doctor Johnson once believed that he heard his dead mother calling to him from out the world of shades, "Sam! Sam!"—and as a noted and very learned criminal, awaiting execution in sight of Harvard College, complained that his fellow prisoners insulted him by

screaming through the walls, "You are a bloody man!" So it is possible that what John Levin heard was the voice of an awakened conscience.

CHAPTER XLV.

One day, a little before the Dog Star was to resume his nightly watch, so ceasing to vex the days, John Levin crossed the still waters of the harbor in an Indian birch to Eagle island, a small crag rising out of the sea with a scant beach at low water. He had discerned that a storm was brewing. And here he was kept several days by rising wind and wave, like Prometheus chained to his rock. And there, amid the confusion and tumult of the deep, he tried to lose those sounds which had sometimes made him sleepless. With the sea bounding over distant reefs, and with his crags jutting out of the sea now changed to intermittent fountains, and often lost in a cloud of spray; and with the curling waves rising in heavy masses to break at his feet,—he coolly reflected upon the nature of those hallucinations which have so powerful a tendency to derange the mind.

And he came to the conclusion that he had been for many years out of his right mind, that his ambition, his will, his pride, his selfish disregard of the good of others, had unhinged his highest reason; that the confusion as to his personal identity which he had fostered, in order to escape personal responsibility to a person for his conduct toward persons, was an index of insanity, the vagary of a mind essentially unsettled.

And then he remembered how often upon this rock he had spent

the night upon his back, hearing only the sea; and seeing only the stars, or the moon climbing the skies, or the clouds shaken out like curtains by the wind; and how often, here, he had tried to imagine himself—as an expression of the infinite—personating a sea gull, or perhaps a breath from the ocean pulsating around the world.

By voices and clarified vision out of the unseen, John Levin came now to know that his soul needed to be assailed for sins in speech, and in trade, quite as much as for those deemed more gross.

Once the thought occurred to him whether the vow he made to worship Mary Glasse when he believed her to be dead, and to become of like spirit with her, might not be accepted by powers divine, so that they would recant and no longer forbid her to marry him. But deep so called unto deep in its revelation of his moral unfitness to associate with finite or infinite purity, that his own moral indignation was aroused against himself; and he said, "He who so long refused to be ruled by the rudder, must now be ruled by the rock."

Then he reflected that life unending was likely to inherit character from this life, as he himself had inherited disposition from his own ancestry; and that there could be no end of conscious dissatisfaction with himself and practical anarchy of his mental powers, so long as he remained in conscious opposition to the highest reason,—that sense of moral obligation in his relations to others, which demanded unselfish love and unselfish service toward all life, finite and infinite. And with sharp decision, he made then and

there a self surrender to his own highest sense of obligation; conscience in the universe, conscience manifested to him by Mary Glasse,—and now recognized as that practical reason, infinite and personal, which rules the moral world.

And this change of his own attitude toward moral truth led him in a moment to see it in a different light; as one who has criticised the stained windows of a grand cathedral, by looking at them from the outside, sees at once their splendid harmony when he enters the door. So he came to himself, and found God; within a voice divine, and, without, the Supreme Moral Governor of all worlds.

CHAPTER XLVI.

The wild clouds had been shifting in obedience to the shifting wind; and the deep rose tints in the east at sunrise had been followed by dark clouds all over the sky, except a white light near the horizon which glowed upon the tremulous sea eastward. It was the sixth day of September. The storm had left the sky still sultry, but the surf had so fallen that John Levin could embark in his birch without swamping, and enter again upon the pathless sea.

He knew that some of the neighbors had been for some time saying that John Levin was now possessed of the devil; that Doctor Jay had told the school-master that now the lawyer-merchant had softening of the brain; that Raymond Foote had noticed in him unwonted deeds of kindness, so that sundry poor people had blessed him; that Mary Glasse believed his heart had softened, and that supernal spirits were preparing

him to go hence,—mollifying his spiritual life before he should dwell in realms of light. And with almost a superstitious feeling in his heart that his life was mended and ended, he turned his prow toward Glasse Head.

Mary was standing there, under an oak, upon the height of the promontory above the harbor-mouth, looking out upon the sea, and listening to its discontent. The sun was coming out, and she saw a window in Salem gleam with reflected light. Then she saw John Levin paddling toward the Black Cove landing; and she knew him afar, from the high color he always wore. And at the same moment he caught sight of strong color under the oak tree.

When he approached the headland, Mary went to meet him, and stood upon a ledge which jutted into the water, and whose foot was covered with rock-weed by the tide. John Levin saw Mary Glasse standing like a statue in her chiseled beauty. It was the radiance of her hair, that awoke in him the sense of reality; and he sprang upon the rock to greet her.

Mysterious as that change which comes over the faces of our dead, between the flight of the spirit and our final separation from the precious dust, was the change which Mary Glasse now saw in John Levin. It seemed to her that his life must have been renewed from within, and that the features of childhood years had reproduced themselves. And yet he looked so old, that a strange feeling flashed into the heart of Mary Glasse as she stood there face to face with John Levin.

During the months that had gone

by, since the cords were snapped that, from childhood, had bound her to Glasse Head, even though the powers of an unseen world had forbidden her to marry John Levin, yet in her homeless life she had been still drawn towards him; as if to one much older than herself, or Raymond Foote, in the wisdom of getting on in the world. If at first she had loved him as a friend who might become his equal; and if afterwards, when she knew him better, she had loved him as a mother an erring child, pitying him out of her great heart,—she now felt towards him as an affectionate child, relying on his love and trusting his better nature and larger wisdom developed by life's experiences. And she greeted him with a kiss; and they sat together on the rock in the sunshine.

"It is not meet, Mary," said John Levin after their noonday meal, "that I allude again to the question once settled upon this headland; settled not by you, not by me, but by powers unknown. In some way that we do not understand, it is not fit, and I accept it. But the acceptance of it has made me an old man before my time. Nor is it now meet that we see each other often. It works upon me like madness, and it can do you no good. But I am grateful for your love toward me.

"I said that I am old before my time, but I was old when you first saw me. My larger experience in life, as well as age, made me then look on you as I would on a child, a sweet-spirited, perfect child, so like me in essential life, save morally, that I loved you beyond reason, with a heart-bounding that would not be answerable to reason. This love has

been the one element in my life, now for three years, that has led me little by little to my own higher self.

"Perhaps," he added, "this was all that it was intended for, in counsels celestial. Be that as it may, if I accept it, I cannot yet trust myself to speak of it." Mary's head was bowed; and as John Levin rose to his feet, he placed his hand upon her head, and the tear drops fell as he kissed her forehead. Mary still sat with bowed head, nor did she look up until he was out of sight.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Turning his thoughts, by an effort of his will, from all morbid reflections, and attempting even to forget for the hour Glasse Head, John Levin gave the remainder of the day to careful planning as to his business affairs.

Toward night he ascended Thunderbolt Ledge, and looked out over the tops of the tall trees, oak, beech, birch, and pine, in the valley toward Sundown Hill. He watched the rose tints upon that little finger of the sea which thrust itself into the midst of these woodlands. And he saw the clouds piled up like anvils in the sky, the forging blocks for thunderbolts. And he looked at the bridge of gold thrown across the harbor mouth toward Glasse Head.

In a corner sheltered from the west, he faced Image Hill, awaiting the rise of the moon before he should seek his lodging. He had never been free from occasional visual hallucinations, caused primarily by abnormal physical condition, which had otherwise manifested itself in the recurrence of morbid dreams, and hallucination auricular,—what he saw,

however, was perhaps mental, rather than physical vision; it was so in his own judgment,—so that what he saw so vividly he was often able, by the exercise of memory, to connect with what he had at some time actually seen. To-night, when the moon rose, he saw standing against the full moon, the figure of a woman which he had first seen longer ago than a score of years. Well he remembered how he first saw her in the roadway, under arching trees, figured against the full moon; and she had at different times in the changing years reappeared to him at moonrise, perhaps only to the mind's eye, but giving a strong impression of reality.

After the moon had climbed higher than the crest of Image Hill, John Levin saw that the woman kindled a fire. He saw her image between him and the fire. After watching her for some time, he arose and went to the top of the ledge behind where he had been sitting; being about to go down upon the west side. Turning for a moment, he saw the woman raise her hands to heaven, and there was a flash of lightning.

Mary Glasse had watched the sunset, from the heights above that little, low lying cavern east of the village, where she looked to lodge. Some time after the sun had gone down and the colors had faded, she saw, among the heavy blocks of cloud to the west, one vapory mass of fleece inlaid with fire. Descending to her little cave seven or eight feet long, from two and a half to four feet wide, and from two to four feet high, she heard ominous reverberations; and she saw that the ledge among the dense woods on the north above the cave had been shattered by a thun-

derbolt in former ages, where now the gray lichens were at work in crumbling off particles of granite. And she saw the clouds, overhanging with dark threat, and sweeping toward the sea. And she saw a bolt out of the cloud, circling in its descent like a crown of fire; and in the light, where the flash appeared to fall, she saw the figure of a man standing upon Thunderbolt ledge.

With a convulsive shudder, she went to the hill top in the falling rain; and, by the lightning flashes, she discerned the body of John Levin, prostrate, blackened, motionless. Through the weary night she watched, lest some wild beast visit the ledge before morning. By the light, flashing from cloud to cloud, or falling into the sea, she could see in that strangely still place—so still amid all the thunder—the familiar face becoming rigid like ice; and she composed the limbs and features, as for their burial.

Long after midnight, the west was illumined by sheet-lightning, playing over the hills of Salem village. Toward morning, Mary kindled a fire. The beacon was first seen by Raymond Foote, who reached the ledge at daybreak.

Upon the eighth day of September, Mary Glasse walked alone as chief mourner to the burial, bearing a storm within which contrasted with her outward calm. Upon the spot once selected as his final sleeping place, the body of John Levin was laid to rest, to the music of the ocean; which was fingering the beaches to the south-east and eastward, each in a different key.

A rough boulder was afterwards removed from the slope to the north-

east, and placed over the grave by Raymond Foote. By a subsequent change in the high road, the wheel track now runs near it; so that the sound of the beating hoof disturbs the weary dead,—and of late a small, ill-shapen elm has sprung up near it.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

When Doctor Hammersmith returned, and Raymond Foote went to his own people at Chebacco, Mary Glasse went with him. One now goes past where they two lived, in driving from Chebacco village toward Choate Island or ancient Agawam. Upon the left, near the Mears' place, is the grassy site of Raymond Foote's meeting house; and half a mile further on is a slight elevation in the Josiah Lowe field near the high road where Raymond and Mary first lived; and then a little further on, upon the right hand of the road, one can see at the left corner of that lane which leads to Choate Island, a house standing upon the site where Raymond and Mary lived later. A part of the timbers hewn by the pastor are framed into this house. And near by is the wall over which he threw the Andover wrestler.

And down the lane a little distance on the right is a ten-acre lot which Raymond used for his study in the summer season. It is a low swell of land which looks toward the Agawam hills on the north-western horizon; and to the north is Indian hill, which the natives last fortified in contesting the white invasion. North and north-east are seen many forest-clad islands amid the marshes, and Castle Neck, and the farm of the younger Winthrop. North of east there are wide areas of salt grass, and expanses of

tide-water, and that great Choate Island which had proved so friendly to Mary Glasse in hours of need. To the east Raymond at his work could see the Chebacco river-mouth, the blue sea, and Cape Ann. To the south-east are marshes, and reaches of river, and the West Gloucester hills. Upon the south, a grove rises upon a high peninsular out of the salt meadows. The most prominent object Raymond saw in the south-west was the meeting-house. And to the south of west the powder-house hill marked the horizon.

In this field grew a notable crop; grave doubts as to the monarchial power over sea, thoughts that ventured far. Here at his leisure he elaborated those ideas which led him so early to oppose the Andros tax, and which he put to paper when in Boston jail, thoughts which proved a great power in years immediately preceding the Revolution, when it was determined that democracy should rule the rising state, as it had ruled the colonial church. So was this pastor's name engraved upon the shaft of the republic. And it is not without pride that the lover of his country now enters a small, rural cemetery within sound and sight of the sea, to visit the grave of the first American who took the ground that taxation without representation is tyranny.

But the historian has made scant record of the domestic life of this home, the outpouring of treasures of affection, and the constant modification of feature in husband and wife by their 'unconscious effort to please each other.

The widow Martha Langdon did,

however, leave upon record the closing part of this story:—

"After Raymond's death, I went to abide with Mary; and the great world went roaring past, as if we were not in it; so far aloof did we keep from the occupations of society, save that we went often over the marsh and the tide-water to our neighbor Choate's.

"When Mary came to die, her life went out with the tide. Seeing how it would be, and the end so near, I went to the side door to get a breath of fresh air; since I could not bear it that she be taken from me. Then I saw, under the great oak across the lane, that the full moon was rising; and there, against the face of the moon, was a woman I never saw before, who at once came toward me. I asked what she would have of me. And she craved a night's lodging. When I saw that she was fair-spoken and of pleasant face and good breeding, I let her in.

"My Mary was dead. Her life had gone out while I was at the door. The woman told me that her name was Molly Scarlet, and that she had been a nurse to the sick for many years. And going to the bedside, she placed her head upon Mary's brow; and then, knowing her to be dead, she begged to aid me. And being not near to a neighbor, I was glad.

"Adding pitch-knots to the fire, we prepared the body for burial. When the woman saw the birth-mark upon Mary's breast, a large red cross, she dropped Mary's hand, and gasped for breath, and sat upon the side of the bed; then got up, and went to the open door. I made no notice of what she did, thinking her

to be faint. When she came again to the bed, she bade me tell who it was; and I said Mary Glasse. And she shrieked and cried, 'My daughter! My daughter!' When I bade her be quiet, she cried with more ado:—'She is my child, and John Levin's child; I gave her to James Glasse and his wife, when John Levin forsook me. And James Glasse took her out of Devon to America. My child! My child! But John Levin is dead, thank God for that. I saw him die, thank God for that.'

"I kept the woman by me till after Mary's funeral; but no one of the neighbors knew aught of what she

had said. And when I asked her further, I knew that she spoke truly. Then I knew how it was that a girl like Mary could love a man like John Levin; and why she was made fast to him by bands of adamant; and why her Mother Glasse arose from her rest to forbid her to marry.

"And I was glad that Mary never knew it; and glad that she loved him and served him like a dutiful daughter, with love like that of God to the erring. And I said, when I stood at Mary's grave, that it was a divine behest that directed the wayward steps of John Levin to the fisher house on Glasse Head."

[THE END.]

THE MIDNIGHT STORM.

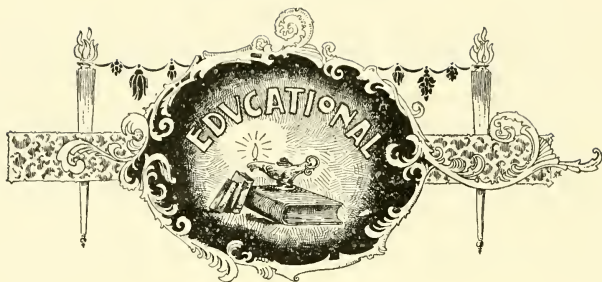
By C. Jennie Swaine.

In the cloud-hung gray of a winter day,
The mist-gathering buds of the snow flowers lay
'Till, storm-fledged for flight, the winged blossoms of white
Were frozen, full blown in the rime-wreathed night.

One white, waving plume of billowy bloom
Floated silently out of the midnight gloom,
And the snow freighted hour, with ermine and flower,
Robed and wreathed each skeleton tree of the bower.

Let rose leaves, dew sweet, be blown at my feet,
And lilies drop dead in the rain's dull beat;
Not sweeter are they than the snows that will lay
Drift deep, on the morrow, along the brown way.

Dear are the May-blown, orchard blossoms that roam
Through the empty rooms of my dear old home,
But dearer the light fall of snowflake white,
When the lone house is thronged with dream guests, as to-night.



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

ONE OR TWO DAILY SESSIONS FOR HIGH SCHOOLS.

As rhythmically periodic as the swing of a pendulum, the question of the number of daily sessions in high schools recurs, and at the present time in New Hampshire there appears a somewhat general tendency to adopt a two-session plan.

Teachers are accustomed to this oscillatory motion. Popular opinion swings from lenity to severity in discipline, from "language lessons" to "technical grammar," from "reading books" to "literature," from "objective teaching of all departments of arithmetic" to "drill in fundamentals only," from "a few things thoroughly" to "something of all things," and no line is secure at any time from attack.

The settlement of public school problems is to be determined by the advantage accruing to the physical well-being and intellectual attainment mostly, and to the public that supports the school in economy and excellence of results. Public educational affairs are to be administered in the spirit of promoting the welfare of as many persons as possible

and of working injury to none, hardship and inconvenience to as few as possible.

Those who advocate two daily sessions for the larger high schools insist that such a plan taxes the physical resources of pupils less, interferes less with domestic affairs, allows for more study time in school, gives a respite from care and labor, reduces fatigue, creates a desirable change for pupils and teachers in the midst of the day's work.

The most serious consideration is the health of the pupils. All admit that not only should our schools not injure the constitution and health of the children but should rather increase and conserve the physical forces of pupils to the last degree. A vital question then, is, "Does a single session of school work harm to any considerable number of children?" Many investigations indicate that it does not, or rather that no remarkable difference is found in children attending schools of the two sorts, single and double session. It is found that social distraction and dissipation,

late hours, improper habits of eating, do work harm. Over-study kills few children or adults.

In pointing out some advantages of a single session it is assumed that conditions of heat, light, ventilation, and drainage are reasonably good; that the distribution of periods of study, recitation, and recreation is rational; that an opportunity for a light lunch is afforded; that no single method is perfect for all individuals.

A single session is economical of strength and time. It goes without saying that less energy is required in making one round trip to school than in making two round trips. There is less inconvenience and danger during inclement weather, during extremes of heat and cold, in the single journey. Children are taught the unwisdom of severe exercise, mental or physical, immediately after a full meal. Most people of New England take the principal meal at noon. Particularly in the case of pupils living at a distance, this meal will be a hasty one, followed by a hurried walk to school. As there is usually but one high school in a small city, the distance to be covered by pupils of such schools is much greater than that required of pupils in elementary schools. Human energy is a limited quantity, somewhat constant in each individual. So much as is consumed for our purpose is not available for any other. Children should be required to secure plenty of sleep, eat a proper breakfast, partake of a light lunch, and if facilities for procuring wholesome food at low rates are provided at school for such as can afford to buy it, so much the better.

The maintenance of the equilibrium of supply and consumption of vital force in growing children, particularly those

of high school age, should be most carefully considered.

The economy of time is an essential factor in this problem. It takes time to get a school into running order. Probably as much actual work is accomplished in single session of four and one half hours as in two sessions of three and two hours. Continuous effort is effective. Most pupils can do better work, study to greater advantage in uninterrupted time. If the mastery of a lesson requires a period of an hour's length, it is easier to use the continuous period than to plan for two half hours. The free afternoon gives opportunity for this and also compels less study by artificial light. All pupils do not want to study at home. Then the afternoon furnishes abundant opportunity for outdoor sports. The single session appeals to both the studious and the playful.

In many homes the conditions are not right for study. As much time is given for study in school in a single session as in two sessions. Parents are not to be released from proper supervision of their children by any school system, irksome as such supervision may be to some parents.

The teachers are worthy of some consideration also. The stress and strain in a modern high school are severe. Teachers to maintain their status, to keep in touch with modern thought, to retain the student spirit, must have time. The preparation of lessons, the examination of written work, are most voracious in their demands upon time and strength. The free afternoon affords a continuous period after the work in school, which includes far from all a teacher's school duty, is over, for rest, recreation, and study.

The modern high school programme is not adaptable to two sessions.

Courses and plans wholly practicable in a one session scheme become impossible. Whether pupils or teachers could successfully accomplish the requirements under a two session plan is doubtful. Loss of time from absence and tardiness is greater under a two session plan.

The chief complaint concerning the one session plan is that parents are "bothered about dinner." This is insignificant when placed in comparison with the advantages to health, economy of time, better attendance, secured by one session.

The trend is towards a single session

in all schools, higher and lower. The case of the lower schools is different and so requires some arguments in addition to those suggested. But the almost universal practice in good high schools is the single session plan. It seems somewhat like an evolutionary survival of the fittest.

The agitation of such subjects is stimulating and helpful. The intelligence of the people will finally settle all such questions in the light of the welfare of the children. Selfishness will not prevail. Sacrifice and inconvenience will still be endured for the generations that are to come.

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The return of the annual meeting of this association, to be held this year at Dover, October 30, 31, furnishes an opportunity for calling the attention of the friends of education to the aims and advantages of such institutions.

The state association is wholly supported by the teachers of the state by means of small annual assessments. The executive board, elected by the members, provides the programme. No aid is furnished by the state. The loyalty and enthusiasm of its membership alone keep this body strong and vigorous.

The teachers' institute is a place for instruction in methods. The function of the state association is the dissemination of new educational thought, the discussion of pedagogical problems, the agitation of schemes for the development and improvement of all schools, the exchange of opinions, the suggestion of changes in the school laws, the inspiration of teachers in their profession.

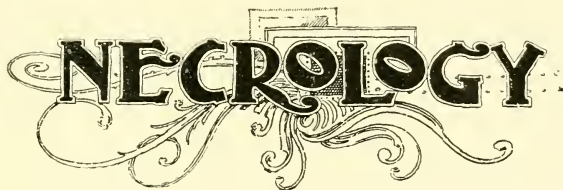
An advance may be made this year in an attempt to interest school boards in this association. Certain it is that a mingling of school boards and teachers will prove to be to the advantage of both parties. It is most desirable that school officers make an effort to attend the meeting. It would seem that no other society than one directly devoted to the schools has greater claims on the time and attention of the people. All friends of the schools and education will be cordially received at Dover. The hall to be used is a magnificent one, unsurpassed by any other in the state for the purposes of this meeting. The hospitality of the school officers, teachers, and citizens of Dover is unbounded. A successful meeting is in prospect.

The Department of Public Instruction, although not directly concerned in the management of this association, is deeply interested in its work, especially so as the organization is a voluntary

one and represents the results of self-effort on the part of teachers.

The history of the State Teachers' Association is long and honorable, and that the future may be as bright and

radiant as the past it is urged upon all cities and towns to send large delegations this year. Let enthusiasm and good-will be dominant throughout the meeting.



REV. N. D. GEORGE.

Rev. Nathan Dow George, the oldest clergyman but one in the New England conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, died at Oakdale, Mass., September 24. He was born at Hampton June 24, 1808, and was licensed to preach in 1832. He held various pastorates in Maine and Massachusetts until he retired from active duty in 1874. He was the author of numerous books and pamphlets of a religious nature.

MANSON SEAVEY.

Manson Seavey, for more than twenty years master of mathematics in the English high school, Boston, died at Woburn, Mass., August 31. He was born at Sanbornton in 1840 and graduated from the New Hampton Institution and Dartmouth College. Before coming to Boston he was engaged in educational work at Gilford, Columbus, O., and Saco, Me. He was the author of a valuable work on bookkeeping.

E. T. BURLEIGH.

Elbridge T. Burleigh, president of the Essex county bar association, died at Rangely lakes, Me., September 1. Mr. Burleigh was born at Newmarket in 1842, graduated at Phillips Exeter academy in 1862, and studied law in the office of W. B. Small at Newmarket. In 1865 he established an office at Lawrence and had since been known as one of the most prominent lawyers in the city. He was city solicitor in 1877-'78.

JACOB CARLISLE.

Jacob Carlisle was born at Waterboro, Me., seventy-seven years ago and died at Exeter September 12. He had resided in that town since 1840 and had been prominent in many business enterprises. He was a Republican from the foundation of the party and had held various offices.

J. F. JOY.

James F. Joy, the well known financier and railroad man, died at Detroit, September 24. Mr. Joy was born in Durham, December 2, 1810. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1833, and was admitted to the bar in Boston. He nominated James G. Blaine for the presidency in the Chicago convention of 1880, when Garfield was successful.

D. B. EASTMAN.

Daniel Bailey Eastman was born in South Weare July 4, 1812, and died at Manchester September 9. He was an extensive operator in city real estate, having built and sold 103 houses since 1882. His own residence was one of the finest in Manchester.

J. M. BEEDE.

Captain James M. Beede, the oldest railroad man in the state, died at Meredith August 29. He had been identified with railroad corporations ever since the old Boston, Concord & Montreal began to lay its lines and was for many years captain of the steamer *Lady of the Lake* on Lake Winnipiseogee.



MARY HITCHCOCK MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, HANOVER, N. H.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXI.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

No. 5.



Front View, with Lawn and Driveway.

THE MARY HITCHCOCK MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.

By Eugene Julius Grow.

THE town of Hanover has for a long time been before the public mind as the seat of Dartmouth College, but within the last few years there has arisen an additional institution, whose gifts will be most highly appreciated and whose sphere of utility will be equally permanent.

The Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital is pleasantly situated on ample grounds of several acres, about a quarter of a mile north of the college campus, presenting to the east and west a view of picturesque hills, while to the north there opens a beautiful prospect along the upper Connecticut valley for a distance of forty miles.

It affords, to all who may enjoy its benefits, the special advantages of being connected with a prosperous medical college (one of the three oldest in the United States), and of being located in an exceptionally healthy climate, removed from noise and devoid of other objections oftentimes raised against large city hospitals.

The hospital was erected by Hiram Hitchcock as a lasting memorial to his wife, Mary Maynard Hitchcock, a lady of most exemplary character, who was beloved by all with whom she came in contact, and who during her life devoted more time and thought to the relief of the afflicted and poor than the world can ever know.

The building was begun in the year 1890 and the construction

rapidly progressed until its completion in May, 1893. During this entire period Mr. Hitchcock devoted a large part of his time to following the plans laid out, making such changes as would be most advantageous, and, in a word, to examining into every detail, however trivial, thereby leaving nothing to chance and allowing nothing to be done in a careless manner. To this fact, possibly, above all others, is due the remarkably successful outcome of the building, and it no

are suffering from acute diseases and require immediate treatment, but also for those suffering from chronic debility, who may find there, in the change of climate, the healthful surroundings, and expert medical attendance, factors which are especially conducive to the rapid restoration of health and strength.

The hospital consists of four distinct buildings: a central administration building, with an ell of two stories and an attic; two one-story



Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital—View from Southeast.

less clearly explains, in a measure, the brilliant success of the builder both in social and financial circles.

As it stands to-day, the hospital is complete in every particular for the treatment and care of the sick, being equipped surgically and medically in accordance with the strictest requirements of modern hospital construction; it is elegantly furnished, surrounded by broad lawns, and everything is provided that human skill could devise in the way of perfect ventilation, heating, and lighting. This, together with the excellent hygienic conditions, renders the place an ideal home, not only for those who

pavilions connected with the central building by open corridors, or sun rooms, twelve feet wide; and a surgical building designed especially for purposes of the medical college. The basement and foundation walls are of granite. The superstructure is mottled Pompeian brick, and the ornaments are of terra cotta. The roof is composed of red Spanish tiles, and the general architectural result is suggestive of early Italian Renaissance. The central building has a hipped roof with dormers, and the roofs of the pavilion wards and of the surgical building take a domed form. These forms grow out of the use, in

the interior construction throughout, of the cohesive system, in which thin vitreous tiles are employed, the ceilings and stairways being formed by layers of these tiles as arches, or as domes over the larger rooms, and built up above with the material to make level surfaces for the superimposed floors.

All partition walls are of brick, covered

with King's Windsor cement, and there is an unity of fire-proof construction throughout, rendering the whole structure a fire-proof monolith. This is the first building in America especially designed for the Guastivino system of fire-proofing.

The administration building faces the south and is reached by concrete drives through a broad lawn. The visitor, passing under the portecochère, ascends six or seven steps to a covered portico, the floor of which is made of red tiles with mosaic border, the roof being formed by a series of arches supported by decorated pillars, and enters through the main door and stands in the vestibule, opening off from which is the main reception room on the left and the superintendent's room on the right. A few steps more and the



Main Entrance.

central rotunda is reached, with halls leading to the east and west and stairs to the rooms above.

The floor is richly inlaid with marble mosaic, the wainscoting is of quartered oak, handsome Corinthian columns support the arched ceiling, and on one side is an ingle-nook with an attractive fire-place and mantel of Sienna marble. This part of the building is set apart as a special



Administration Building, from Northwest.

memorial and above the mantel is a large bronze tablet bearing the following inscription :

In blessed memory of Mary Maynard Hitchcock, in loving thought of her tender and un-failing sympathy and help for the afflicted and poor, and in the spirit of her life, this hospital is erected in the year of the Great Physician, eighteen hundred and ninety, by her husband Hiram Hitchcock.

arranged service rooms, baths, lavatories, etc., and on the third floor are ample accommodations for nurses. In the basement connected with this portion of the building are various store-rooms, kitchen, bakery, servants' dining-room, etc. In the rear is an annex which contains a com-



Hon. Hiram Hitchcock.

The rotunda opens toward the east and west into central halls from which entrance is gained to the dispensary, surgical room, and offices. The remaining part of the first floor of the administration building is occupied by dining-rooms for physicians and nurses; pantries, etc. On the second floor are eight private wards for patients, together with conveniently-

plete laundry and the disinfecting rooms, well separated, however, from the main building.

The visitor now passes into the east corridor, or sun room, which connects the east pavilion with the rotunda. This is thirty-five feet long by twelve broad, having tiled floors, the roof being supported by terra-cotta pillars, which constitute the

framework for the large windows, by which arrangement there is afforded an excellent opportunity for the inmates to enjoy the sunshine. A more complete idea of the sun rooms can be gained from the pictures.

The east, or men's, pavilion, which is reached after passing through the

yet keeping the general rectangular shape, which gives the greatest convenience for arrangement of furniture and for nursing service. There are at present ten beds in the ward, conveniently arranged around the walls of the room; by this limited number 1,200 cubic feet of air is available to



Mrs. Mary M. Hitchcock.

above corridors, is one story in height and contains one large ward, three private wards, a nurses' sitting-room, diet kitchen, bath rooms, linen and clothes rooms, lavatories, etc. The large ward is twenty-eight by thirty-six feet, with a height of thirteen feet, octagonal in shape, thus combining the advantages of this form with that of the round ward,

each occupant. The private wards are very pleasantly situated, looking toward the east, each containing a single bed and necessary furniture, together with a fireplace which adds much to the cheerfulness of the room and at the same time affords a most excellent additional method of ventilation. In the basement of the pavilions are

open unused air-chambers with cement floors, and here it may be added that the floors of the operating theatre, kitchens, etc., are all made of granolithic cement. The ward kitchen and service rooms have every convenience that could be desired.

Passing from the men's pavilion, one enters another sun room, and opening off from it on the east side is the conservatory. This is, possibly,



Students' Entrance to Operating Room.

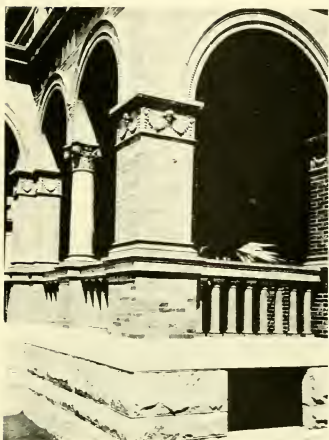
the most attractive place in the entire hospital, as one might well imagine from the accompanying picture, although it presents only a partial view. Affording, as it does, a place of rest and pleasure to those who are interested in flowers, it is only a typical example of the fact that nothing has been left undone to provide every possible comfort to meet the desires of all classes of patients.

We now come to the surgical building, containing an operating theatre, etherizing, sterilizing, and waiting rooms, also departments for surgeons' use. The operating theatre has a domed roof of vitreous tile, the first to be constructed in this country. It is well lighted from the dome, by windows in the sides and by electricity, and contains seats for one hundred and fifty students. The instrument case and fittings are designed with a view to prevent the accumulation of septic material. The sterilizing room contains the necessary appliances for the thorough maintenance of the rules of aseptic surgery, the close observance of which is of such vital importance toward insuring the favorable outcome of all surgical operations. By means of the system used, water can be quickly raised to a temperature of 400° F., and dry heat can be obtained as high as 337° F., in eight minutes. This latter fact is of especial import in the sterilization of catgut, which not infrequently proves to be septic after subjection to temperatures ordinarily employed.

Dr. Parish of Philadelphia, who has had a large hospital experience, remarks that "the sterilizing apparatus of the Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital is equaled only by a few and excelled, so far as I know, by no hospital in the world."

The basement of the surgical building contains the heating plant of the hospital, and an annex has the mortuary with all conveniences for autopsy.

After inspecting the surgical building, the visitor retraces his steps to the rotunda, passes along the west



Arches and Ornamentations at East end of Portico.

hall and sun corridor to the women's pavilion, which is in every way similar to the men's pavilion already described.

The heating of the building is by indirect radiation, by which system an ample quantity of fresh air is supplied at any temperature desired, which obviates the discomfort ensuing from having the air filled with steam vapor, smoke, and gases, as so often results from other methods. Steam enters a series of radiators or stacks situated in the basement, each directly beneath the floor of the rooms into which the heated air is designed to go. Enclosing each radiator is a galvanized iron case, forming a space into which cold air enters from the outside and after being heated rises through registers to the room above. It will be noticed that every room has its own individual stack and connections; while a series of dampers effects a convenient regulation of the

temperature of each room as the occasion demands.

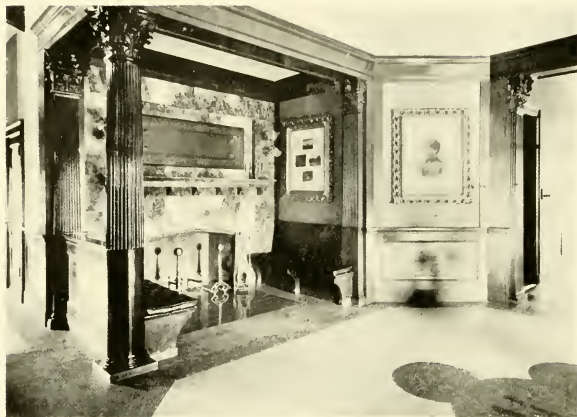
The lighting is by electricity. The plumbing is of the most approved type; all the pipes can be easily exposed to view; which fact, together with the natural drainage effected by location, insures to the building most admirable hygienic conditions.

The ventilation is as perfect as can be devised by modern science, effecting a change of air throughout the entire hospital during each period of twenty minutes. The so-called extraction system is employed, which, in its simplest form, provides for a natural and speedy inlet and outflow of air.

In each of the larger wards two openings with registers are placed in the main ventilating shaft, which is situated in the centre of the room, and below the openings are two fireplaces, which in themselves greatly add to the ventilating capacity. Additional ventilators, connected with the main shaft, are placed near each bed.



View from one end of Portico.



View in Rotunda, showing Ingle-nook.

Coils of steam pipes are placed in the flues, their effect being to create an upward current of air, and so perfectly does this apparatus work that it is possible to draw off all the air in the brief time mentioned above.

Connected with the hospital is a training school for nurses, which gives admirable facilities to those young women who wish to perfect themselves in this line of work. The

requirements for admission are that the applicant shall be of good character, industrious, and possess at least a thorough common school education.

On entrance, a probation of two months is required, thereby giving the candidate an idea of the work and what is expected. If, at the end of this brief period, the duties seem too arduous or a natural adaptation for the work is not felt, a resignation

is advisable; otherwise, the candidate, if accepted, is expected to take the full two years' course, subject to the rules of the school, and upon the successful completion of this term of service is given a diploma. The didactic instruction is given by lectures and recitations on various medical subjects by professors connected with the medical college. Practical instruction is given at the bedside under the supervision of the



View in Conservatory.

superintendent and head nurse; also a course in diet-cooking, conducted by a special teacher.

Along with the advance of civilization and the rapid progress of medical science there has arisen within recent years an increasing demand for trained nurses, and not unwisely, for again and again has it been noticed that the watchful care given by a nurse who can intelligently and thoroughly carry out instructions is of no less aid in promoting the favorable termination of disease than is the work of the physician himself.

The dedication of the hospital took place in the College church on May 3, 1893. The exercises were as follows:

1. Organ voluntary.
2. Prayer, Rev. S. P. Leeds, D. D.
3. Hymn, "How Firm a Foundation."



Interior View of one of the Sun Rooms.

4. Report of the committee on construction and organization, Dr. Edward Cowles.
5. Presentation of the Hospital to the corporation, Mr. Hiram Hitchcock.
6. Acceptance of the trust, in behalf of the corporation, Dr. C. P. Frost.
7. Dedication hymn, Katherine W. Hardy.
Dartmouth College Glee Club.
8. Acknowledgment in behalf of the college, President William J. Tucker, D. D.
9. The origin, development, and utility of hospitals, Hon. J. W. Patterson.
10. Benediction.

It is a noteworthy fact that the



Operating Theatre.

above address was Mr. Patterson's last public effort, and that the first service rendered by the hospital was at his death, which occurred so suddenly on the evening of the following day, and which marked the end of the illustrious career of one of New Hampshire's greatest and most honored statesmen.

The hospital is incorporated by special act of the legislature of New Hampshire. The immediate control

M. D., of New York city, professor of ophthalmology; T. M. Balliet, M. D., of Philadelphia, professor of therapeutics; Paul F. Mundè, M. D., of New York city, professor of gynecology; George A. Leland, M. D., of Boston, Mass., professor of laryngology; William H. Parish, M. D., of Philadelphia, professor of obstetrics; Granville P. Conn, M. D., of Concord, N. H., professor of hygiene; John M. Gile, M. D., of Tewksbury,



View in East Ward.

is vested by the corporation in a board of trustees, twelve in number. The members of the medical profession connected with the institution hold professorships in various departments in Dartmouth Medical College. The medical staff, consisting of Doctors C. P. Frost,¹ W. T. Smith, and G. D. Frost, are in attendance at all times during the year. The consulting staff is composed of Phineas S. Conner, M. D., of Cincinnati, Ohio, professor of surgery; David Webster,

Mass., professor of practice of medicine.

The members of this staff, while in Hanover at stated periods, treat publicly and privately all diseases which come under the head of their individual specialty.

The manifold benefits of this hospital are clearly evident, affording to the students of Dartmouth a place where in case of sickness they can receive the best of attendance, enabling the medical students to receive

¹ Deceased.



Dining Rooms.

a fair amount of clinical instruction, and giving to the entire community the privilege of having their ills and afflictions treated by some of the most eminent specialists in the United States.

The present number of beds is thirty-six, with ample room for many more. Patients paying twelve dollars per week may be admitted to the large wards, including the full benefits of the institution; those paying a less amount are regarded as beneficiaries. Those desiring private rooms are admitted upon special terms, according to the size of the room, location, etc. Up to the present writing, 489 patients have been admitted, 290 receiving operative treatment; a large percentage of them have been free patients, and in addition a large number of out-patients have been treated.

During the last quarter of a century, the rapid development of medical science, requiring a greater

degree of care and skill in treatment, together with many appliances that are rarely found in private practice, emphasizes the fact that a hospital is the need of every large community.

The Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital fulfils the above requirements in an exceptional manner, and is therefore one of the greatest of practical charities to those who may enjoy its benefits. As an institution, the object of which is to relieve hu-

man suffering, it presents to all the opportunity of perpetuating and extending its privileges, for the benefit of the community, by joining in its endowment. In view of the fact that the larger the number of individuals directly interested in the hospital the broader and more lasting are its benefits; and, furthermore, as the current expenses are far in advance of the receipts, the board of trustees has arranged a system of endowments which are to be considered as memorial funds for the establishment of



Superintendent's Office.

free beds. As it is desirable that all the beds shall be endowed, the attention of philanthropic people is called to the needs of this hospital and to the opportunities open to them for conferring a lasting benefit upon their less fortunate companions.

The provisions for endowments are as follows :

“ If any person or association shall contribute to the hospital the sum of five thousand dollars during any consecutive twelve months, such person or association shall be entitled to the use of one bed in the general wards, with the privileges of the hospital, board, care and attention, medicines, medical and surgical attendance, and such other service and supplies as are furnished in-patients of the hospital. Said bed shall be maintained by the hospital perpetually, and its privileges enjoyed free of charge, subject always to the hospital rules and regulations, by such patients as shall, from time to time, be nominated by the contributor or his assigns or representatives.

“ A gift of four thousand dollars under like conditions as aforesaid, entitles the giver to like privileges during life and the life of a successor who may be named.

“ A gift of three thousand dollars under like conditions entitles the giver to like privileges during life.

“ A gift of two thousand dollars under like conditions entitles the giver to the use of a bed for children, with like privileges during life.

“ A gift of three hundred dollars under like conditions entitles the giver to the use of one free bed in the general wards, with like privileges for one year from the day of such contribution.

“ A gift of two hundred dollars under like conditions entitles the giver to the use of a bed for children, with like privileges for one year from the day of such contribution.”

While these endowments stand as memorials of those in whose names they are made, the provisions also enable towns, communities, corporations, religious and benevolent societies, to furnish care to those whom they would wish to aid. The money contributed for the maintenance of free beds, if the term exceeds one year, is kept as a permanent fund and invested, the income only being used. At present there are seven beds permanently endowed.

The building is open to visitors on all days, except Sundays, from two until four o'clock in the afternoon. Inquiries pertaining to admittance of patients, the training school for nurses, or other matters relating to hospital work, should be addressed to the superintendent.

On coming to Hanover for even a very brief stay, one should not fail to pay the hospital a visit, for it is impossible to form more than a very meagre idea, from descriptions or illustrations, of the thoroughness with which every portion is constructed, and of the exceptionally fine accommodations and privileges which it affords. After the inspection of the building has been made, the visitor cannot but be filled with admiration of the magnanimous gift of the donor, which enables the state of New Hampshire to pride itself on the finest hospital of its class in this or in any other country, and which presents to the entire community advantages of incalculable value in the ready cure or amelioration of disease.

NIGHT ON MOOSILAUKE.

A SKETCH CHARCOALED IN PROSE.

By Milo Benedict.

Out on the dark, bald summit, alone, gazing; the wind roaring, thundering, unintermittent and cold as snow. Out there by the lonely, cabled house, on the piles of rocks, my feet clinging where they can, my fingers numb; my eyes filling, my hat brim fluttering like a ship's angry sail. So far above the plain, I feel but half attached to the earth. I gaze far out into space (how vast is space from a mountain! How we are charmed by the distance!) Far to the south-east, beyond countless ranges peaks, gulfs, abysses, near the dim sky-line, too far to seem real, Lake Winnepesaukee—a long, silvery path of light—plainly visible under the cold light of the moon. (The whole earth greenish in the moonlight like a ghastly daguerreotype.)

THE ROYAL HUNT.

By Lucy Mayo Warner.

Hark, the horn's sweet winding wail! Ah, the hounds are on the trail,
And the branches wave salute as on they sweep.
Gallants brave and winsome maids send a greeting down the glades,
And before them all they ride, prince and princess side by side.
While the baying of the pack on the scented wind comes back
In a murmur muttering and deep.

Hedge and stubble all are past, and the open shows at last.
All the steeds are warming up to quicker paces.
Still they ride as they began; prince and princess lead the van.
Still the pack speeds o'er the ground, for the cover must be found.
Green turf thrills to quickened hoof-beat—ah, the hunter's joy is sweet.
And the merry hearts look forth from merry faces.

Sinks the lordly sun to rest, and the flushed and glowing west
Neath her fleecy cloud-veil strives her joy to hide.
Not one brush for all the pack do our hunters carry back.
Not one bay of triumph sounds from the iron-throated hounds,
But his ladye he has won and love's life is just begun.
And the prince's gallant heart is satisfied.

THEIR PATIENT EXPECTANCIES.

By Dora L. Burns.

I.



MRS. Emmeline Jenkins removed her blue gingham apron, and glanced at the clock with a sigh of satisfaction.

"'Taint half past yet and the works's all cleaned up. If I do say it, I've been uncommon spry. Them cookin' dishes took a sight of time. How well you made this carpet look, Phœby, 'when you swept it yesterday,'" she added commendingly.

"Yes, it do look tolerable. That carpet's wore first rate, aint it, Emmeline?" Miss Phœbe returned.

"It aint done bad, and with care it'll last a good while yet," Mrs. Jenkins answered thriftily.

Miss Phœbe looked dubious. "I dunno," she responded. "It's pretty thin in places and terrible faded. You actooly ought to git another, Emmeline."

"We can git along a spell, I guess. Things is going to be awful cheap, this fall," was the hopeful reply of Mrs. Jenkins, who lived in chronic anticipation of lower market prices.

"Seems to me I've hearn you say that before, Emmeline," remarked her sister with mild impatience.

"Well, ain't it so? Ain't goods a fallin' all the time?"

"I dunno's I believe in waitin' 'till you're dead to git things, just because they'll be cheaper afterward, maybe. We need some other fixin's,

too. Marshy's teachin' stiddy, and I don't see any need of your bein' so scrimpin'."

Mrs. Jenkins smiled tranquilly. She had even better reasons than she told for not "layin' out" in new household equipments. Her eyes wandered down the road to a substantial set of buildings with roofs painted red, as she reflected upon them. Suddenly, she pressed her face against the glass with quickening interest.

"Land! If I ain't mistook greatly, Loizy's out a makin' her garden," she announced. "And I do believe she ain't got nothin' on her head."

"With this raw, east wind a blowin', and the sky skimmin' over for a storm!" exclaimed Miss Phœbe. "Seems to me that's terrible risky and she eighty odd," she ended, with cheerful apprehension.

"Flyin' right in the face of Providence," said Mrs. Jenkins in an awe-struck voice. "But Loizy's tough. All them Metcalfs was."

"She'll probably live longer'n Obadiah does, now, though she is more 'n twenty-five years older.

"Obadiah ain't looked very well this spring," responded Miss Phœbe, drearily. "I always did say he would n't never have married her if she had n't done the courtin'."

Miss Phœbe's pale blue eyes gleamed revengefully. She could

remember when the aforesaid Obadiah had waited on her to evening meeting, and the fond hopes thereby aroused still lived. The thought had always rankled in her mind that her place in his affections had been usurped by Loizy Metcalf, who was old enough to be a mother to him.

"Loizy was cut out for an old maid, if there ever was one, but got spoiled in the makin'," Miss Phœbe went on with refreshing disregard of her own unmarried state.

"I don't think it becomes you, Phœbe, to say much about old maids," reminded Mrs. Jenkins with gentle severity.

"I dunno 's I'm so very old," said Miss Phœbe, scenting an insinuation from afar. "And I dunno, either, as a woman that's been a widow thirty year, more or less, is a terrible sight better off 'n one that ain't married *yet*. Loizy done the courtin', I always said," she remarked for the second time, "but she ain't goin' to live forever more 'n the rest of us."

Mrs. Emmeline smiled comprehendingly. Miss Phœbe certainly could not be accused of cherishing secret hopes, though she was not often so recklessly frank as this. It appeared heartless to turn a damper upon such rose-tinted expectancies, but she felt that her sisterly duty demanded it; there were several reasons, besides the discouraging longevity of the lady under consideration, which made it most unlikely that Miss Phœbe's hopes would ever be realized.

"The Metcalfs are a long-lived race. I've hearn say that Loizy's grandfather lived to be ninety-three, and old General Metcalf was ninety-

six and some months when he died. Loizy don't seem to be breakin' up none. She's spry as a young girl.

Mrs. Jenkins's despairing sigh seemed hardly adapted to the cheerful aspect of the situation, and the dashed expression upon Miss Phœbe's face was slightly reflected upon her own. Some way, she could never ponder on Loizy Hitchcock's peaceful length of days without a thrill of melancholy.

The untimely death of Jerry Jenkins, her husband, had occurred shortly after the celebration of their nuptials, and she had been wont to declare sadly for several subsequent years, that it did seem as though she must have her certificate framed to prevent her forgetting that she ever had been married. Only the enduring expectations of lower prices on frames had deterred her from thus doing. As time wore on, however, the need of the reminder grew increasingly less; for Marcia, the brisk, black-eyed daughter, soon became a sufficient guarantee to the certainty of her matrimonial experiences.

And after a while her diminishing sorrow had been supplemented by swelling hopes. "Men always seem to take to widders" was frequently her consolatory reflection.

Nevertheless, in spite of this undeniable fact, the worthy widowhood of Mrs. Jenkins remained unrewarded. The rolling years had seen nearly the last man upon whom she had pinned fond faith, vanish into the realms of the inaccessible. Obadiah alone, the promising, prospective relict of Loizy, was left; and upon him her trust had come to fasten itself with assurance so absolute that she regarded Miss Phœbe's long drawn out hopes with

silent contempt. And Miss Phoebe had never suspected her sister's deep-laid schemes, for Mrs. Jenkins was most discreetly mute upon that subject.

II.

Mrs. Jenkins opened her end door a prudent crack and peered out warily.

"Is that you?" she asked, with soft caution.

"Yes, it's me—Obadiah Hitchcock," came the reassuring answer from the black depths, and Mrs. Jenkins thereupon allowed a more hospitable flood of light to illuminate the dripping figure on the doorstep.

"Land!" she ejaculated. "You kinder skeered me for the minute, seein' its such a night for humans to be out. But don't stand there in the wet. Come in, do."

"I dunno's I'd better," returned Obadiah with the doubt of a well brought up man. "Its rainin' pooty bad, and I'm wetter nor a drowned duck."

"My floor's had water on it before now, and I guess 't will agin if nothin' don't happen. Come in, Obadiah, come in," urged Mrs. Jenkins, and thus entreated, Obadiah entered.

He was slightly round-shouldered, and had an appearance of meekness about him which was beguiling. His complexion possessed a suggestion of biliousness and kindred evils. His small, green eyes twinkled with an indescribable mixture of shrewdness and good nature. A few thin whiskers, of uncertain color, were distributed over his chin, and locks of the same variety adorned the edges of his forehead and neck. One felt,

instinctively, that he was a man who would "save."

"I declare, Obadiah Hitchcock, is this you?" exclaimed Miss Phoebe volubly. "I be real glad to see you. We've had such a spell of rainy weather there ain't been a soul in. Do set right up here where its warm, and dry off."

"I dunno's I'd better," responded Obadiah, somewhat embarrassed by the warmth of his welcome. "I jest come over to git a mess o' wormwood."

"Land! I hope none of your folks ain't sick?" questioned Mrs. Jenkins, her mind swiftly recalling Mrs. Hitchcock's reckless gardening of the week before.

"It's the woman. She ain't been very chipper for two three days back along, and she kinder thought some wormwood tea would be first-rate, seein' 't was spring o' the year. We ain't got none ourselves. The midgets spiled it all, and Loizy she made sartin you was supplied."

"Land, yes," returned Mrs. Jenkins cordially, "I always git fresh yarbs every year. They're apt to lose their strength if they're kept over—to say nothin' of midgets."

"Loizy do,—gen'rally speakin'. but she can't git around 's well as she c'd once," answered Obadiah regretfully.

"I'll get the wormwood for you, ma," volunteered Marcia from her number papers.

"That's right, Marshy, save your ma all the steps you can," approved Obadiah.

"I'll git it. She don't know jest where 't is. 'Taint no more put-out for me to go up attic than it ever was," replied Mrs. Jenkins with vig-

orous self-sufficiency, as she lighted another lamp. She did not propose that Obadiah should suspect her of gathering infirmities.

"You tell Loizy to steep this a mite longer 'n common," she said, when she had returned. "I'm 'most afeard 'twas a speck green when I lung it up."

"And, Obadiah, I dunno but I'd take some, too, if I was you. 'Twon't hurt you none, and you ain't looked very well lately," Miss Phœbe admonished.

"Yes, Obadiah, you're thin as a hatchet," supplemented Mrs. Jenkins.

Mrs. Alonzo Greenleaf was making a Sunday afternoon call a few days later.

"Loizy Hitchcock's real slim," she had remarked.

"I want to know!" replied Mrs. Jenkins, with evident interest.

"Obadiah was in to git some worm-wood Thursday night, but we've had such mis'rble weather I ain't seen nobody since."

"Yes," reiterated Mrs. Greenleaf, "I guess she's pretty slim. 'Tany rate, Dr. Dodge was there this mornin'.

"Land! She must be sick," said Mrs. Jenkins, her eyes resting upon the red-roofed house more tenderly than usual. "She never was no hand for doctors."

"You didn't hear what the difficulty was, I s'pose?" inquired Miss Phœbe.

"Lonzo said Obadiah told him it 'peared like a stroke. I guess she ain't been so smart as common for some time."

"I should n't wonder a mite if she didn't git over it," said Miss Phœbe with inconsistent cheerfulness.

"She's pretty well 'vanced. How old do you make her, Jane?"

"She and Lonzo's Aunt Pinkham was jest the same age, and Aunt Pinkham died in her seventy-ninth. That was five year ago come August. Loizy must be borderin' on eighty-four."

"And she was over fifty when she married Obadiah," put in Mrs. Jenkins reflectingly. "Well, she's done well by him. Been real savin'."

"I s'pose 'tan't 't all unlikely Obadiah will marry agin. Somebody 'll git a good home, if he do," said Mrs. Greenleaf musingly; whereupon Miss Phœbe looked pleasantly anticipatory and Mrs. Emmeline observed with suitable resignation, that Loizy had n't ought to complain if he did.

III.

It was a night in November, seven or eight months later. The moon shed soft radiance upon fields and roads and silvered Mrs. Jenkins's low, gray house and its attendant clumps of lilac bushes.

That lady was peering out of her kitchen widow with painful forebodings.

"Seems to me, Marshy," she remarked anxiously, "that looks like Obadiah's horse and team a comin' out of his gate. Your eyes are younger 'n mine. Come and see if 'tan't."

Obedient to the call, the red-cheeked Marcia came and stood by her mother's side. Shading her eyes from the light of the kerosene lamp, she, too, peered down the road.

"Yes, it's he," was her grammatical announcement after a prolonged stare, "and he's going straight up Spruce Lane."

"Land!" was Mrs. Jenkins's feeble response. "Ain't it the second time he's been up that hill within a week?"

"'Pears to me it's the third," came in querulous tones from the other side of the room.

"Well, I declare!" ejaculated Mrs. Emmeline. "If he's so possessed to git married agin, it do seem's though he might put up with somebody a little nearer home. Two miles ain't a laughin' matter these cold nights, and Obadiah ain't no younger'n he used to be."

"Men ain't much sense, anyway," complained the indistinct speaker from the other direction. "Now, why a man that's got reason should want a widder with four daughters instead of a nice, respectable maiden lady with money, 'twould take somebody smarter'n I be to tell." Miss Phœbe finished with a bitter sniff, and banging the oven door where she had been toasting her feet, she thrust the aforesaid members into a pair of old slippers.

"It do beat all," began Mrs. Jenkins, "how Obadiah do go on! A man at his time of life to take such a family as that onto his shoulders. And the Widder Hopley always wore false hair. Seems to me as though 'twant no more'n my Christian duty to tell Obadiah of that, seein' we've been neighbors all these years. I never did believe in deceivin' folks."

And Mrs. Emmeline resumed her knitting with a calm stoniness of resolution which boded no good for the Widow Hopley and her hypocritical adornments.

"She's a terrible poor hand for pastry, too. And Obadiah such a

dretful creeter for pie!" lamented Miss Phœbe in an afflicted tone.

So it happened that these two worthy women were pleasantly surprised at receiving an evening visit from Mr. Hitchcock soon after the above conversation had taken place. They nobly exerted themselves to be even more than usually agreeable, possibly hoping to thus obliterate some of the charms of her who lived in Spruce Lane. Mrs. Jenkins had begun to turn the conversation in the direction of artificial ringlets and Miss Phœbe was wondering how she might best apprise their caller of the quality of Mrs. Hopley's pie-crust, when Obadiah inquired:

"What do you think of that strip o' pastur that jines onto me this side the crick? Ain't it a pooty little piece of land?"

"I dunno but it's well enough, Obadiah," returned Mrs. Jenkins encouragingly, "belongs to the Widder Hopley, don't it?" she asked, foreseeing an opportunity to administer the false hair.

"It don't neow," said Obadiah with a twinkle in his sly, green eyes.

"You don't mean you've bought it!" quavered Miss Phœbe eagerly, catching an exhilarating clue to Obadiah's trips up the Lane.

Mr. Hitchcock nodded and waited for congratulations. "I'm sure I'm real glad you've got it, Obadiah, if you wanted it and needed it," spoke Mrs. Emmeline as soon as she had sufficiently grasped the glad import of the information. "But don't you s'pose you'd a got it cheaper if you'd waited a spell?"

A shade of regret swept over Obadiah's snuff-colored visage.

"Maybe," he admitted reluctantly.

"But I've been a tryin' to git hold o' that pastur land for the last five year. The Widder Hopley holds onto her reel 'state 's though she was goin' to car' it with her. She's pooty snug to drive a bargain with, the Widder Hopley is.. I allus did say I'd ruther trade with the Old Nick than a woman. No 'fence meant *here*, o' course," he added, feeling somewhat sheepish for the moment.

Miss Phœbe smiled so beamingly upon him, however, that he was swiftly betrayed into thinking he had made a laudable remark.

"No, Em'line," he continued, "I dunno's I'm sorry I've bought the land—even though I might have saved by waitin' a couple year longer," he said recklessly. "You see I've been a hankerin' for it some little time."

"But 'tain't best to hurry such things too much, Obadiah," admonished Mrs. Jenkins with judicious good-will again reigning in her breast.

IV.

"Do you s'pose Obadiah 'll be 'long bye 'n bye, Emmeline?" Miss Phœbe questioned one February afternoon, as she watched the sun sink in the red southwest behind a clump of pines. "Seems most a pity to undo my frizzles and have 'em wasted."

"I dunno why he should n't," answered Mrs. Jenkins with expectancy in her voice. "Do you?"

"I dunno's I do, only it's been so blusterin' all day I did n't know 's he'd git broke out much 'fore mornin'. He has so much to see to, and nobody to help him," replied Miss Phœbe with tender consideration. "And the road's blowed chock full between us and him."

"He ain't very hefty. I guess he'll come," returned Mrs. Jenkins.

And so he did. His nightly visitations were getting to be considered a matter of course.

To-night he appeared to devote himself to Marcia somewhat more than Miss Phœbe thought desirable. She had never considered Emmeline an obstruction to Obadiah's wooing, but "Marshy" was a little young thing who could hardly be expected to appreciate the gravity of the situation. Of late she had thought seriously of withdrawing herself and Obadiah to the remote precincts of the parlor. That, however, would have necessitated an extra wood fire, and Miss Phœbe knew her thrifty sister would not countenance such extravagance. So she consoled herself with the reflection that the course of true love never yet run smooth.

At one time during the evening, when Marcia was momentarily absent from the room, Obadiah had remarked meditatively, "Strange, hain't it, that Marshy never favored her ma in looks." And Mrs. Jenkins's spirits had thereupon risen to a transcendent height.

"How much Obadiah is like poor Jerry!" she mused resignedly, as she imbibed the usual cup of ginger tea before retiring. "He always said I was a dretful sight better lookin' to him than anybody else."

But Miss Phœbe's abstracted mind had not thus interpreted Obadiah's observation.

"I always did say Marshy favored me," she spoke with becoming modesty.

And each old sister smiled gently at the mental dullness of the other.

"She's a nice little girl, Marshy

is," condescended Miss Phœbe with suave good-will to all mankind. "I'm sure I hope she'll do well when the time comes."

The next evening a jingle of sleigh-bells was heard in Mrs. Jenkins's door-yard. She hastened to the window and gazed into the darkness. "Unless I'm terrible mistook," she cried, with happy anticipation in her tone, "Obadiah's out here with Jigger." (Jigger was the horse.) "Land! I'd clean forgot the temperance lecture' at the hall to-night. It do n't cost nothin', and that's jest where he's a goin'." And Mrs. Jenkins gave her back hair some swift, surreptitious attention before admitting the visitor.

Obadiah was evidently arrayed for a momentous occasion. His heavy-soled boots rejoiced in a very unusual application of blacking, and he had attempted to give an air of style to his faded overcoat by the addition of fur collar and cuffs—the souvenirs of a long-lost antiquity. His scattered locks had been laboriously persuaded to show to the best possible advantage under his beaver hat.

Miss Phœbe's heart fluttered agreeably at his gallant appearance. She wished she had been sagacious enough to have saved her frizzles until the last moment. Obadiah, however, appeared strangely delinquent about the necessary invitation, and the dignified modesty of Mrs. Jenkins and Miss Phœbe would not permit them to begin preparations before it had been tendered.

The event at the hall was to com-

mence at seven, and Miss Phœbe saw with alarm the rapid approach of that hour. It would never do to be late upon such an auspicious occasion. If he did not mention the subject soon, she believed she must administer a mild suggestion. In the meantime Mrs. Jenkins, also, cast anxious glances upon the calm clock, and shifted about nervously in her chair. She strove to reassure herself by thinking she would need but a very few minutes to change her dress, and that Jigger could go quite fast when the occasion required.

Suddenly Marcia appeared in the doorway. Mrs. Jenkins noticed with a thrill of uneasiness that she was attired in her Sunday apparel. And what was Obadiah saying?

"We 'd better be goin' I guess, Marshy, if you're ready," he observed cheerfully. "You know we want to git a good settin'."

Their exit was followed by silence so intense it could almost be seen. Their words were painfully inadequate to express the blasted hopes of years. The clock ticked on with loud lack of consideration, and the fire went out with a dreary sputter for want of attention.

After a while Miss Phœbe spoke, "Marshy's a doin' the courtin', I guess," she said dismally; "I always said Obadiah did n't have no mind."

And Mrs. Jenkins had responded with a vain attempt at comfortable resignation, "Land! but I do hope Marshy won't be rampant to git her fixin's right off. Things is goin' to be awful cheap a year from now."



THE RETURN.

By W. M. R.

"Hast thou come with the heart of thy childhood back?
The free, the pure, the kind?
So murmured the trees in my homeward track,
As they played to the mountain wind."—*Hemans*.

A happy youth, in life's bright morning hour,
Strayed from his joyous childhood's mountain home,
A mother's and a sister's love his only dower,
Thenceforth a wanderer o'er the earth to roam.
Long time home-sickness of the heart hung o'er him,
And sad home voices came on every breeze.
One lovely picture constant rose before him—
His childhood's home among the whispering trees.
Sweet visions of the happy past, in dreams returning,
Re-fed the quenchless fire of boyish love,
Only to waken, with devoted, tireless yearning,
Longings to seek that ark of refuge, like the dove.
Through tear-dimmed eyes he sees as in a vision,
Warm in the brightness of the sunbeam's track,
Mother and sister, in that home Elysian,
Whose low, sweet voices gently call him back.
But time, like the famed bird of Indian story,
Assuages griefs that seemed too great to bear,
With soothing pinion fans the wound so gory,
Her own remorseless beak inflicted there.
So faint, and fainter grew that home impression,
As from the deck one sees receding shore,
And turns to other scenes, to hide the sad procession
Of vanished joys, that come, alas! no more.
Time rolled with ever-hurrying fleetness,
Bearing Nepenthe on its restless stream,
Yet never from his heart could drown the sweetness
Exhaled in fragrance from his boyhood's dream.
And now with snow-flecked locks again returning
To the old paths his feet in childhood trod,
The altar fires of home no longer burning,
His loved ones sleeping silent 'neath the sod.
His stricken soul finds no responsive greeting
To his low, mournful roll-call of despair;
No throbbing heart's anticipated joy at meeting,
With answering echo, wakes the silent air.
And here at last we leave him with his sorrow.
Welcome, indeed, oblivion's Lethean stream,
Upon whose shadowy wave there dawns no morrow,
No sad returning to that childhood's dream.

WINCHESTER.

EARLINGTON. ARLINGTON. WINCHESTER.

By George W. Pierce.



NEAR the Monadnock, almost under its western shadow, as the sun fringes the morning's horizon, lying upon both banks of the Ashuelot, is the subject of our short sketch.

It is a town of territorial area practically six miles square, and has remained with its present boundaries since July 2, 1850. It was originally granted as a plantation to Col. Josiah Willard, of Lancaster and Lunenburg, at that time captain of the company of soldiers stationed at Fort Dummer, and sixty-three associates, mostly of Lunenburg, by Gov. Jonathan Belcher on June 21, 1733.

The boundary of this grant is as follows: "Begining at y^e River, at a maple tree, the southwestery corner of His excellency's Governour Belcher's Farm (said to be the northern bounds of Northfield); from thence running up y^e said Connecticut River Four miles and one half and twenty rods, taking in two small Islands at the upper end; from thence east twelve degrees, to y^e south eight miles and a half and twenty (rods) perches, to an heap of stones; then south six miles one quarter and fifty two rods, to a heap of stones; then west two miles and an half, to a white pine tree marked; from thence north eighteen and an half degrees, west

three miles one quarter, and sixty perches, to a black oak tree, marked; then north one mile and an half and forty perches, to a heap of stones; then west three miles and three-quarters, to the maple tree, the first mentioned bound. There is allowed about one rod in twenty for uneven land and swag of chain; also there's allowed 739 acres for farms already Layed out, with two hundred acres allowed for ponds and rivers."

These boundaries remained till July 2, 1753, at which date they were changed as follows: "Begining at a beach tree marked for the southwest corner of Richmond; from thence running west 10° N. on the Province Line four miles to the easterly line of Northfield (so called); thence runs Northerly on said line to the northeast corner of Northfield aforesaid; then runs west on the aforesaid line of Northfield to Connecticut River; thence running up said River to the southwest corner of Chesterfield; then runs south 73° East until that point intersects a line running North by the needle from the first mentioned found tree," and "containing by admeasurement twenty three thousand and forty acres, which tract is to contain six miles square and no more, out of which an allowance is made for highways and unimprovable Lands, by rocks, mountains, ponds,

and rivers, one thousand and forty acres free."

These new boundaries became necessary from the fact that a strip of land of a triangular form, with its apex towards the east, about two hundred and fifty rods deep, on the easterly border of Northfield, and lying between the New Province line and "Gardner's Canada," or "Roxbury," now Warwick, Mass., containing 1,199 acres, was severed from the original grant of Winchester as

This new adjustment of boundary gave to Hinsdale all that portion of Winchester lying upon the bank of the Connecticut river extending from near Fort Hinsdale to and including the islands in the river opposite Brattleboro, a distance of three miles and twenty-three rods, and all the territory originally granted to Winchester west of said "due north line"; and gave to Winchester a portion of the territory of Northfield above the "New Province Line," about three miles in



South Main Street.

made in 1733, by the establishment of the New Province line.

On September 5, following, on the petition of Ebenezer Hinsdale Esq., and "sundry persons inhabiting at a place called Northfield, lying on the north of the dividing line of the Province of New-Hampshire, and the Massachusetts Bay," an alteration was made in the westerly line of the town of Winchester as follows: Commencing at a point on the "New Province Line" eighty rods from the Connecticut river, running due north by the needle till it intersected with the northern boundary of the grant.

width on said line by a depth of about four and three-fourths miles running north.

From this date till 1850 the boundaries remained unchanged. On July 2 of this last mentioned year, the legislature extended the boundaries of Winchester as follows: "Beginning at the northwest corner of the town of Richmond, and running southerly on the line dividing Richmond from Winchester, three hundred and forty rods, to the south line of the road leading by Hollis Narramore's house: thence north fifty-eight degrees east to Swanzy south line, at the north



Town Hall and Universalist Church

side of the new road leading from Swanzey to Winchester; thence on Swanzey south line three hundred and forty rods, to the corner between Swanzy and Richmond." This added a triangular piece of the territory of Richmond from her northwest corner, a little more than a mile in length on the Winchester line, and a little more than a mile in length on the Swanzey line, to Winchester.

The grantees and original settlers came mainly from Lunenburg, Mass., and they formed two principal settlements, one at "y^e Great River" (the Connecticut), the other at "y^e Bow" (on the Ashuelot river). Those who located on "y^e Great River," were,—Col. Josiah Willard, Isaac Farnsworth, Jonathan Hubbard, Charles Wilder, John Stevens, Josiah Willard, Jr., Stephen Farnsworth, Edward Hartwell, John Johnson, John Waiting, Edward Hartwell, Jr., Eleazer Haywood, Elisha Chapin, Shem Chapin, William Willard, William Lawrence, Timothy Minot, John Keen, Nathan Haywood, Joseph Kellog, Esq., Zachariah Field, John Brown, Daniel Shattuck, Timothy Dwight, Nathaniel Dwight, Joseph Severance, and Rufus Houghton; and at "y^e Bow,"—Noah Dodge,

Ephraim Pearce, James Jewell, Moses Willard, James Hosley, Ephraim Wheeler, William Jones, Andrew Gardner, Benjamin Prescott, Esq., Samuel Farnsworth, Asael Hartwell, Jonathan Willard, Benjamin Bellows, Jr., Samuel Chandler, Jr., William Goss, Silas Houghton, Daniel Wright, Benoni Wright, Joshua Wells, John Heywood, Thomas Willard, Francis Cogswell, Jethro Wheeler, Ephraim Wetherby, John Prescott, Ebenezer Alexander, William Syms, Nathaniel Chamberlain, Elias Alexander, Joseph Alexander, Joseph Alexander, Jr., John Alexander, Ebenezer Alexander, Jr., John Ellis, Oliver Doolittle, James Porter, John Summers, Daniel Brown, Edmond Grandy, and Benoni Moore.

The entire number of first settlers at this date, October 3, 1733, as appears by the above list, is sixty-seven—a gain of three over the list of grantees, who numbered sixty-four, including Colonel Willard. Of these, twenty-seven appear to have located on the Connecticut river, and forty on the Ashuelot.

These first settlers must have come into their several locations by the way of Northfield, lines of communication with towns lying to the eastward and towards Boston having been previously opened up as a matter of



Congregational Church

common necessity. Those locating upon the Connecticut river, passing up the road leading from Northfield to Fort Dummer direct, whilst those who located at "y" Bow" probably followed a "blazed" trail made by Joseph Blanchard and his associates, who made the original survey of the plantation, through the forest from Northfield to "y" Bow." No line of direct communication between the settlements upon the Ashuelot and Connecticut rivers was ever established, so far as the records show, whilst remaining a part of a common grant; and a line of direct communication between Lunenburg and Northfield was provided for by the way of Arlington in the original grant as follows: "And within two years from the Grant, the Petitioners clear and make a convenient Traivailing Road of twelve feet wide, from Lunenburg to Northfield." The records show that this road was constructed, and passed through territory now known as Richmond, Royalston, and Winchendon, to Lunenburg.

It would seem from the records that these proprietors did not all immediately proceed to Arlington for permanent settlement, as the proprietors' business meetings were not held here till "Tuesday the 26th day of August 1735." This meeting was held at the house of William Syms, and Deacon Ebenezer Alexander was chosen moderator. Rev. Mr. Benjamin Doolittle, Deacon Ebenezer Alexander, and Mr. Nathaniel Brooks were chosen assessors, and Mr. Jeremiah Hall and Mr. James Jewell, collectors; and an assessment of one hundred pounds and ten shillings was voted to be levied upon "y" Proprietors of y" House Lots, at y"

Bow & y" Great River, in equal proportions on each Lot."

Between these two dates, October 3, 1733, and August 26, 1735, the proprietors had been constructing their dwellings, improving their lands, building roads, and otherwise improving their new possessions in such manner as to make the same suitable for permanent settlement. They had also constructed in part a



Methodist Church.

meeting-house at "y" Bow," forty feet in length, thirty-two feet in breadth, and eighteen feet between "joyns," at a cost when completed,—all except the windows, which were to be in two tiers, with frames and casements, "y" sash fashion for y" lower tier with y" common sort of Diamond Glass,"—of one hundred and eighty pounds; and Col. Josiah Willard was the contractor for the construction of the same, and he gave bond for security to "y" Rev. Mr. Benjamin Doolittle, a Trustee for the Proprietors, y^t I will perfect y" s^d work to s^d building." The location of this building was upon house lot No. 5, on "Meeting House" hill, and where the dwelling-house of Arthur Burbank now stands.

It is not known exactly at what



School Building No. 3.

date Col. Josiah Willard became an actual resident of Arlington plantation. He was born in Lancaster, Mass., and early became a citizen of Lunenburg, Mass., where his family resided. He became commander of Fort Dummer, as the successor of Capt. Joseph Kellogg, who was appointed interpreter to the Indian nations, June 20, 1740. He retained this position till his death ten years later. He was reported as a gentleman of superior natural powers, of a pleasant, happy, and agreeable temper of mind, a faithful friend, one that paid singular regard to the ministers of the gospel, a kind husband and a tender parent. His early death was described to be a great loss to the public, considering his usefulness in many respects, particularly on the western frontiers, where in the "late wars, in his betrustments, he has shown himself faithful, vigilant, and careful . . . and he has always used his best endeavors for the protection of our exposed infant towns, and his loss will be greatly regretted by them." The same writer says: "He died on a journey from home December 8, 1750, aged 58 years." In fact his memorial tablet is to be found in the family burial lot of Josiah Blanchard (whose brother-in-

law he was), at Dunstable, Mass., and it bears the following inscription:

Col Josiah Willard. Here lyes interred y^e body of Josiah Willard captain of Fort Dummer, formerly of Lancaster, Lunenburg & Winchester, and Col^d of Regiment of foot, who died here, December y^e 8, Anno Domini, 1750, in y^e 58 year of his age.

The governmental organization of the proprietors of the plantation of Arlington continued till August 20, 1739.

The general court of the province



Winchester Public Library.

of Massachusetts, having ordered under date of June 22, 1739, that "Col. Josiah Willard one of the principal inhabitants of the new Township, called Winchester lying in the County of Hampshire, should call a meeting of the inhabitants of y^e s^d Township, to assemble and convene in some convenient public place in said Town, to make choice of a Town Clerk and other Town Officers to stand till the anniversary meeting in March next."

At this first town meeting of Winchester Col. Josiah Willard was chosen moderator; Josiah Willard, Jr., town clerk; Col. Josiah Willard, Mr. Andrew Gardner, and Nathaniel Rockwood, selectmen; Simon Willard, constable; Nathaniel Chamber-

lain, tithing-man; Nathaniel Rockwood, town treasurer; Simon Willard, Samuel Taylor, and Henry Bond, hog-reeves; William Syms, Joseph Alexander, and Nathan Fairbanks, fence-viewers; Andrew Gardner and Josiah Willard, Jr., informers of all breaches of an act for the preservation of deer; and Gershom Tuttle pound-keeper.

For a little more than a year peace and, to a certain degree, prosperity attended these early settlers. They enlarged their clearings, extended their cultivatable fields, increased their flocks and herds, improved their dwellings, and in very many ways added to their material welfare and comfort. The few Indians who remained were friendly, and gave the settlers no annoyance. The forests

setts, which left a portion of their granted territory in both provinces. But this division of their territory was of much less significance to them than was this other fact, that their lot had been, through this new alignment, cast among strangers, and that henceforth they were joined to those who had never claimed them, and did not want them, and with whom there was neither bonds of kinship, tradition, nor a community of interest.

That these feelings were amply warranted was shown, when five years later Colonel Willard in a letter of appeal to Gov. Benning Wentworth used the following language,—“Almost every man is upon the move in this part of the country. I have had no sleep these three nights, and have now nine families stope^d at my house. We have persuaded the bigger part of the people to tarry a little longer.”

The answer he received read: “Fort Dummer is Fifty miles distant from any towns which have been settled by the Government of New-Hampshire.” “That the people had no right to the lands which, by the dividing line had fallen within New-Hampshire, notwithstanding the plausible arguments that had been used to induce them to bear the ex-



The Winchester National Bank.

were filled with game, the main streams with salmon, shad, and other tide-water fish, and the smaller streams and ponds were abundantly stocked with all kinds of fresh-water fish common to New England inland waters.

On August 5, 1740, the political peace of these people was disturbed by a royal decree, defining the boundary line between the provinces of New Hampshire and Massachu-



Engine House, Steamer No. 1.

pence of the line, namely, that the land would be given to them, or be sold to pay the expences. That the charge of maintaining that Fort at so great a distance, and to which there was no communication by roads,

these settlers had feared, it proved to be a war in which, on the part of the French, all the skill of the civilized was supplemented by the stealth, stratagem, and brutalities of the barbarous Indian.



The Winchester House.

would exceed what had been the whole expence of the Government before the line was established, and, finally, that there was no danger that these parts would want support, since it was the interest of Massachusetts by whom they were created (the Forts) to maintain them as a cover to their frontiers."

Beset as these people were by their political difficulties, other and by far more serious ones soon confronted them. Unfriendly relations had been rapidly developing between the governments of France and England, which, if culminating in actual hostilities, would, in all human probability, subject these frontier English settlements to attack by the French, who then were in possession of Canada.

In 1744 that which had been feared occurred, for war between these two countries actually commenced, and as

The following year, 1745, the settlers, having become convinced that they were not to be protected by the provincial authorities of New Hampshire, abandoned their settlements, both discouraged and dejected, and returned to Lunenburg, a few only remaining under the leadership of Colonel Willard to brave the perils of the coming campaigns.

During the period of their absence, which extended to 1753, the French and Indians made frequent incursions. On June 24, 1746, twenty Indians came to Bridgman's fort, two miles below Fort Dummer, and attacked a number of men who were working in a meadow. They killed William Robbins and Jonas Parker, captured Daniel Howe and John Bee-man, and wounded William Crison and Patrick Rugg. On July 24, Colonel Willard and a guard of twenty men were ambushed near Colonel Hinsdale's mill, but suffered no loss. On August 6, thirty Indians waylaid the road near Benjamin Melvin's house; they killed Joseph Rawson and wounded Amasa Wright. October 22 the Indians captured Jonathan Sartwell near Fort Hinsdale. On April 16, 1747, a party of Indians commanded by a French officer, Monsieur Debelene, destroyed all the buildings

and other property at "y" Bow" that had been abandoned by the settlers when they returned to Lunenburg.

On October 16, Lieutenant Perie Rambout with a party of Indians came to Winchester and encamped on the south bank of the Ashuelot river, a mile or two below the settlement at "y" Bow." The lieutenant, leaving the Indians at the camp, passed over a neighboring hill towards Northfield, where he was discovered by Major Willard of Winchester, Doctor Hall of Keene, and Captain Alexander of Northfield, who were going from Winchester settlement towards Northfield. Their attention was first attracted by some cattle running as though frightened. Captain Alexander, being in the advance, saw a Frenchman in the path, coming towards him. When the Frenchman saw that he was discovered, he took refuge behind a tree, and asked for quarter; but, speaking in French, Captain Alexander did not understand him, but fired his gun, shooting Rambout (who it proved to be) in the breast. He fell, but, soon recovering himself, came up to Captain Alexander, whom he saluted, but he soon fainted, and the captain and his companions thought him mortally wounded if not, indeed, dying. Knowing that Rambout would not be there alone, and that in all probability his Indian allies were near by, and fearing pursuit, they took Rambout's arms and hastened to Northfield. The Indians, hearing the report of Alexander's gun, immediately started and soon found Rambout, and brought him to their camp by the river. Believing him to be mortally wounded and fearing

pursuit, they abandoned him here and returned to Canada, where they reported him as having been killed by the English. The next morning Rambout revived sufficiently to make his way towards Northfield. The first person to discover him was Captain Alexander, who the day before had shot him. He was taken to Rev. Mr. Doolittle, in Northfield, who practised the arts of physician as well as a clergyman, who cared for him till he recovered and was exchanged for Samuel Allen, of Deerfield, who had been captured the year before.

Later in the year (1747), the Indians burned Fort Bridgman, killing several of its garrison and taking others prisoners. On June 16, 1748, fourteen men were ambushed near the mouth of Broad brook, going from Fort Hinsdale to Fort Dummer. Joseph Richardson, William Bickford, Nathan French, and John Frost were killed; William Bickford was



The A. M. Howard Estate Box Factory

mortally wounded; William Blanchard, Benjamin Osgood, Mathew Wyman, Joel Johnson, Henry Stevens, and Mark Perkins were taken prisoners; Daniel Farmer and three others escaped. The Indians killed

one of their prisoners that night at their camp.

On July 3, the Indians ambushed a guard of twenty men, under the command of Colonel Willard, near Fort Hinsdale, where he had come to grind corn. The colonel gave such loud and repeated orders for his men to attack the enemy that the Indians fled, leaving their packs and provisions in possession of the colonel, and he and his men returned to Fort Dummer without loss.



Eames & Town Grist Mill.

On July 14, Sergt. Thomas Taylor with sixteen men started from Northfield for Keene, following in part the route to Fort Dummer; they were attacked about a mile southward from Fort Dummer by about a hundred French and Indians, and after a sharp fight, in which Joseph Rose, Asail Graves, James Billings, and Henry Chandler were killed; and Robert Cooper and three others, whose names are unknown, escaped. The others—Sergt. Thomas Taylor, Jonathan Lawrence, Thomas Crison, Reuben Walker, John Edgel, David How, Ephraim Powers, John Henry,

and Daniel Farmer—were taken prisoners; two of the prisoners had been seriously wounded in the fight, and were soon after killed by the Indians. The survivors were taken to Canada.

Near the spot where this fight took place has been erected a monument, upon one side of which is this inscription.

In memory of Sergeant Thomas Taylor, how with a party of sixteen men, was here overpowered by one hundred French and Indians, after a severe and bloody resistance July 14, A. D. 1748. Four of their number being killed, Sgt Taylor with eight others, several of whom were wounded, were taken prisoners, and four escaped.

On the opposite side appears this inscription:

In memory of fourteen men who were waylaid by the Indians near this place June 16th, 1748.

Though peace was declared between France and England, October 8, 1748, the Indians did not cease their warfare upon the settlers of Winchester for nearly eight years longer, for, on July 22, 1755, the Indians attacked a party of men near Fort Hinsdale, and killed and captured several of them.

On July 27 Caleb Howe, Hilkiah Grout, and Benjamin Gaffield were ambushed near Fort Bridgman, a little before sunset, as they were returning from their work. Howe was on horseback with his two children; a bullet struck and broke his thigh; he fell to the ground and his two sons were captured. When the Indians came up to him they pierced his body with a spear, tore off his scalp, stuck a hatchet in his head, and left him for dead. Grout escaped, but Gaffield was drowned in his attempt to cross the Connecticut river. The next morning a party of men from Fort

Hinsdale found Howe alive. On being asked by one of the party if he knew him, he answered, "Yes, I know you all." He lived till his friends arrived with him at Fort Hinsdale, though he never spoke again. These Indians, flushed with their success, immediately went to Fort Bridgman, where they found only Mrs. Jemima Howe, Mrs. Submit Grout, Mrs. Eunice Gaffield, and their nine children, all of whom they made captives.

On June 7, 1756, the Indians captured Josiah Foster's wife and two children. Foster's house was located on the northerly side of Ore mountain, about one mile south of, and in plain view of, the present village of Winchester. Foster was at work on the bridge near the mouth of "Mirey Brook," where the present bridge now stands, when the Indians made their attack. Whatever attracted Foster's attention is not certainly known, but he in some manner became aware of the condition of his family, and, hastening home, surrendered himself as a prisoner, that he might share with his family the burdens of their captivity. They were taken to Quebec, where, after some months of suffering, they were set at liberty and sent to Boston, from whence they returned to their home in Winchester.

It may be said with some show of truth that these events of July 22 and 27, 1755, are not a portion of the history of Winchester, by reason of the division of the territory of the town in 1753; yet this is true, that these affairs occurred at the very doors of those people who,

as grantees, proprietors, and settlers, had come up from Lunenburg to settle Arlington, and who always remained true in sentiment and practice to this new domain that they had founded in the wilderness, and they were the principal factors in all that took place here during these troublesome days.

The interruption of the town's government continued for about seven years, when Benning Wentworth re-granted Winchester to Josiah Wil-



The Old Pines, South Main Street, looking North.¹

lard, Ebenezer Alexander, Elias Alexander, William Syms, John Ellis, John Summers, Francis Cogswell, James Jewell, William Willard, John Brown, and Timothy Minot, of the original grantees of Arlington, and fifty-five others.

At the first town meeting held under the new grant, Josiah Willard, Esq., was moderator by the appointment of Governor Wentworth; Major Josiah Willard, Esq., Col. William Syms, and Samuel Ashley were chosen selectmen and assessors; Nathan

¹ This view was taken from near the spot where Josiah Foster was at work when his family were captured by the Indians. The trees were then forest size. There are now nineteen of them standing at irregular intervals on the bank of the river, bordering South Main street, covering a distance of about one third of a mile.

Rockwood, town clerk; Lieut. Simon Willard, town treasurer; Benjamin Melvin, constable; Ebenezer Alexander and Elias Alexander, surveyors of highways; Josiah Foster and William Temple, fence-viewers; John Ellis, hog-reeve; and Nathaniel Rockwood, sealer of weights and measures.

Thus, after long years of trials and sufferings, the grantees of Winchester, having their rights recognized by New Hampshire, and having the boundaries of their grant finally adjusted, set themselves, with renewed vigor, to the restoration of their ruined buildings, the clearing of new fields, and improving the means of communication with each other and with the outside settlements.

On April 22, 1754, at a special town



Winchester Tannery.

meeting, held at the house of Major Josiah Willard, it was voted "to Build a meeting-house, forty-four feet long, and thirty-four feet wide and twenty feet posts, and to set the Meeting-house where it was before upon the same hill." And Major Josiah Willard, Col. William Syms, Lieut. Simon Willard, Ebenezer Alexander, and Samuel Ashley were chosen a committee to build the same.

No further action seems to have been taken in this matter till the annual town meeting, March 4, 1760, which was held at the house of Col. Josiah Willard, when it was again voted "to Build a Meeting-house, forty-four feet in length, Thirty-four feet in Breadth, and Twenty feet between joyns," "and to be shingled and Inclosed before the next winter." And Col. Josiah Willard, Esq., Col. William Syms, and Lieut. Samuel Ashley were chosen a committee "to do the same."

That this work was performed within the year is shown by the fact that the annual town meeting, held on March 3, 1761, was warned "to Meet at the Meeting-house in Said Winchester." The building was never fully completed, and was abandoned in 1795 for the building which now stands in our public square, and is now in use as a town hall, and for religious purposes by the Universalist church.

In this connection, it is well to remember that wherever the name of Josiah Willard, Esq., Major Josiah Willard, or Col. Josiah Willard, appears in these records after December 8, 1750, that it is the Col. Josiah Willard who lies buried in Evergreen cemetery at Winchester, and who died, "April 3^d 19th 1786, in the 72 year of his age," rather than his father, Col. Josiah Willard, the prominent grantee of Arlington and captain at Fort Dummer, to whom reference is made. No events of importance transpired amongst the settlers of Winchester till the questions that culminated in the War of the Revolution arose, when they promptly ranged themselves under the banner of the provincial congress, by voting



Ansel Dickenson's Sons' Box and Lumber Mills. Robert-son Bros.' Paper Mill. Pisgah Station.

on Monday, June 1, 1775, "to pay the two thousand men, agreeable to the Congress, and to comply with what they have done." And this spirit continued till the close of the war. Every dollar of her taxes was paid, and every man "required to fill up our Cotto in the Continental Army" was promptly furnished.

In 1781, a new issue arose: Certain towns on the east side of the Connecticut river had voted to join the state of Vermont. These towns were Hinsdale, Charlestown, Claremont, Plainfield, Grafton, Lyme, Gunthwait, Surry, Acworth, Newport, Grantham, Dresden, Dorchester, Lancaster, Cornish, Marlow, Hanover, Haverhill, Piermont, Westmoreland, Saville, Cardigan, Lyman, Morristown, Bath, Croydon, Landaff, Lincoln, Richmond, Lebanon, Alstead, and Chesterfield. On March 28, 1781, Winchester voted not to join with the state of Vermont. Notwithstanding this emphatic and terse reply to Vermont's invitation, she evidently sought to coerce Winchester to comply with her wishes, for, on April 21, 1781, a town meeting was called "To see what notice the town will take of the warrant sent to our Constable from the State of Vermont."

The answer was, "Voted not to join the union with Vermont." Thus she showed her loyalty to the state that had adopted her, as she had just before shown her loyalty to the acts of the "Provincial Congress."

The question of a new meeting-house began to be agitated soon after the close of the Revolutionary War, but no decisive action was taken till 1792, when it was voted "to build a new Meeting-House," and that it should be built "at the bottom of the Hill, where the New-School House now standeth"; but, as is usual in such cases, all were not of one opinion. Practically agreeing as to the building of the new house, they differed as to the proper place where it should stand, and meeting after meeting was held, and vote after vote was passed, all without avail, till April 14, 1794, when Sanford Kingsbury, Esq., John Hubbard, Esq., and Col. Samuel Hunt, who had been chosen a committee at the last annual town meeting, "to say where the Meeting-House should stand," reported, "the new Meeting-House Shall stand where the Red School-House now stands," and this settled the question.



Ansel Dickenson's Sons' Pail and Box Factory.

The Orthodox, or Congregational, was the established church from 1736 to 1815. Its ministers had all been called by the town, and dismissed by the town, in open town meeting; and they had been supported by the town, and received their salary from the public treasury, the same as all other town officers. The first pastor was



Ashuelot Woollen Mills.

Rev. Joseph Ashley (1736 to 1747), Rev. Micah Lawrence (1764 to 1777), Rev. Ezra Conant (1788 to 1807), Rev. Experience Porter (1807 to 1810). In 1815, the town refused by vote to settle Rev. Mr. White, and voted "that the town consent that the Congregational Society of Christians in this town be incorporated as a Society."

At this date there had developed in Winchester three distinct religious organizations—the Congregationalists, the Methodists, and the Universalists.

The Universalists still continue to occupy a portion of the "Meeting-House that stands where the Red School-House stood." In 1834, the Congregationalists constructed a church building for themselves; and in 1842, the Methodists erected the building they now occupy. They partially constructed a church build-

ing in 1805, and built one in 1826, which they abandoned for the one they now occupy. In 1871, the Catholics, who have been a growing denomination in Winchester, erected a church in Ashuelot village.

In the eventful period immediately preceding and during the war with England (1812), Winchester was, as ever, mindful of her obligations as a patriotic and loyal community. She voted June 13, 1810, "To raise one hundred and twenty dollars to provide ammunition and camp-kettles, agreeable to an act of Court," and voted to set the house to deposit town stores in front of the burying-ground.

From the close of the war 1812-'15 no marked events occurred in Winchester's history till the extension of her boundaries in 1850, as heretofore described. Her people had devoted themselves assiduously to the improvement of their condition, educational, financial, and material. They had constructed roads, built school-houses, and established manufacturing plants, until, in population, wealth, and influence, Winchester stood the peer of any town in western New Hampshire.

Four of her industries were particularly notable. Iron ore was largely mined, smelted, and cast into all forms required for local uses, but more particularly into all sorts of hollow ware, including cauldron kettles, pots, frying-pans, skillets, and all other fire-place utensils and accessories. A factory, which was in its day the most noted one in the United States for the manufacture of all kinds of brass and reed band instruments, was established here and continued for many years. Its products

were made use of in all parts of the country, and many very fine pieces were made on foreign orders. The manufacture of organs began here with the commencement of the century, Henry Pratt, Esq., having made a church organ on the order of Samuel Smith, Esq. Smith presented the organ to the town and it was placed in the meeting-house. This organ is now stored away in a loft connected with the town hall. This organ is believed to be the first church organ ever constructed in this country. The manufacture of this class of musical instruments was continued extensively till about 1850. The fourth notable industry of this time was carried on at Ashuelot, and it was the crushing of flax-seed, and the extraction of its oil for commercial purposes. This industry was in its day as extensive as any of its kind to be found in New England.

From about 1850 to the present date, Winchester has enjoyed a period of material prosperity. The Winchester National Bank was chartered as a state bank under the name of the Winchester Bank in 1847. It was converted into a national bank under the title of the Winchester National Bank in 1865. It has always been a flourishing and popular institution. The Security Savings Bank, chartered in 1881, has, under the management of its able and ever popular treasurer, Miss Jane Grace Alexander, who is probably the first lady ever intrusted with such a position, always held the full confidence and esteem of the public. Soon after 1850, the Ashuelot Railroad was completed through the town. It has two full stations, Winchester and Ashuelot, and two flag or freight stations, Forest Lake and Pis-

gah. The road became a division of the Connecticut River Railroad about 1891, and was acquired by lease by the Boston & Maine three years later. The Western Union and the American Telegraph companies both have lines through the town, whilst the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company connects Winchester with its entire system. There was also this year an independent telephone line constructed by private effort to connect Richmond with Winchester.

Various secret societies or organizations are amply sustained, prominent among which are the Masons, Odd Fellows, Pilgrim Fathers, Golden Cross, King's Daughters, the Grange, Grand Army, and the Woman's Relief Corps. The town supports twenty schools at an annual cost of between six and seven thousand dollars. Connected with the system is a high school, which is conducted under the



Ashuelot Warp Mill.

provisions of the "Claremont Act," the educational standard of which is sufficiently high for graduation to practically furnish teachers for all the primary, intermediate, and grammar grades, and for admission without conditions to more advanced educational institutions in other localities.

The Winchester public library is an outgrowth of private effort made

many years ago (1813) by certain of our public-spirited citizens who secured a state charter, under the name of "The Washington Library Association of Winchester." The books of this association were only accessible to its members. In 1876 the town entered into a contract with the shareholders, by means of which the town acquired possession of the franchise and books of the association and made the same thereafter free to citizens of the town. In 1888 it became known that Ezra Conant of Boston, Mass., a native of Winchester and a son of Rev. Ezra Conant, who was town pastor from 1778 to 1810, had given to the town the munificent sum of fifty thousand dollars, the annual income of which should be made use of to maintain a public library in the village of Winchester, the town to furnish the building. In 1890 the library building was constructed at a cost of \$15,000, to which was to be added the price of the lot and grading the same, and certain furnishings, which increased the cost to about \$18,000. In 1892 the town voted to appoint a board of trustees for the public library, who should hold their offices for one, two, three, four, and five years respectively, and that one trustee should forever thereafter be appointed by the selectmen, annually, for the full period of five years. The entire number of volumes now in the library is in excess of six thousand, and about six hundred volumes are taken from the library for current use each month.

The fire department is well organized. It has a fine steam fire engine and three hand engines, with all requisite accessories. The steamer is housed in a new brick building at

Winchester Centre, whilst a commodious wood building supplies the needs of upper and lower Ashuelot villages.

The three villages—Winchester, Upper and Lower Ashuelot—have been lighted since 1891 by electricity, furnished by the Ashuelot Valley Electric Light, Heat, and Power Company, a local corporation.

In Winchester village there are five mills and factories engaged in the manufacture of native lumber, the chief products being pails and tubs and packing boxes. The two most important of these are the factories of Ansel Dickenson's Sons and that of A. M. Howard's estate. In addition is the plant of the Winchester Tannery Company, whose works are among the most extensive of those in New England; and the factory of the Winchester Creamery Association, whose butter product is rated as "gilt-edged" by butter experts wherever sold or exhibited. At Upper Ashuelot is located the extensive plant of the Ashuelot Manufacturing Company, whose products in woollen goods for men's wear are favorably known in all our eastern markets. At Lower Ashuelot is located the Ashuelot Union mills, a branch of the Ashuelot Manufacturing Company, and the factory of the Ashuelot Warp Company, whose thread is in use in most of the extensive woollen mills in New England. At Pisgah Station is located the lumber mill and box factory of Ansel Dickenson's Sons and the paper mills of Robertson Bros., and about a mile below on the river towards Hinsdale is the wholesale grain and feed mill of Eames and Town.

There are twenty-two stores, hand-

ling such goods as are usually to be found in New England towns, five barbers, four doctors, three dentists, one lawyer, one printer, the *Winchester Star*, and the Winchester House,—all thriving and prosperous in Winchester.

Winchester has never enjoyed or suffered from a "boom." Her growth and development have been gradual and steady. In 1767 her population was 428; in 1773, 646; in 1780, 1,103; in 1790, 1,209; in 1800, 1,413; in 1810, 1,478; in 1820, 1,849; in 1830, 2,052; in 1840, 2,065; in 1850, 3,296; in 1860, 2,225; in 1870, 2,097; in 1880, 2,444; in 1890, 2,584; with a taxable valuation of \$1,430,874. In 1850 the census was swollen by reason of the number of laborers who were at that time engaged in constructing the Ashuelot-railroad.

Winchester, in the 163 years of

her existence, has developed from an unbroken wilderness into a thriving and prosperous town. She has always been loyal to her state and the government to which she belonged. She has always been loyal to her convictions of right in all matters pertaining to education, politics, religion, and morals, and where her heart has been, there her purse has been also. She has never hesitated to stand with outstretched hands, palms upward, bearing in them the shining coins of her treasury, which she has showered in abundance on every cause where her sense of duty or patriotism called. The foundations of her prosperity are struck as deep as the granite that underlies her, while the structure she has been building towers upward and upward, keeping pace with the hopes and the aspirations of her citizens.



TWO LIVES.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

One toiled, a very slave, for self;
His scions wasted all the pelf,
Which cankered, rusted, never shone
In his hands,—and he died alone.

But one his life an offering gave
That others might possess and save
What was worth most for all mankind,
Which he through sacrifice should find.
His gift the world delights to own,
A constant treasure brighter grown!

ANOTHER NEW ENGLAND POET—PHILIP H. SAVAGE.

By H. M.



WITH the death of the Quaker poet, a quiet fell upon the mountains and lake country that stretches across the Granite state. Chocorua and Sandwich, Asquam and the Merrimack, alike felt the want of their beloved minstrel. Seasons came and went before another singer dared wind his venturesome way up the hillsides or tramp along the streams. The sweet lover of nature, the late Frank Bolles, who knew the "tenants" of the fields and forest, and had gained an intimacy with them in his journeyings up and down the valleys, was welcomed by a host of readers, only to be lamented with sincere sorrow when the promise of his life here found no time for fulfilment.

Again the woods and the waters waited; then, a year ago, a new note was heard among them, and they listened with the ear of expectancy to what might be the music of still another songster.

In the little volume entitled "First Poems and Fragments," its author, Philip H. Savage, chose wisely the mount whereon he deified his muse. We want another word from the upper pastures of New Hampshire! The beautiful lake-region of Winnepesaukee deserves to have its Lake-School, if the genius of Americanism can produce it. Time will make of possibilities realities, if the possibilities be ours.

The first gracious acknowledgment we must make this very latter-day versifier, Mr. Savage, is the satisfaction we gain in finding a new American singer who believes,—

"That ere he wanders by Castalian spring
The poet first must drink the wells of home."

And yet again declares that,—

"I'd rather love one blade of grass
That grows on one New England hill,
Than over all the wide world pass
Unmastered, uninspired still."

This loyalty to New England animates much of the pastoral verse in the volume under discussion, and it gives a vigor to the songs, that should gain many admirers. Lovers the volume cannot command. Lacking in positive subjectivity, and rarely touching the springs of human life, the verses do not ring with sympathy or sentient beauty with any such power as to stir one's pulse. They are, rather, the peaceful utterances of one who would walk with nature at early morning or late evening, but whose noontide hours are in busier scenes, and yet whose enthusiasms are not stirred nor ambitions whetted by the every-day living, but each quickened by the spirit that dominates the natural world.

The keynote of this volume is struck in the quatrain which opens the little collection under the subtitle of "Shorter Poems":

"T is grace to sing to Nature, and to pray
The God of Nature, out of His large heart
To grant us knowledge of His human way:
This is the whole of nature and of art."

Whether this keynote will be the one by which the pitch of a second volume will be set, is a question for speculation as one reads between the lines of certain sonnets or catches sight of touches of humanity that make beautiful the thought in a few of the longer poems. A broader

made up of the inherited tendencies of orthodoxy and the radical tendencies that belong to the close of this century.

Simple as these poems seem at the first reading,—open as they are to the critic's censure for lack of unity and clearness of vision,—the "personal



Philip H. Savage.

knowledge of mankind as it comes through contact with the greater problems of life may change the song of this young shepherd-poet, who would find his joy in lying at the feet of Pan, while his soul goes soaring to the Almighty; a typical example of the modern New England youth—a product whose two chief factors are

equation" that crops out on every page gives an interest of individuality which out-braves any weariness that might arise from monotony of subject. The man Savage is there, between the lines. The impulsive child of nature, the appreciative worshipper of animate life, the aspiring genius, the man of intuitive faith, yet the



Asquam, Chocorua in the distance.

cynic of types, symbols, and modern artificiality,—such is this young poet, who in reality is but the representative exponent of manhood as it is developed by inheritance, and by the environment and the inspiration which come from the refinement of a New England home and the culture of an academical career at Cambridge.

Although Philip H. Savage was born, 1868, in North Brookfield, Mass., Boston claims him as one of her children. The son of the well-known Unitarian preacher, the Rev. Minot J. Savage, D. D., the greater part of the young man's life has been spent quietly in that city, *sui gen-*

eris,—where conservatism and advancement, intellectuality and philanthropy, combine in such surprising manner.

In '93 Mr. Savage was graduated from Harvard University, and at that time we first hear of him before the public, as he delivered at commencement a paper upon the "Two American Authors; Thoreau and Whitman." This paper evidently contains the exposition of a school of literature to which Mr. Savage must, in part at least, be a devoted pupil. The year following was spent by him at the Divinity school in Cambridge, but with no further fruit, possibly,



Moeslauke.

than the positive feeling that the ministry was not the field wherein his best work might be done. Turning back to literary pursuits and to the atmosphere most congenial to his taste,—college life,—he spent still another year associated with the university, teaching English in connection with the department under that name.

Early this spring Mr. Savage took the degree of A. M., and this sum-

birds rises full and deep upon the scented air. To Philip Savage, "Asquam greets Wynander," and Ossipee stretches out in spirit to Rydal, Chocorua to Helvellyn!

"The sun is on them and the dew,
Shining far down and glittering through
The wide, white fields of mountain air
High o'er the valleys everywhere.
And, Wordsworth, in the auxiliar flame
That trembles on them from thy name
They bear in all their company
Aloft, the living thought of thee."



Sandwich Dome.

mer has found him travelling abroad, for the most part devoting his time to the English lake country and the inspiration that is so subtle in its influence when once Wordsworth becomes the apostle of a man's poetic faith.

Apropos of the beloved lake poet, a pretty conceit lies in one of Mr. Savage's early poems, entitled "Near the White Ledge, Sandwich, N. H." The young singer wanders across the fields with the spirit of Wordsworth inspiring his mood. "Morning" primroses deck the pastures of this *New England*. The call of home

The reader of Mr. Savage's poems must be prepared for much unpoetic workmanship. The form is often bad; rhyme and rhythm alike having been slightly treated. Indeed, we are sometimes led to question whether this young shepherd poet *can* play his pipe and tabor, or even whistle a tune,—accounting thus for the crudeness in the verses by the lack of music in his make-up. However, judging from other poems, we believe the want of form is a matter of lawlessness rather than of ignorance.

His creed, that of the "Dying Phi-

losopher," Landor, — "Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art,"—theoretically is a creed that inspires, but practically it fetters the student, and gives every doctor of the literary clinic a fair opportunity to practise with the sharp knife of criticism.

A disciple of Walt Whitman and Henry Thoreau, as we believe Mr.

of nothing less than sincere earnestness clothed in the simplest diction.

"The poet stoops and plucks a little flower
To tell his greatness in a simple song."

Such is the spirit of the verses that make up Mr. Savage's first attempt at poetry. He is a fearless man and hopes for the best, and, as he says of himself, "If I fail to write poetry,



The Whittier Pine.

Savage to be, his school has not set him an example which would naturally inspire the study of artistic technique. Spirit and progress are the watch-words of the former master, and the latter breathes the words, nature and life; but each of them has but one aim as to style,—be it in prose or poetry,—simplicity of expression. Here surely Mr. Savage again suggests the faithful, though at times unsuccessful, disciple of a school that bears the mark

I shall e'en gird up my loins and set about something else." With such stuff in him, there is doubtless much possibility. And for the present we welcome him as another member of that coterie of young aspirants who would do their best with God's greater or less gifts. As Robert Louis Stevenson puts it,

"O to be up and doing, O
Unfearing and unshamed to go
In all the uproar and the press
About my human business!"

A LOVER.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

I am a lover of the good and true,
Whatever crowns this olden earth anew ;
A lover of the fields and trackless woods,
The radiant hills and silent solitudes.

I am a lover of the changing year,
The song bird's carol, filling hearts with cheer ;
A lover of the butterfly and bee,
The lofty mountains and the surging sea.

I am a lover of the sweet surprise,
And glory waiting in a maiden's eyes ;
A lover of the deeds that cannot die,
The star-lights gleaming in the evening sky.

I am a lover of each hero brave,
Who gave his all for freedom and a grave ;
A lover of the tumult and the din,
The cheers of victors who are marching in.

I am a lover of the sweet repose
That comes to all whom grief and sin oppose :
A lover of the peace that doth befriend,
For death and sleep alike men's wants attend.

I am a lover of the morning light,
The cloud-lands lying near the verge of night ;
A lover of the fair, the brave, the good,
All attributes of loyal womanhood.

I am a lover of the dew and rain,
That gently falls upon the sun-scorched plain,
A lover of the mystical and vast,—
And love shall hold me captive till the last.





Residence of C. H. Duncan, Hancock.

REPRESENTATIVE AGRICULTURISTS.

By H. H. Metcalf.

C. H. DUNCAN, HANCOCK.

Hancock is a rugged upland town, with varied and beautiful scenery, and generally rough, though productive, soil. Among the most prosperous farmers in this town is Cristy H. Duncan, proprietor of "Norway Hill Farm," located on the westerly slope of Norway Hill, the farm buildings being about half a mile from the village, and commanding a beautiful landscape view. Near the summit of the hill, Mr. Duncan's great grandfather, Deacon James Duncan, one of the pioneer settlers of the town, originally located, and the family home has ever since been in this locality. His father, John Duncan, who married Almira Chandler, bought the present home place—the nucleus of Norway Hill Farm,—forty-two years ago, and here Cristy H. Duncan was born, February 29, 1856, receiving his education in the town schools.

Mr. Duncan early developed a fondness for dealing in cattle, and at twenty-one, and for five years after, was extensively engaged in purchasing stock in the lower towns in the spring, bringing the same to the rich pastures of Hancock and vicinity for the summer, and selling again in the fall. December 11, 1878, he was united in marriage with Miss Helen C. Walker, an educated and accomplished young lady, and successful teacher, of Leominster, Mass., who has proved a most helpful and sympathetic companion. About sixteen

years ago, he bought a small place of some fifteen acres in extent, adjacent to the home farm, and began active operations in agriculture, making thorough improvement of the soil his object. He has continued on that line to the present time, adding to his possessions now and then, till his present holdings embrace two hundred acres of land, including his original home, which became his own residence after the death of his mother in 1894, his father now residing with him.

He has extensively improved the buildings and has one of the best appointed barns to be found in the state. It is what is known as a "double-decker," the hay and fodder going in on the upper floor and no pitching up being required. The stables are thoroughly arranged for the comfort of the animals, and furnished with the Buckley watering device. The hay production is about sixty tons per annum, secured from forty acres of mowing land. This is supplemented with oats and other crops.

For a time, Mr. Duncan took considerable interest in stock breeding, devoting special attention to Swiss cattle, but dairying and the boarding of horses now command his principal attention. He keeps about twenty cows, selling milk to village customers, and the balance at the cars, to Whiting, and has fifteen or twenty horses usually in charge. The farm

has a good supply of fruit, with three hundred apple trees in good condition.

Mr. Duncan has been a member of John Hancock Grange for more than twenty years. He is a director of the Grange State Fair Association, and has long taken an interest in agricultural exhibitions; was a director of the Oak Park Fair Association during its existence, and subsequently a moving spirit in the Hancock town fair organization. He was also one of the projectors and, for some time, a director of the Peterborough creamery. Politically, Mr. Duncan is a Republican and has held various offices in town. He is a member of the Congregational church, has been superintendent of the Sunday-school and clerk and treasurer of the society. He is engaged considerably in probate business and is a correspondent for various papers. As a citizen, he is public-spirited and actively instrumental in promoting the welfare of the town, in erecting dwellings and in other directions, "progress" being his motto in all things. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan have three daughters, aged respectively 15, 13, and 10 years. The family are all musical, with a taste for literature also, and their home life is exceedingly pleasant.

JOHN W. FARR, LITTLETON.

Three miles northwesterly from the thriving village of Littleton, in the hill region of the town, is "Maplewood Farm," whose owner, John W. Farr, has long been well known among the farmers of northern New Hampshire, and also prominent in grange circles. This is the original homestead, settled in 1802 by Ebenezer Farr, of Chesterfield, to whose

son Joseph it descended. John Wilder Farr, son of Joseph and Betsey (Danforth) Farr, was born on the farm, May 26, 1826, and has spent his entire life here, with the exception of ten years devoted to railroading in Massachusetts, New York, and Ontario, being engaged the last four years of that time in charge of track-laying on the Great Western Railroad. In 1857 he returned to Littleton, took charge of the farm, and has since successfully pursued the



John W. Farr.

agricultural calling. There are 175 acres of land, of which about fifty acres are mowing and tillage. The soil is hard and rugged, but yields to thorough cultivation, and produces good crops. The annual hay product is about thirty-five tons, which is supplemented by oats and corn. Mixed farming is followed, but dairying is a leading feature, the butter from eight or ten cows, mostly grade Jerseys, being generally sold to private customers. Mrs. Farr's reputation as a butter-maker is first-class, her butter having commanded first

premiums at state and local fairs, and her exhibit at the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893, having been awarded a medal and diploma for excellence, the score being one of the highest attainable. Formerly Mr. Farr made a good deal of maple sugar, of superior quality, and received premiums upon the same at various exhibitions.

Mr. Farr first married Eliza D. Phelps, of Merriton, Ont., who died in 1861, leaving two daughters, Etta P. and Nellie E., of whom the latter, now a trained nurse, only survives. His present wife was Miss Alwilda P. Lane, of Lancaster, with whom he was united December 29, 1863, and by whom he has had four children, one dying in infancy. Edward C., the eldest son, is a farmer in the town of Orange; Mira L. is a teacher in Littleton, and, as well as the youngest son, John W. Farr, Jr., resides at home.

White Mountain Grange, Littleton, was organized in 1875, and Mr. Farr was one of the charter members. He has served seven years as overseer

and five years as master, and has been a faithful and devoted member of the subordinate and state granges, having been four years a member of the executive committee in the latter body. He was a charter member of Northern New Hampshire Pomona Grange, and its chaplain in 1896.

Mr. Farr was a member of the advisory council of the World's Congress Auxiliary, on Farm Culture and Cereal Industry, at Chicago in 1893, and has been vice-president of the New Hampshire Horticultural Society since its organization, being an extensive and successful fruit-grower. He has also been a director and one of the executive committee of the Grafton and Coös Grange Fair Association, and a director of the Grange State Fair. He is a Congregationalist in religion, and a Republican in politics, and was one of the representatives from Littleton in the legislature of 1895-'96, serving on the committee on agricultural college, and as chairman of the committee on retrenchment and reform.

THE MIDNIGHT OF YEARS.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

Ah! deep in the darkness and glimmer,
 In the darkness and glimmer of years,—
 In the midnight of tear-bedimmed years,
 When the stars waxed fainter and dimmer,
 And my soul reeled in unearthly fears;
 I saw, through the cypress trees glimmer
 The tomb, in the dark vale of tears.

'T was midnight in dreary November,
 In the dreary November of sighs,—
 November that dark month of sighs.
 Ah! yes, and so well I remember,
 How the vale groaned with heart-rending cries,
 In that midnight of darkened November,
 Like the wail when a doomèd soul dies.

There I stood in that tear-flooded valley,
 In that tear-flooded valley of gloom,—
 In that valley of darkness and gloom,
 Till I caught, through the cypress-walled alley
 A glimpse of the darkness and doom,
 Till I saw, at the end of the valley,
 The darkened and legended tomb.

Then I looked at the darkness senescent,
 At the luster that hinted of morn,
 That hinted of roseate morn,
 And remembered the luminous crescent
 That hung in the sky by her horn,
 And remembered the moon was senescent,
 And the morning of day would soon dawn.

POLLY TUCKER.

By Annie J. Conwell.

CHAPTER I.



WONDER why a stormy day is so much dreaded by summer sojourners in the country? I think it is delightful, especially if

one happens to be quartered in a rambling, old-fashioned farm-house; such an one, for instance, as my mother and I have taken possession of for the season. The view from any one of the small windows is beautiful, and to-day a driving north-easter makes a fire in the fire-place, which occupies one side of the kitchen, a welcome addition to the pleasant room.

This is just the time to look over that old, black-covered book that I found in the attic this morning. It was tucked under the edge of the floor boards where the eaves join the floor of the unfinished room, and I brought it down to examine at my leisure, as I found it was closely written in faded ink.

It proves to be the diary of Polly Tucker and bears the date of 1808! What a treasure for rainy-day reading! I think I must give you the benefit of my discovery, so if you care to peep over my shoulder, you will find it begins as follows:

Thurs., Oct. 20, 1808.

I am eighteen years old to-day, and Mother has given me this book, in which she wishes me to write my thoughts and impressions of the few things that happen in our quiet life. I have only one brother and no sister, so I foresee that you and I, my diary, are likely to become fast friends. You must know, first of all, that I am the daughter of a farmer who lives on a pleasant, romantic road, but away from neighbors.

Would you like to hear about our little home? There are woods right behind the house, a row of willows

in front of it on the opposite side of the road and close by them is the well with its long sweep.

The house is broad and low, with a woodbine climbing over the porch and lilac and cinnamon rose-bushes by the front door. The parlor is on the left of the front door and there we resort when the minister or any other grand stranger calls; but on the right is the kitchen. That we love, and there we gather as a family. It is very large and the great fireplace with its cheery fire seems to invite people to come in and enjoy its warmth, when the evenings are long and chilly. It takes such a bright view of life that one cannot watch its bright banners waving and long remain down-hearted. I like the attic, too, it is so delightful on rainy days to go up there and spin. The big wheel is kept there till cold weather, when it has one corner of the kitchen.

I have decided to keep you up there too, my diary; for there I shall be free from observation, as well as interruption, and can write just as freely as I would talk to an intimate friend. Now that you know where you are to live, and who you will see the most of, do you begin to feel at home? I hope so, for I must go now.

Wed., Oct. 26.

I have been tidying up, down stairs, and here I am, all ready to have a chat with you. We are busy, busy, now, and have been for the three days that have passed since I wrote my name on your fly-leaf. There is much to be done in harvest-time and this year is no exception to the rule. To-day Mother and I have been cooking—getting ready for the husking which we are to have in our

big barn to-morrow night. I can hardly wait for the time to come. Country life is so quiet that these merry-makings which bring all the neighbors together are looked forward to by old and young alike. Some Riverside people are coming, and I want everything to be just right, for—let me whisper something to you—I can't bear to be thought countryfied! There! It is written, and I'm not half as ashamed of seeing it in black and white as I ought to be. I am going to confide to you all my foolish and disagreeable thoughts as well as my good-natured ones—for no matter what I say, I know you won't scold me and that you will never tell.

Thurs., Oct. 27.

I have so much to tell you to-night that I scarcely know where to begin. I guess I'll tell you about the barn, first of all. Perhaps you know how barns look, when they are all dressed up for a husking, with lanterns and maple-branches? But in case you do not, I will tell you that the mows on both sides are full of hay, while the floor is full of corn in the husk; two big piles of it are placed so that people can sit in a circle around each heap. Last night the double doors at both ends of the barn were wide open, and through the eastern one looked the great harvest moon, round and full, seeming to smile approval at *us* and encouragement to the red-eyed, blinking lanterns strung along the rafters and mows. Presently the people began to arrive,—the boys and girls full of frolic and the men and women ready for work; and it did not require much discernment to decide who would do most of the husking. When all were busy with fun

or work, who should ride up on smart-stepping horses but Major Sherburne, whom we expected, and young Mr. Ladd, whom we did *not* expect. Madam Sherburne arrived in her carriage shortly after, and her colored coachman seemed to think himself of more account than Major S. himself. At first our neighbors were inclined to be afraid of these grand strangers and were rather quiet; but presently all shyness wore off and the fun went on, just as if they had not been present.

Our city guests seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion, and stayed down in the barn quite a while, laughing at the fun and watching the huskers. We were pleased with their evident enjoyment, for they are wealthy people, unused to country frolics, and we did n't know just how they would like our husking, but they wanted to come and look on, so Father invited them.

We know them very well, for once, when both were young men, Father saved Major Sherburne's life. He was visiting the Langdons, just above here, and went swimming in the creek. He had an attack of cramp, and if Father had not heard him cry for help and rushed to his assistance from a field near by, he must have drowned. That was years ago, of course, and the position of the two men was widely separated, but a warm friendship has been maintained between them ever since.

Madam Sherburne is lovely, too. She sometimes rides out to see us in summer, and once she invited me to visit her at her beautiful home in Riverside. Mr. Ladd is her nephew, whose home is with them. When he found the Sherburnes were going to

a country husking, he declared that he was going, too. We have never known him very well, so when he appeared at the husking, I confess that I heartily wished he had stayed away. He made himself quite at home, taking his place with the huskers and talking to the men who sat next him at the corn-pile. He laughed at his awkward attempts at husking, and we had to laugh, too, at first, but he soon grew quite skilful,—especially at finding *red ears*. It was surprising how many found their way to my hand, and somehow it was Mr. Ladd who claimed most of the forfeits. I had but little to say to him, for I thought,—“Oh, yes! you can amuse yourself with country girls when you are with them, and laugh at them afterwards,”—and I had no notion of giving him a chance to laugh at me. But he did not seem inclined to make fun of us at all, and was so respectful that I just had to believe in him and treat him accordingly.

Presently all the corn was husked, and the company came up to the house, where supper was all ready for them. After saying “good by” to Major and Madam Sherburne, who were just going away, we took our places at the table. By some means, Mr. Ladd, who stayed by invitation, was at my right, chatting gaily, while Mother and a neighbor did the waiting and tending that I should have done.

I know that you want to hear what we had for supper, for it was the getting ready of these things that kept me busy and away from you a day or two ago. Well, there were baked beans and brown bread, a big Indian pudding, pumpkin, apple, and

mince pies, and a huge pan-dowdy, with thick, delicious cream to eat on it. Oh, and doughnuts, too! I must not forget them after scorching my face, frying them over the kitchen fire.

As soon as supper was over, the men went down to the barn and cleared the floor for dancing by piling the corn and husks into the bays.

Abel Locke had brought his fiddle and soon "Hull's Victory," "Money Musk," and "Virginia Reel" rang out, and all kept time to the music, if all could not dance. It was a gay party and Mr. Ladd was the life of the company and the nicest partner that I ever danced with. He was very gentle and deferential, quite as if I had been a fine lady and not just little Polly Tucker.

At last they all went home, leaving in the barn a great pile of golden corn and in *my* heart, at least, a warm, cordial feeling for each one who had helped to make this evening one of the happiest of my life. Mr. Ladd waited till the others were gone, and when he thanked father and mother for the pleasure they had given him, he asked if he might come again. They told him to come any time he wished to and—I wonder if he will ever think of it again?

He rode away then, and I came up here to tell you about the husking and to ask you what I shouldn't dare ask any one else,—Why does Mr. L. look and appear so different from other young men? not these about here, but the strangers who visit the Langdons and Wentworths and are the favored ones of the earth? I wish *we* had money—our family is a good one and we can show a coat of arms—and I'm sure I never missed

the money before. I think I had better go to bed and forget that I do now, than sit here wishing for—the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow,—don't you?

CHAPTER II.

Fri. night, Oct. 28.

All day I've been thinking of the good time of last night and wishing—oh, so much!—that we had more corn to be husked, for every-day life seems a trifle monotonous after the frolicking is over. It is specially distasteful to me to take down the evergreens and autumn leaves that made our kitchen so bright and pretty last night. I find it much easier and far pleasanter to get ready for a merry-making than to clear up after one. Mother noticed that I did not work quite so cheerfully as usual and sent me off up attic to spin, as the extra work about house lately has left scant time for spinning.

I like to spin: the busy hum of the wheel is a pleasant sound to me, especially when, as to-day, the patter of raindrops on the roof keeps time to buzz of the wheel. Now the snowy rolls are spun and my stint for the day is finished, and I am at liberty to come to you and tell you all that is in my heart. I have thought, sometimes, that I would like to go away from this quiet home, out into the world, and see what lies beyond the woods which seem to shut us in. We occasionally see other people than our neighbors, men and women who live in the large places of the world of which we read, and they are so courtly in their manners, so graceful and ready in conversation, that I am wicked enough to wish that my lot had been cast among such.

I love my home and respect the good people whom I've always known, but—they are so easily satisfied! I wonder if they ever lounged in their youth, as I often do, for "something better than they have known"? But what nonsense and worse I am writing! One look into my mother's heaven-blue eyes, one glance at my dear father's honest face, makes me ashamed of such foolish thoughts, and I am sure—*sure*—that not to be great or beautiful or famous, not even to be a queen upon her throne, would I be other than my father's and mother's daughter—just plain, simple, ignorant little Polly Tucker.

Nov. 1.

Four whole days I've left you to yourself, and now I come to tell you that I have quite gotten over that fit of—what?—not ill nature, but discontent, which possessed me last week. I am feeling like myself again, and am going to a quilting at Mary Pickering's. The Pickerings are our neighbors, not more than half a mile away.

At quiltings, the girls go in the afternoon to sew, while supper-time and the young men arrive together. In the evening there are games, dancing, and singing, after which the boys see the girls home, and the quilting is over.

I am going to wear my new chintz gown, and carry the pretty bead work-bag which Aunt Jerusha Leavitt gave me last birthday, when I was seventeen.

I've got something to tell you—a secret. I've tried a project! It was last night—Hallowe'en. I have heard old people say that on that night, under certain conditions, one's future

husband or wife will appear. There are several tests, but I chose the simplest. It is to stand before a mirror in a room lighted only by the candle in one's hand, and at just twelve o'clock at night eat an apple. If the project is successful, one's fate will be seen looking in the glass at the same time. Well, I tried it, and fancied that I saw a pair of merry, brown eyes peeping over my shoulder. That frightened me, and I threw the apple down and ran away. I don't want to bestow a pair of eyes where they do not belong, but I *think* I've seen such.

A short distance from our house is an old well, known about here as the "Wishing Well." The legend runs, that if one has a well-defined wish in mind and drinks from this well at sunrise November 1st, he or she will know within the next twenty-four hours if the wish will be granted.

So this morning I went down and drank from the well at sunrise. No doubt I am foolish, but I have just faith enough in the whim to wait with some curiosity for the something that *may* happen. I am going to tell you my wish, too. It is that something will happen which will turn my thoughts completely away from a certain pair of brown eyes, if I ought not to think of them; and I think it will come true.

I want to be a model daughter to my parents and to find my happiness in my home, and I find that outside interests connected with a sphere to which I may not aspire, divide my thoughts and make me restless and unhappy. Do not think me silly enough to have had my head turned by a little notice from a stranger, who in all likelihood will never think of

me again. Really, it is not that, but I admire and crave refinement, and to me Mr. Ladd is simply a pleasant impersonation of courtesy and good-breeding.

Wed., Nov. 2.

Well, I went to the quilting yesterday afternoon. After I left you, I went down stairs, helped Mother get dinner and clear it away; then after sweeping the kitchen, I looked around the room and thought it pleasant enough to satisfy anybody, so, full of my resolve to be a good, true daughter and let fancies alone, I went to my room to dress for the quilting. I came down all ready to start, but went into the kitchen to say good by to Mother, and just at that moment Mr. Ladd rode up to the door. For a moment I was delighted; then, as I recollected my wish, I felt myself grow pale. Surely, if I was to forget him altogether, I leave you to say if seeing him frequently was the best way to bring it about? I was going on, after speaking to him, though the kitchen did look inviting and the quilting, somehow, did not seem so wholly attractive as it had an hour before.

Perhaps it was because the sun lay warm and bright on the sanded floor, and a general air of hominess pervaded the room. Mother motioned me to stay, and I knew that she was thinking longingly of the fresh cap which she wanted to put on; so I sat down and chatted, to give her a chance to array herself in it. I explained to Mr. L. where I was going, so he did not think strange of my not taking my bonnet off.

Presently Mother came out of her bedroom in all the glory of the best cap and pretty short-gown, and I was

free to go if I liked; but I didn't like, though I did go. To my surprise, as soon as I made a move in that direction, Mr. Ladd started to go, too, explaining to Mother that he had not intended to make a long call, but that he was riding in our vicinity, and just looked in upon us, as she had given him permission to do.

So we started off down the road, he walking by my side and leading his horse. He was very agreeable, and seemed interested in all the places of interest in our neighborhood, fairly making me jump when he suddenly asked,—“By the way, isn't there a wishing well in one of these fields? I've heard the Sherburnes say so.” Fortunately, my deep bonnet hid my scarlet face, and presently I managed to reply that it was not far from our house, and some time he should be taken to it, if he cared to go.

I was thankful that we were almost down to Mr. Pickering's when he asked that question, for I was so confused that I could not talk. It seemed as if he must know that I had wished at the well,—and about him, too. He said good by at the door and rode away, and I went on up stairs to face a dozen girls, each full of jests and questions about my escort. I merely told them that we happened to be going in the same direction, and so he walked along with me, then applied myself to the sewing and talked but little, for my mind was in confusion.

At last, the quilt was finished, and the girls began to prink a little before the young men arrived. As soon as they came, we had supper; then followed the usual games, singing, and dancing. I wished Joe Mason would

not claim me for his partner *all* the time, but he did, and so I had to dance, although I had rather not. You see he and Charlie are such intimate friends that it would n't do to refuse to dance with him. He walked home with me afterwards and I think wanted me to ask him in, but I did not; so what did he do but stand there on the doorstep and, yes, truly, ask me to accept him as my lover! Well! My wish was granted in a most conclusive manner! and for a moment that thought so filled my mind that I forgot to answer Joe. After waiting awhile he went on,—“I do not ask you to marry me now, but just give me a right to consider you mine, and I shall be the happiest fellow alive.”

What could I say! I was completely taken by surprise and could only stammer “Stop, Joe! I never thought of such a thing. Why, I should just as soon think of marrying Charlie, as you!” but he would not listen to me, but asked me to think

over what he had said and Sunday night he would call for my answer. With that, he went away, and I was glad to go indoors and try to straighten out the tangle of my thoughts.

Mother was in bed, so I could n't talk with her, and I haven't found courage to tell her to-day, either; so I've come to you with the whole story, and after you have calmed my mind a little, I *must* talk with Mother. Do n't you think my course is a good deal mixed up? If I ought to do so, I wished to forget some one whom it is pleasant to remember, and behold! he at once appears! That looks as if it were all right to think of him.

Almost immediately comes the offer of the love of one of my best friends, who would not take me far away from my home and mother; but of course that would effectually prevent my ever thinking of the brown eyes, which look at me so persistently.

What ought I to do, my friend and confidante?

[*To be continued.*]

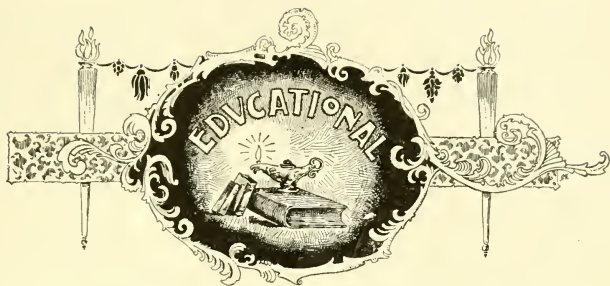
AT HOME.

By Bela Chapin.

Now, while the fields and hills and vales are drest
In the cold raiment of the pure white snow,
From out the regions of the dread northwest,
The raging wintry winds begin to blow.

The great, round sun has wheeled adown the sky,
And angry clouds float heavily and vast;
The day is ending and the night is nigh,
And with increasing chillness comes the blast.

Here, safe at home, I little heed the storm,
The frost so biting and white-drifting snow;
Beside my cheerful fire, secure and warm,
I reckon not how the freezing north winds blow.



Conducted by Fred Gowling, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

THE PRESENT STATUS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE EDUCATION.¹

By Elisabeth Averill.

Among the famous epochs of the world's history, our own must surely rank, but just what title will best suit its wonderful character is hard to decide. "The Scientific Epoch" has been suggested by some. Doubtless, we who live in its light are too much dazzled by its brilliancy to be impartial judges, and yet of one thing we may be sure, whatever other attributes our epoch may possess, it is undeniably an educational epoch. Mighty strides are being made in all departments of education, notably, perhaps, by our higher institutions of learning.

Since the object of education is the development to the full of all the possibilities of man's nature, so the test of any system of education is not merely the grade of scholarship attained, the skill or proficiency acquired in any given department, but more truly is its value to be estimated in the lives and characters of the men and women which

it sends forth to their places in the national life.

The type of early monastic learning was the man who sought out and hoarded up knowledge, simply to possess and use this power for himself and a few equally-favored mortals.

Vastly different is the scattering broadcast of the precious fruits of knowledge enjoyed by the nineteenth century. We do not even to-day forget that the educational advantages are greatly inferior in certain monarchical countries to those enjoyed by ourselves and our sister republics. With us, thanks to a public school system which, in spite of its many faults, is, perhaps, unequalled in its peculiar relation to the government which supports it, education is not the privilege of the few, but the right of the many: and, as a result, the average American citizen is among the most intelligent which the world has ever produced. And just as the nation-

¹ Delivered before the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs, Manchester, N. H., October 15, 1896.

al type reveals the national education, its strength and its weakness, so the different state types represent the result of the state interest or indifference, stagnation or progress, folly or wisdom.

A further comparison of these different state types would be interesting, but our subject of to-day is concerned with only one of them—New Hampshire. What kind of *men* has her system of education given to the country? The names come to us with almost no effort; we need not search for them, so interwoven are they with great national issues, with the country's pride and honor. Daniel Webster, Salmon P. Chase, Benjamin Butler, Rufus Choate, George Bancroft,—memory overwhelms us with recollections of what these men did for their country.

Not with the past and its failures or successes, however, but with the present we have to do,—the present with all its possibilities for improvement and its need of our individual help and effort. That this aid may be rendered more effectively and intelligently, we must have a knowledge of the exact condition of our state in educational matters.

Years ago, in the capital city of our nation, Daniel Webster said of Dartmouth College, "There are those who love it," and that this is still true to-day is proved by the loyalty of its alumni and the power of its constituency, as well as by the general public spirit manifested in its support and behalf.

While the greater number of the students are from New Hampshire and her sister New England states, yet Wisconsin, Kansas, California, Nebraska, Illinois, Texas, and other western and central states are represented, showing doubtless in many instances how lovingly the heart turned from far distant lands to the dear old alma mater. In

spite of weaknesses and deficiencies, which, probably none so thoroughly appreciate as those members of the officers and faculty who daily struggle to overcome and remedy them, we have good reason for encouragement and congratulation over the present status of Dartmouth College.

In these days, education has become a science, and it is most important to have at the head of our educational institutions one who has practical experience and an intimate knowledge of both the methods and aims of the so-called new education. How fortunate we are in having these conditions so perfectly fulfilled in President Tucker, those who know him best can testify. The college has an endowment fund of \$1,600,000, all the interest of which is devoted to the running expenses of the college. During the past five years, it has received from the state \$15,000. The students, including those of the medical school and the Thayer school of civil engineering, number 556, and the faculty 49. There are three resident graduate scholarships of \$300 each, and a large number of entrance and class scholarships and beneficiary aids.

Dartmouth aims to give a broad and liberal education, out of which the specialization, or the practical apprenticeship, of the technical schools may grow. The new training has advanced chiefly along the lines of natural, physical, and social science, and that this demand may be met and yet at the same time the old learning of classic lore be not neglected, Dartmouth has, in common with other colleges, adopted in part the elective system.

The Thayer School of Engineering answers the ever-growing necessity for practical work. It is open to post-

graduates and seniors only, which is as it should be. The positions of wide responsibility and usefulness which are open to the civil engineer, render it imperative that he bring to his profession that breadth which the mental training of a collegiate course alone can give.

In connection with the medical school is the Mary Hitchcock Hospital, now some three years old. It is constructed and furnished with all the modern improvements and contains 36 beds. Appointment of some advanced medical student as house officer for the hospital, is made every six months. The standard for admission to the department has been raised very materially in the past few years.

The Butterfield Museum, which, in accordance with the desire of the donor, Ralph Butterfield, M. D., of Kansas City, class of '39, will furnish accommodations for the departments of geology, mineralogy, zoölogy, botany, and social science, was ready for use at the opening of the present college year. The gymnasium is being re-fitted, and the fine athletic field has been laid out in the most approved fashion by the generosity of the alumni, thus amply providing for that decidedly important element in college training, the development of the body to keep pace with the growth of the mind.

With all the progress and growth in so many different directions, we are led to wonder a little that Dartmouth closes her doors so resolutely to women. So royal a treatment of her sons, and New Hampshire's daughters must seek their higher education in other states! Wellesley, Vassar, Smith, Cornell, and others, continue to draw away many who would perhaps gladly owe their higher education to their native state. This question of co-education is one of ever-increasing

importance, and aside from the fact that it should especially interest a body of women such as are here assembled, it is something we have no business to ignore. Some of us are inclined to think, perhaps, that while the theory in itself may represent a very ideal state of things, the transition is, to say the least, trying; but in spite of all our conservatism, it is coming. At Ann Arbor we may find perhaps the fairest example of the practical working of the system, where of some 3,000 students, 600 are women on exactly the same footing as the male students. By many, indeed, the benefits are said to be quite as great to the men as to the women, so that very possibly the time may come when the co-educational institutions will be thought to offer *superior* advantages for culture, refinement, and all that pertains to the development of the loftier side of human nature. Who would then wish to see Dartmouth in the rear? Another thing which we miss at Dartmouth, and, indeed, throughout all the institutions of the state, is a chair of pedagogy. This is a subject which is much occupying the time and attention of scientific educators; and the special department called child study, although in principle as old as motherhood, is one of the most modern factors in the new education.

In the course of the policy adopted by Dartmouth of not allowing itself to develop into a university, but of retaining its individual college character, the connection between it and the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts was severed in 1891; and the inducement of a large bequest by Mr. Benjamin Thompson caused the state to locate this college in Durham. Here, by means of the appropriation of the state in '93, of \$30,000, buildings

have been erected and well equipped, and the New Hampshire College has completed the second year of its work in the new environment. There are 153 students and 22 members on the faculty. The Thompson estate, valued at about \$400,000 will be available as an endowment fund in 1910. Until that time, the college depends upon appropriations from the national government and the generosity of the state. The aims of the college are, to quote from its catalogue, to "foster and promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in their special pursuits and professions," and with its non-resident course, by means of which farmers' sons, unable to leave home, may, with no expense, have the benefit of fuller knowledge of their work; the home class in agriculture, a kind of university extension; the short winter courses in agriculture and dairy work, it would seem that these aims were being accomplished.

The college interest among the students suffers of course from the youth of the institution, as there are naturally no traditions or customs. On the other hand, the number of students is so small that they may come in direct contact with the professors, and are thus enabled to accomplish a vast amount of individual work. The college being originally intended for the benefit of high school graduates, the standard for admission is not so high as might seem desirable. There is so good a provision in regard to scholarships, that practically any deserving New Hampshire student may obtain one. The Summer School of Biology, held in connection with the college at Durham, where teachers may the better fit themselves for giving instruction in nature study, is deserving of mention as furnishing an

example of practical work. The Agricultural Experiment Station, a department of the college supported by the national government at an annual expense of \$15,000, conducts original investigation and research into the mystery of plant and animal life, and is especially important as encouraging that independent and individual work, already so often and so strongly emphasized in this paper. Finally, this institution in the struggle it is undergoing to maintain its early existence, is deserving of our hearty encouragement and coöperation.

Teaching is fast ceasing to be a trade, and is more and more being regarded as a profession for which special training should be required; training differing in no degree from that necessary for any of the other professions, unless, indeed, it is that it should be more rigorous and complete. In the opinion of the speaker, the time is not far distant when the much desired standard will be reached of requiring that the teacher have not merely the mental discipline and intellectual breadth of college education, but in addition to that, pedagogical training.

The State Normal School, located in the town of Plymouth, is directly in line with this sort of work. It would seem that the standard of admission to this institution should be raised, requiring candidates to be at least high school graduates, as is the case in most other states. An especial advantage of the school is the fact that the graded schools of Plymouth serve as training schools for the Normal students, in which they get that practical experience in school methods which no amount of theoretical knowledge can supply. The total enrolment in all departments is 340, only 91 of which are in the normal

department proper. Seven teachers in the normal and six in the training department make up the teaching corps. This institution has no endowment fund, and all which it has received from the state during the past five years is the annual appropriation of \$10,000, all of which is expended from year to year in the current expenses of the school.

Other important works in this direction are the different city training schools for teachers, five in number, and the nine county associations scattered all through the state, similar to the Merrimack Valley Association, which was formed at Manchester, March, 1896. The object of this association is to promote a closer union of teachers and to encourage an interchange of views on educational matters more informal than is possible in the state conventions.

Just here, in connection with professional training for teachers, we do well to consider the institute work, which is so ably organized and conducted by our State Superintendent of Public Instruction. During the past school year, there has been an expenditure of \$2,300, a large proportion of which was put upon the fortnight Summer School of Plymouth, and the balance upon the twenty single-day institutes held in different parts of the state. Any of you who, like your speaker, may have had the privilege of visiting the school at Plymouth during its session this past summer, must have been impressed with the spirit of earnestness and enthusiasm which pervaded the class rooms. Attendance upon the other institutes is not always cheerfully rendered; but at the Summer School we found only those who were glad of the opportunity to give of their time, strength, and money, in order to profit by the helpful and interesting instruction prepared for them. Of the

many hundred summer institutes, probably there was none which, without any fee whatever, offered so fine a programme as the one at Plymouth. The lectures were interesting and instructive, but better than that, they were *practical*, many of the obstacles and difficulties which the teachers were sure to encounter being anticipated and dealt with then and there by the instructors. It is to be regretted that the 225 teachers there assembled did not feel more freedom in asking their questions in open session; in that way the instruction given to individuals by the lecturer after class might have proved profitable to all present. When we think of the number of pupils who will benefit through their teachers during the coming year by the advantages of the summer school, we can not but feel that a vote of thanks should be tendered to Mr. Gowing for its success.

Another factor, tending to the progress and advance of teachers in professional lines, is the State Teachers' Association, the last annual meeting of which was held at Concord, November, 1895. To this body is due the resolutions adopted at the meeting in Manchester in 1894. In accordance with action taken by the legislature on these resolutions, examinations for teachers' certificates were held the past summer in different parts of the state, and 43 teachers presented themselves to be examined.

For many years the academies have formed an important factor in the education of New Hampshire. They have furnished a means of education which the town district system, owing to the scattered farming population, would be totally unable to meet. From these institutions have graduated many of the country's most noted men. It would be

difficult to estimate the cumulative influence of the academies. In spite of the fact that many feared the town district system would interfere with, if not destroy, the power of these institutions, they are to-day for the most part in a flourishing and forceful condition. Indeed, their usefulness has been greatly increased by a coöperation with the district system, by an act of the legislature, which provides that "any school district may contract with an academy, seminary, or other literary institution, located within its limits or immediate vicinity, for furnishing instruction to its scholars." Thus communities not able to support a high school may have the benefit of academy instruction. These schools also meet a crying need of the present overtaxed common school curriculum in that they furnish an ungraded system of preparation for college.

In New Hampshire we have, accurately speaking, no school fund proper. The literary fund, which is variable, as it depends chiefly upon the tax on deposits made by non-resident depositors in New Hampshire savings banks, is expended among all pupils of the state per capita. For 1894 it amounted to \$1.27 per pupil, last year to \$0.84 per pupil, and this year it is probable that it will be even less, as the deposits are on the decrease. The institute fund arising from the sale of public lands amounts to \$57,721, the interest of which at four per cent. is yearly expended by the Superintendent of Public Instruction in the summer school and different institutes.

May heaven forbid that we should wish to sit quietly with folded hands and complacent, self-gratulatory smiles. True we have much, very much in the way of exceptional educational advantages for which to be thankful, yet

there are many improvements still sadly needed, nay, *imperatively demanded*. Your especial attention is called to a few of these points. It is well-nigh impossible to exaggerate their importance, nor is it possible for each one of us individually to conscientiously evade her responsibility in the accomplishment of these desired reforms. First, the necessity for an increase of funds for the poor, small towns in isolated districts. Attention has already been called to the fact that the literary fund is distributed per capita; this is unfair to the poorer towns, as may be seen at a glance. Surely a much fairer distribution would be some such method as that suggested by State Superintendent Gowing in an article on "The Rural School Problem," in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for September, viz., that one half the fund be divided among all the towns and cities of the state in proportion to the number of teachers; in this way, the places where consolidation is not possible and where, therefore, more teachers must be employed in proportion to the number of pupils than in city districts, will be aided by the larger, richer, and more fortunate towns.

The state is the fountainhead of all education for its youth; the state takes upon itself the responsibility of rearing its inhabitants to be good citizens; shall not the state then be held responsible? Shall not justice be exacted at her hands for all her children *equally*? Is it justice that some should enjoy 38 weeks' schooling and others, through no fault of their own, be permitted only 12? Pray, how is it right that the children in communities where there exists a greater aggregate of wealth and inhabitants should enjoy a much greater proportion of the bounty of the state? Indeed, if there is to be *any* partiality,

any inequality, should it not be exercised towards those who are less highly favored in other respects? who, far from centres of culture and refinement, are hungry for this intellectual feast, which is often left untasted by the sons and daughters of the city district? Dear friends, these children look for redress for the injustice under which they suffer. Mere *policy* would indicate a more generous care of their interests. From the hills of New Hampshire and Vermont have come the bone and sinew of the modern civilization, the keen business men of large cities; the very cream of the country-bred men and women has gone to enrich our national life. Mere self-interest indicates that industries, cities, the state itself, should be vitally concerned in the improvement of the rural school. But there is a much higher reason than this same self-interest. A good old Book which we all revere and which is full of practical, every-day wisdom, says: "We then who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." Thus, because it is a gracious, grateful, Christian thing to do, the state should see to it that her less fortunate children, those who struggle against all manner of odds and disadvantages, are aided and encouraged and given their just dues in the matter of education. Therefore, I lay very close to your heart and conscience the necessity of *state aid to the poorer towns*.

Then, naturally, we must see that these funds are wisely and scientifically distributed. Have we not secured legislation concerning supervision for groups of towns? Yes, but here again there is a need of state aid. Mind you it is *skilled* supervision which is needed. Men trained to the work, superintendents who are practical educators, abreast

with the times and alive to the peculiar exigencies of the situation. Such men are not to be had for merely nominal salaries, and where the town districts are not financially able to offer the salary requisite, the state should come to their assistance, even offering, as an inducement, half the amount needful to secure the services of a competent, trained superintendent to any group of towns which shall raise the other half. In this way, and in this way only, can we be sure that the state's best interests are cared for.

The absolute demand for better teachers has been already emphasized; but this is so important a fact that you will permit its iteration and reiteration. Especially in the primary department is this need felt. In certain parts of the West to-day, higher salaries are paid to the primary teachers than to high school assistants, and the reason is obvious. No period of child life is more important than the first seven years; hence for no department of school work should more careful, scientific preparation be made than for the lower grades of schools. Our western friends are more progressive in this respect than we are; but rest assured we shall not be far behind, for even now the call is imperative for better primary instruction, and soon the very highest degree of professional excellence will be exacted of our teachers in the lower grades.

There is also a great lack of male teachers in New Hampshire. Fully nine tenths of New Hampshire's teachers are women. Far be it from me to underestimate in any degree the teaching women do in this state and all over the land; in certain directions, it is undeniably superior to that of the male teacher. However, the most intense fanatic on women's rights, the most

ardent advocate of that much-abused, over-rated, misunderstood, absurdly-caricatured object, the "New Woman," can scarcely take exception to the statement that men and women, however equal, are certainly very unlike, and will continue so to the end of time; and in education, as in most other things, it is the joining of their forces which produces the best results and ensures the most brilliant success. In view of this fact, would it not be for the best interests of the state and of society that more men should engage in this profession of teaching, which is so noble and far-reaching in its influence?

A strengthening of the truancy and compulsory laws is needed, by means of which a truant officer may be legally empowered, without seeking sanction from any one, to take a child from the streets and place him in school. The age at which school children may be employed in factories should be raised.

We have no time here to discuss ways and means for accomplishing these reforms; it is sufficient that when the public demand them, ways will be found. Our part in the matter is to help create that public spirit which shall demand the very best education, and be satisfied with nothing less. Whatever may be our individual opinion with regard to the action of the chief executive of the state in failing to approve the school appropriations at the last session of the legislature, we must all feel gratified that the members had the educational interests of the people so close at heart.

We have said in an earlier part of this paper that some knowledge of the educational status was necessary for intelligent aid. But knowledge is not enough; action is needed—action individual and action united. We cannot

go away from this meeting, where we have come in touch with each other and with the broad, onward sweep of the educational movement of the day, and not be either distinctively better or distinctively worse. No matter how strong our feeling, how quick our sympathy, how ready our understanding of the arguments presented, however urgent the impulse to give of our best, if we go forth to inactivity and a tame acquiescence in the present state of things, we shall have met in vain, far worse than in vain. It is easy to talk and theorize; it is quite another thing to accomplish.

In this matter of education, we women have a work to do, a responsibility which cannot be shifted. Whatever may be our position on the suffrage question, the right has been accorded New Hampshire women of voting on school matters, and our duty is to *attend the school meeting*. Let nothing short of sickness prevent. Give matters there your thoughtful, intelligent consideration. See men and women best suited to the position put upon the school-board; consider the wisdom and the propriety of the school appropriations; make it a vital, a personal matter.

Then, visit schools. Now, by that is not meant the particular school which Tommy or Fanny may attend, or for the purpose of hearing Tommy or Fanny recite, or to encourage the teacher. These motives are all praiseworthy and have their proper place, but are not now under discussion. Visit schools in fulfilment of your duty as a citizen; visit schools whether you have children there or not; visit *all* the schools; visit them in the spirit of observation as to ventilation, lighting, heating, the sanitary condition of the out-buildings, the

æsthetic principles, etc. Let it be your business to inform yourself as to the general condition of the schools in your district. Study the school laws of the state: inform yourself thoroughly as to what those laws require and permit. Armed with this knowledge, you may make some use of the observations you have taken in your visiting.

Instead of occupying themselves solely with interesting and profitable courses of instruction, or reading history, literature, etc., why should not the education committees of our women's clubs do some aggressive work as well? For example, right here in Manchester, what is to prevent a committee of women, of the different clubs, from canvassing the mills throughout the entire city to ascertain from actual observation of, and personal conversation with, the employés, how many of the children are under the prescribed age, how many of them can read and write. Besides aiding in the enforcement of the law in these cases, the work would surely open up many new avenues of helpful endeavor. In smaller places, club committees might take it upon themselves to see that the æsthetic nature of the children be nurtured; that the walls of the school building have a few good pictures, the shelves a few books, the yard a bed of pretty flowers; more important still, that the school-house be as clean, well ventilated, and airy as your own attractive homes; that the drinking water be pure, and above all, that the out-buildings are properly cared for. In the superintendent's report, we see that there are still some in the state which are veritable plague-spots upon the face of the earth. Do you not know that you need tolerate no such unsanitary conditions in your towns? that you can compel school-

boards to remove them? If you do not realize that fact, read in the school laws, section 16, under school-houses, and then go home, inform yourselves, and act.

All these are mere suggestions and examples of the practical, aggressive work in education which lies at our very doors. Once entered upon by really earnest, eager women, numberless other lines of work will present themselves.

In conclusion, will you pardon me, if even at the risk of being deemed repetitious, emphasis is once more given to the necessity for *action* on the part of club women, and this not merely on this subject, in our own club or federation, but throughout the entire movement. Let us, in all love and loyalty to the club, in all sincerity and honesty to ourselves, consider the danger of the club becoming self-centred. It is very delightful to be brought in contact with the progressive men and women in the many departments of philanthropic, social, and scientific work; to keep in touch with the great and good movements of our times, and all this is well, it is as it should be, but I ask you, Is it enough? Are we not too prone to inform ourselves somewhat, write papers, talk learnedly, feel carried out of ourselves by a rush of enthusiasm in listening to the words of some consecrated worker, and then—let it rest there?

By the love we bear the club and the federation, by the heart interest we feel in the many movements for which the clubs labor and struggle, by the allegiance we owe to the cause of womanhood and humanity, may each one of us go forth not merely to speak in defence of right, justice, and progress, but to ACT.

NECROLOGY

LEVI K. FULLER.

Levi K. Fuller was born at Westmoreland, February 24, 1841, and died at Brattleboro, Vt., October 10. Naturally of a mechanical bent, he early devoted himself to study in that branch. In 1860, he became connected with the Estey company, and for more than 20 years, at the time of his death, had been its vice-president. The adoption of international pitch was largely due to his efforts. He held various town and other offices, and had served the state of Vermont as state senator, lieutenant-governor, and governor, being elected to the last named position in 1892.

EDWARD F. JOHNSON.

Edward F. Johnson was born in Hollis, October 21, 1842, and graduated from Dartmouth college in 1864. He studied at the Harvard Law school, and was admitted to the bar, May 11, 1866. Since that date he had practised in Boston and Marlboro, Mass., and had been justice of the police court in the latter city since 1882. He died October 27.

W. D. PERKINS.

The death of William Dana Perkins, a New Hampshire man, is announced from Sacramento, Cal. Mr. Perkins was born, February 22, 1831, and went to California in 1850. He had held public office much of his life, and at the time of his death was state librarian.

O. D. CHENEY.

Oscar Dean Cheney was born in Plaistow 55 years ago, and died at Haverhill, Mass., October 29. He was educated at Colby academy, Dartmouth college, and Harvard Medical school. He had practised in Haverhill 25 years, and was also well known as a manager of European excursions.

E. C. BATCHELDER.

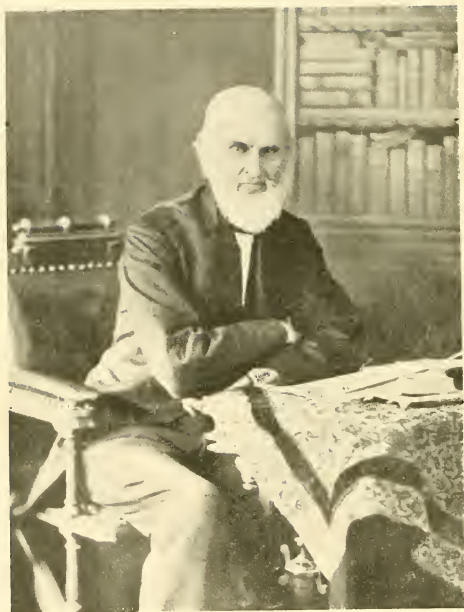
E. C. Batchelder was born at Peru, Vt., July 18, 1818, and removed to Tilton in 1847. He engaged in the dry-goods business there for six years, and then came to Milford, where he continued in the same business with great success. He died October 26.

OWEN DAME.

Owen Dame was born at Dover, in February, 1833, and died at Lynn, Mass., October 28. Throughout his life he was connected with the banking business, holding responsible positions with such institutions in Newport, R. I., New York city, Chicago, Boston, and Lynn. At the time of his death he had lately completed 25 years of service as cashier of the First National bank of Lynn.

CHARLES L. EPPS.

Charles L. Epps was born in Francestown in 1833, and died at Chicago, Ill., October 14. After receiving an academic education, he entered business life at Concord, and later at Manchester. From there he went to Chicago in 1856. For 40 years he was a prominent member of the board of trade as a maltster. Mr. Epps was a member of the Sons of New Hampshire society. He married, in 1866, Miss Green, of Baltimore, who survives him.



JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXI.

DECEMBER, 1896.

No. 6.

A SKETCH OF MARLBOROUGH.

By Sullivan Holman McColister.



THE beauty of a gem often depends largely upon its setting and surroundings. Thus it is with the village of Marlborough, being so nestled among the hills that, as it is looked upon from some height, the beholder is likely to exclaim, "How beautiful!" and if he is a stranger, he is prone to say, "I little dreamed there was such a fairy place in southern New Hampshire." Truly, nature has done her part to render it inviting; the Minniwawa winds gracefully through the valley, and the hills, rising gradually and majestically on either side, are dotted with green fields, woody patches, and open pastures. It is so environed that the morning early dashes floods of sunlight upon it, and the day lingers long in letting fall upon it the sunset glow and brilliancy.

The lowlands are ten or eleven hundred feet above the sea, while some of the surrounding hills are three hundred feet higher. It is plain that the glacial age did finished work in sloping the elevations



Rufus S. Frost.

so gracefully and rasping off so regularly the outcropping ledges. Deciduous and evergreen trees mingle in just proportions; they so spot the landscape as to satisfy the eye of the most fastidious admirer. The lover of nature, whether he be artist or scientist, would find it difficult to suggest any change in the picture which could improve it.

Were it asked how the village came to be located where it is, some might



Methodist Church.

answer, because of the water-power; others, because of the protection against the severities of winter and summer; and others, because of mere happening; but we are disposed to feel that there was a divine leading, expressed through the beauties and charms of natural forces. For this reason, the village took its rise, having at present some three hundred buildings, consisting of dwellings, manufactories, mercantile establishments, churches, schools, and a library.

It has been said that the full history of iron would give the complete story of the human race; and may we not with equal propriety assert that the history of roads would show

the civilization and progress of a town or state? Where savagery abounds, roads are unknown; even in barbarism, men have perched themselves in castles on crags and lofty heights, with drawbridge up and portcullis down, that no highway could possibly be constructed to their strongholds.

Roads signify movement, exchange,



Universalist Church.

and progress. In the time of the judges, no thoroughfares existed in Palestine; but when Solomon came to the throne, he caused highways to be made, that he might use his four thousand steeds and fourteen hundred chariots. He felt that roads were a necessity, to carry on commerce. The grandeur of Babylon was expressed emphatically in its fifty streets through the city, terminated with its hundred brazen gates; one road was tunneled under the Euphrates and another bridged over it. Rome, in her palmyest days, was noted for her many and grand roads. Roads are significant; for this reason we will follow them from the centre of Marlborough village to different points of the compass, that we may have a better view and idea of the



School Building.

situation and relation which it sustains to other towns.

Starting at the post-office, facing west in the distance of half a mile, which brings us to the Keene line, we pass the stove and tin-shop, grocery stores, meat markets, town-house, dwelling-houses, the hotel; little to the left, up from the road, are the Catholic church and parsonage; to the right, on the road to the Boston & Maine station, are the skate and carriage shops; on the corner stands the big elm where the third frame house was built in town, the job-printing office, a blacksmith's shop, the machine shop, many dwelling-houses, the grist-mill and a box shop, the sawmill, and off to the right is Little Canada, in which is quite a French settlement. The bed



Catholic Church and Parsonage.

of the road on which we are, was the first one built in town.

Returning to the post-office and advancing eastward, on the right are a series of pleasant dwellings, the Universalist church and parsonage; still farther back, on another street, are the High school-house and many of the most attractive houses in town; on the left are the Methodist church,



Soldiers' Monument and Frost Free Library.

dwellings, the harness and barber's shops, the drug store, dry-goods and millinery stores, furniture establishment, another grocery store; just across the bridge, on the way to Dublin, is a carriage and blacksmith shop; a short distance to the north are the principal cemeteries; going forward on the Jaffrey road, upon the left is the beautiful bronze fountain, erected by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in memory of the late Charles Frost; then come the engine-house and the Monadnock blanket mill; for some distance are substantial residences, near and back from the road, and now we arrive at the unique soldiers' monument and the Frost Free library, the gift of the late Hon. Rufus S. Frost.

Here the road forks again, and on the one to Troy and the Fitchburg



Congregational Church.



Monadnock, from Albert P. Frost's Residence.



Hotel.



Town House—Garfield & Adams's store and Page's market.



Fire Engine House.

depot are many houses, some of them extending back for forty rods. A mile on, we come to Webb's quarry, which is being extensively worked and is connected by a branch to the Fitchburg Railroad. At times, three hundred men and more are employed in splitting out, cutting and transferring the granite. About a third of a mile eastward, is the Webb farm and palatial residence, and close by is the Mason farm, whose outlook is unsurpassed. A mile south of the quarry, on the Swanzey road, is the Marlborough Fitchburg station. On the hill to the west are the well-known Thatcher farms. To the south, in the valley, is the Fuller village, devoted to getting out hard and soft wood lumber, turning pails, and making doors and window sash.

Once more proceeding on the old, or the first made road, from the library, the prominent buildings are the Congregational church and chapel, environed with clusters of houses. We can but wonder why the first road in town should have been made over such a prominent hill. Was it not because the wood and timber could be more readily disposed of by felling the trees down hill, and that it would be less exposed to attacks by Indians and wild beasts? On the crown of the first hill, are the Ryan and Hill farms. Not far on, before this road branches, the left leading to Dublin by the Stone pond, and the other to Jaffrey over the southern spur of the Monadnock mountain, climbing still higher on the latter, we soon come to the notable Frost home, the birth-place of Rufus S. Frost. The prospect to the west from it is magnificent, taking in the village, the range of hills west of Keene, and a wide

stretch of the Green mountains. In October, when the leaves are dyed in their richest hues, it certainly vies with, if it does not surpass, any other natural picture beneath the sun.

Across the road from the old Frost home, Mr. Albert Frost has recently erected a superb house for a summer residence, which commands delightful views from all points of the compass. The summer home of the widow of Charles H. Frost is near by, which was formerly known as the Aaron Stone place, and still farther back is the Boyden home, where Abner, Oliver, William, and Elijah were born; long was it kept as a hotel. Across the way and higher up, stood the old Sweetser tavern and store, made famous by the quaint sayings and ludicrous stories of Uncle Luke. This brings us to the height of the stupendous hill, from whose top is an unobstructed view in all directions; not far on, is the brick house which was the residence of Dr. Batchelor, for many years the beloved physician of the town; he was a wise and excellent man, thoroughly true to his convictions; though long dead, he still lives in the hearts of all who knew him.

Joining the doctor's farm, were the noted muster grounds, now covered with a growth of pines. Wondrous training and military feats were wont to take place on that field. Many a horse-race has been run over the level stretch across the hill.

Advancing two hundred rods, we reach the so-called Old Cemetery, which is thickly sown with graves. The mortal remains of most of the first two generations after the settlement of the town, rest here. On the south side of this yard was erected



Mrs. Wm. K. Nason.



A. A. Wallace.



Charles Mason



C. C. Whitney.



Rev. D. J. Smith.



Rev. C. F. McIntire.



Rev. John S. Colby.



Rev. D. C. Ling.



Dr. Nathaniel F. Cheever.



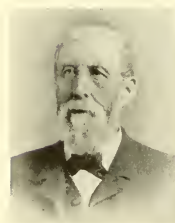
Dr. W. H. Aldrich.



Fred E. Adams.



G. G. Davis.



Luther Hemenway.



Joel F. Mason.



Merrill Mason, Jr.



Charles Mason.



Arthur M. Doolittle.



Clinton Collins.



Charles L. Bemis.



E. P. Richardson.

the first meeting-house in Marlborough. It was built at great sacrifice, and by the severest struggles; it was backed by a row of some fifty horse-sheds. Who that ever worshiped in that house, does not remember the high box pews, the lofty pulpit, the long galleries on three sides, with a row of pews to their rear, which were the refuge of the young folk, while the married and aged people sat below? The sermons of Priest Fish used to be an hour long, morning and afternoon. During intermission, the men would look over the horses, discuss town affairs, and go into some tavern and drink toddy; the women would visit the graveyard in the summer, and go into some neighbor's to replenish the foot-stove with live coals in the winter, and all the while relate the news; at the same time, the young folk would go down to the pond, or ransack the fields and woods. Then, everybody in Marlborough went to church. What meetings, what preaching, and what singing they used to have in those pristine days!

The meeting-house was regarded the centre of business, around which for a long while all public affairs revolved. Within a radius of half a mile, were several taverns and many residences; but these have all disappeared. A few of the places a hundred rods away have recently become summer resorts.

Hasten on, and we soon come to the Wallace farm, then to the school-house, the Fox place, the Richardson and Porter farms, and on a cross road are the Clark, Darling, and Despres farms, which bring us to the boundary between Marlborough and Jaffrey.

Once more going back to the vil-

lage, we are on the Dublin road by the Townsend woolen mill, and Richardson pail shop; to the north, on the old road to Roxbury, is a row of inviting homes, farther on is Mapleside, and higher and on is the Greeley farm, formerly known as the Wiswell, and still earlier as the Tainter place. Surely, it is a most attractive and substantial home; its views to the east and south are entrancing and grand. To the south and west of this farm, is the Boston and Maine railroad station, the Southwick and Towne farms.

Proceeding upon the Dublin road, we pass the Cheshire blanket mills, dwellings, the box shop, school-house, farms, the Robinson place, and woodland for three miles, before reaching the Dublin line. Near this point is an extensive stone, rustic gateway, leading out to the Chase villa, overlooking the Stone pond, and fronting the Monadnock. It is an elaborate and magnificent summer resort. It is surrounded on three sides by woods, with a bewitching outlook to the south. No Grecian nook or Italian dell ever proffered more enchanting attractions.

The farms along the old road to Chesham are favored with a fine lay of land, and naturally good soil. The farms of George Capron, George Wise, Merrill and Samuel Mason, and Evander Smith, are worked so as to make it pay; those of Stilman Richardson and Byron Knight deserve to be counted among the best, and the highest in altitude.

The town, at its incorporation in 1774, was twelve by eight miles square. Now it averages about eight miles long, and six and a half wide; parts have been taken off to form



Monadnock Blanket Mills.

Troy and Roxbury, and small portions, in a few instances, have been added to other towns. At the time it really became a town, it had no church or school-house; to-day, in the village, it has four church edifices, and, in the town, four good school buildings, with eight schools, and some four hundred dwellings.

The growth of the town has been gradual, never having been subject to any booming. It was fortunate in that its early settlers were men and women of stability and sterling qualities. They have been for the most part religiously inclined, and disposed to support Christian teaching and the cause of education. For more than sixty years, the majority of her people have been decidedly in favor of restrictive temperance. It is doubtful, if any other town in the state can show, according to its population, a

better total abstinence record. The prevailing feeling now is, that alcohol, in any form for a beverage, must not be sold within its limits. Its true citizens believe in prohibition, being bitterly opposed to high, or low, license.

A large majority of the people have manifested a good degree of interest in behalf of education, and so have been ready to support the public schools. They are realizing that the town system is a decided advancement over the district method, for it offers equal school advantages to all the children. Its tendency is truly democratic, doing away with the class idea and placing all the young on vantage ground. As the people become removed from the recent war



The Knowlton Box Shop and Grist-Mill.



Knowlton's Sawmill

and its protracted evils, they are giving more attention and thought to the demands of our schools, realizing that as they are, so will be the homes, the churches, and the civilization. Previous to the Rebellion they were much talked about, written about, freely discussed in public meetings, and visited to a larger extent than they have been since that war. May the time be brief before we get back to the old habits in this regard, and with the improved methods do the

best possible work for the rising generations.

Our schools are now graded throughout the town, thereby reducing the number of classes so as to give much more time to each recitation, and thus accomplishing more thorough work and gaining more satisfactory results. Steps are now in progress towards establishing an English high school. We have some three hundred and ninety children of



Skate Shop.

school age in town, and out of this number, after having completed the grammar school branches, there should be enough to go on in their studies to make an efficient, working high school. At present, we have some twenty-five students who are pursuing branches beyond the grammar grade.

This year Marlborough sends out thirteen young women who are engaged in teaching. In the past, she has furnished her quota of teachers, many of whom have become eminent educators in schools of all grades.

The four different Christian denominations in town are earnestly at work, each in its own way and with its own methods, endeavoring to save



Cheshire Blanket Mills.

the lost, yet there is no conflict, though the creeds differ, for they seem to be moved by the spirit of the Master, agreeing to disagree wherein they cannot agree, thus bringing forth harmony of action. The different pulpits are giving the people intellectual and spiritual instruction. No longer does the church, but the life, make the Christian.

Marlborough, being so near Keene, has not been overstocked with physicians. It never has had more than two really settled at any one time, and these have been of the same school and friendly, as the two are at present. No one doctor can suit everybody, any more than can a single minister. The memory of Doctors Batchelor, Richardson, Harrington, Merriam, and Smith, hold a



Machine Shop.



Bird's-eye View of Marlborough.

warm place in the hearts of those who knew them.

This town has been, perhaps, more indebted to its manufacturing than to its agricultural interests. Its saws and planes, its looms and spindles, have been kept active for many years; they are humming still. It has long had a large number of superior mechanics. The merchants from an early date have been, for the most part, reliable and enterprising men.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has achieved signal victories over the enemy of intemperance; this has been done without ostentatious display, but by patient and persistent effort. It seems to signify unflinching Christian work to the end.

Odd Fellowship here holds a prominent position; by its deeds it has shown itself to be a worthy order. It certainly has remembered the sick, the widow, and the orphan.

The grange here is also a potent auxiliary to the farmer; when properly conducted, it brings to him invaluable aid, inducing him to think and do, keeping abreast of the times. Its trend is in the right direction, as exhibited at the recent Cheshire county fair, which surpassed, in its display of fruits, vegetables, mercantile and fancy articles, horses, oxen, cows, young stock, horse-trotting, ox-drawing, bicycling, and coaching parade, any previous fair ever held in the county; and this was all done without cruelty to the animals, or any drunkenness or carousing. Let the grange live its principles, and it will prosper and do good.

Several other secret orders sway their sceptres in the village, and, it is trusted, for the right.

The town has been heartily given to patriotism, as was made manifest at the opening of the Rebellion. With no small degree of pride, the post here holds the record that Marlborough was the first town of Cheshire county to respond to the call for men to put down the Rebellion. Thomas L. White headed the list from our county to join the First New Hampshire regiment; two others soon followed, James and John Totten. In the course of a few weeks, fifteen others enlisted for the Second New Hampshire regiment. In the autumn of '61, eighteen more were added to the Sixth New Hampshire regiment; in '62, Marlborough supplied eighteen more soldiers as three years' men; in all, it sent ninety-eight soldiers to the war. It is right that the Grand Army men should be held in high esteem. Our elegant soldiers' monument of granite and metal is a deserving tribute to our "braves" on earth and our "braves" on high. Surely, the spirit of the fathers has descended upon the sons.

Marlborough, during the Revolutionary period, was not slack in assuming her share of its hardships. Because of distance, she had no soldiers in the Battles of Lexington and Concord, but she did have six men in the Battle of Bunker Hill; several of her citizens were in engagements around Quebec; five were in a New Hampshire regiment at Ticonderoga in 1776, and still five more the following year marched forth with others to meet General Burgoyne, as he came down from the north, and among these were Calvin Goodnow, Frederick Freeman, and Reuben McAllister. Draft after draft was made, and at the conclusion of the war, Marlborough



Collins & Co.'s and Whitney's Stores.

could count nearly one hundred of her men who had fought and bled for American liberty; in camp and field they proved themselves patriots and loyal soldiers. All honor to the Revolutionary heroes!

Much romance and adventurous spirit must have been connected with the settlement of this town. It is difficult for us at present to conceive of it as once a dense wilderness, filled with the haunts of wild beasts, traversed and hunted only by the savage Indian. Thus it was in 1761, when William Barker, a native of Westborough, Mass., found his way to Monadnock Grant, No. 5, lying just west of the mountain. It seems that he had purchased for a small sum, of the "Masonian Proprietors," one or more lots of a hundred acres each.



Stove and Tin Shop, Clothing Store and Grocery.

Settlements had already been made inland from Boston, as far as Winchendon, Mass.; from this point on it was a dense forest. As we see in imagination this adventurer, with axe and gun in hand, with rations on his back, wending his way by guess through the lone woods, we can but feel that he had a deal of steel, grit, and determination in his make-up. As the town had been set off, it was in the form of a parallelogram, and his lot was in the southwest corner.



Fortier's Grocery and Residence.

After wandering some twenty miles, Mr. Barker found his allotment, pitched his camp, and soon commenced to fell the trees for a clearing. He was on high ground, which is known at present as West hill in Troy. About the only greetings to him were the creaking of the trees, the cawing of the crows, the barking of the fox, and the growl of the bear. All the long day, it was toiling with odds against him; as evening came, it was sitting by the blaze of the pine knot, planning and hoping as to the future; and during the night watches, he would often be awakened by the barking of wolves and the screech of the panther. Still, he persevered till his food began to fail him, and then he returned to his family, greatly encouraged with the prospects ahead.

In the spring of 1764, he went back to his wild farm, and toiled away, building a log-house, and planting corn among the stumps. Now he was decided upon making this spot his future home. The rising of the sun gladdened his heart, and the glow of the evening sky brought cheer to his soul, for every day was hastening the time when his wife and children would share the blessings with him in his new abode. Joy filled his heart as he lost sight of self in doing for others.

As the fall began to yellow the leaves, he is once more in Westborough, making ready to return with his family to their new home. Their goods are being loaded into a cart; there is no display of furniture; they covet only what necessity demands. At early morn, the good-by is tenderly spoken; Mrs. Barker and children are seated in the cart, and the



Odd Fellows' Block and Drug Store.

to make the wilderness smile like the rose. Hardships, indeed, were required to settle Marlborough, but ample recompense did follow the heroic husband, wife, and their trio of children.

Not long after this settlement, Isaac McAllister, whose wife was sister to Mrs. Barker, purchased three lots of the "Proprietors"; the first was where S. H. McColester now resides, the second was across the valley, where George H. Hill dwells, and the third, where Ed. C. Corey lives. His intention, after inspecting the lots, was to settle on the first, but through depreciation of money, he sold this and settled on the second, building a log-house, into which he moved his wife and four children, being some four miles from their nearest neighbor. Thus, in 1764-'65, the Barker and McAllister families



Levi A. Fuller's Residence and Mill.

oxen are made fast to the pole, and the word is said, "go," and the first emigrant family to Monadnock, No. 5, moves off with minglings of fear and hope. They find a passable road to Winchendon, but from that place on, it is being guided by marked trees, zigzagging hither and thither, fording streams; but finally they land at their new home, and what a home! Yes, a sweet home, for union of hearts was there, and an ambition



School Street and Residence of W. H. Clarke.



Levi A. Fuller.



Luke Knowlton.



James Knowlton.



A. A. Wallace.



C. O. Whitney.



Warren H. Clarke.



M. E. Wright.



Edward Harlow.



Joseph Fortier.



Henry L. Page.



Byron C. Knight.



A. P. Knight.



C. A. Whitney.



F. P. Wellington.



R. M. Lawrence.



Lester H. Towne.

comprised all the inhabitants of Monadnock, No. 5. As Marlborough now is, Isaac McAllister was the first settler in it; his family had been in town but a short time before Dolly was born to them, being the first child born in the new settlement. In the course of a few years, Mr. McAllister was forced, through loss and depreciation of money, to sell his second lot, and settle upon his third, where he lived, raising up a family of twelve children.

The third settler in town was Silas Fife, of Bolton, Mass., who found his purchase in what is now Troy, and was afterwards known as the Deacon Bakerplace.

Young Fife was an expert with his gun and rod, and did revel in catching game and fish. He kept an eye on the future, and so, as soon as convenient, he constructed a substantial log-house, clearing up a patch of land round it, and planted it with corn and potatoes. When this was done, he returned to the place of his nativity, and was soon married to his first love, who had, while he was in the woods, been making ready for the joyous event. As the two were made one, they bid adieu to their friends, hastening their exit to their new home under the shadow of the Monadnock.

In 1765, Benjamin Tucker and wife, with five sons and two daughters, settled a short distance south of the site of the old meeting-house. He became famous for his common

sense, and likelihood to hit the nail every time on the head. He was fortunate in locating near where the first highway in town was built, and his house became the first tavern.

He was a character that the boys all liked, and whenever the "Proprietors" came to town, his house was patronized by them. Mr. Tucker was quite certain to have something to say in all public meetings.

The same year, Daniel Goodnow and family came to town from Marlborough, Mass., and settled near what is now a part of Troy. The most known of them is that they were of good stock, which has continued to tell in their honor.

The same year, came also Abel Woodward and family, settling on the place now occupied by Murray Fitch. Tradition says that Mr. Woodward set out the elm, which has grown into such elegant, grand, and umbrageous proportions.

In 1766, the first town meeting was held in the house of Isaac McAllister. The principal business done was in taking steps to lay out a road from the Dublin line to Keene. The Orientals built tombs for the dead, but the Occidents constructed roads for the living. As soon as roads were built to



Walter L. Metcalf.



Fred McIntire.



Hon. G. G. Davis.

feudal castles, they were supplanted by cathedrals. As Indian trails gave place to highways, the wigwam disappeared, and cottages soon fringed the roadsides. All along, the early settlers were building better than they knew.

During 1767, the first sawmill in town was built somewhere near the confluence of the Meeting-house Pond outlet and the Baker brook. The same year, Jedediah Maynard built the first framed house, which is now a part of Ivory Gates's home; also Abijah Tucker constructed another on the site of the Congregational church edifice.

Near the close of this year, the "Provincial Legislature" required a census of the town to be taken, which gave a total of ninety-three



Clinton Collins.

inhabitants. This shows a fair settlement to have been made in the dense wilderness in the short period of three years. During the following year a grist-mill was erected on the brook flowing from the Cummings pond, on a part of what is now the Richardson farm, which was the first one in town; no doubt, a saw-mill was connected with it.

In 1769, steps were taken toward building a meeting-house. It was made binding on every owner of land to bear his share of the expense in this coveted enterprise. The work was achieved by willing hands and



Summer Residence of Albert P. Frost.

united hearts in the course of a few years. At this time, sawmills were in demand; one was built on the outlet, close by the Cummings pond, by a Mr. Hunting; another, on the Roaring brook, by Bert Grimes; another, on the site of Deacon Levi A. Fuller's present mill; and another on the Baker brook. In 1784, a grist-mill was put in operation by Phineas Farrar, near where was afterwards built the Forestall mill. About 1790, Samuel Collins built a grist-mill and a sawmill by the Glen falls, which were in operation as late as 1830. Near this time, Eliphalet Stone set in motion a fulling-mill and a sawmill



The R. F. Greeley Residence.

on the outlet of the Stone pond. A little later, Josiah Fish built a carding and fulling-mill on the privilege where James Townsend's woollen-mill is now.

As the settlement progressed, new demands were made, and new manufacturing interests sprung up. A good grist- and flour-mill was soon started, where are now the Monadnock mills, by Charles Holman. Chairs and wagons were manufactured by Charles Gilbert and Silas McCollester in what is now Warren Richardson's pail shop. Robert Carpenter started a pail shop in the Osgood Wiswell mill. Stilman Buss, who was a mechanical genius, established a flour-mill in what is now the Hart box shop, which became famous throughout the county. Charles

Buss inaugurated a gun and machine-shop, at first on a small scale, which grew into a large establishment; he had a remarkably inventive mind. At length, Franklin R. Thurston opened a large blacksmith business, and his son Charles, naturally gifted, invented, with other things, a double knob screw and a sewing-machine of merit; the former was manufactured for years in the skate shop.

In building up the village, probably Asa Greenwood did more than any other man; he worked the stone quarry and built nearly all the stone



The Frost Homestead.

structures and many other buildings in the village. The water privilege gradually drew the business from the centre of the town to the harbor, bringing disappointment to some, and joy to others. In the early history of the town, the cobblers went from house to house to do shoemaking and repairing of harnesses, but, at length, the Davis shoe shop and the Wilkinson harness shop were conspicuous.

As the village prospered, the Congregational church was built, and, not long after, the Baptist church, and, later, the Universalist church. These recall the names, which are tenderly cherished, of Reverends Ly-



H. L. Page.



J. R. Farnum.

man, Cummings, Fisher, Danforth, Record, Merrill, and Polk, with others, whose memories are sacred in many hearts; they were preachers and livers of the Word.

The town was incorporated in 1775-'76, being named Marlborough Harbor. Other names were proposed, as Oxford, Salisbury, and Worcester, no doubt, because settlers hailed from these different towns.

Before the incorporation, schools had been kept in private houses, but, after this, measures were adopted to have school-houses built. The first one was erected in what is now Roxbury, near the Capron place, and the next one was built near the old meeting-house. The town was first divided into four districts; as the population increased, school-houses multiplied till there were eight school divisions. For many years, school-masters, only, were considered fit to teach, and they must be skilled in the use of the birch and ferule. To begin with, the text-books consisted of the Bible, the speller, catechism, and an occasional copy of Pilgrim's Progress. In 1778, the town raised the liberal sum of \$500 for the support of the schools. Among the early settlers, it would appear that James Brewer and Isaac McAllister were particularly interested in the cause of education. Superintending school committees were first chosen in 1809, consisting of nine members. Among the early teachers, who were especially successful, were Cyrus Frost, Benjamin Whitney, Levi Gates, Luther Wiswell, Lorin Frost, Stilman Buss, Cyrus Stone, Jairus Collins, Atossa Frost, Cynthia Farrar, Hannah Jones, and those of more recent date were, S. H. McCollester,



J. H. Kimball.



J. K. Southwick.



Irving E. Gates.



Charles Ryan.



G. L. Fairbanks.



Cyrus S. Moors.



W. C. Adams.

Maria Wakefield, Harriet Holman, Julia Wakefield, Joseph Shattuck, Ellen and Eliza Stone, Ellen Herick, Frances and Alice Lawrence, with many others. Now, the prosperity of Marlborough is due in no small degree to the public schools and those teachers who have wrought faithfully in them. Great honor is

taken to make up Troy and Roxbury, and smaller portions have been taken off, or added, to meet school and church wants. The surface of the town is strikingly diversified with hills and valleys; some parts are wondrously picturesque and romantic. It is surprising that, within an area of thirteen thousand acres, there



Webb's Quarry.

due the teachers, who have earnestly labored for the welfare of the town. Let their names be so enshrined in the memories of the citizens as to live when the granite of the hills shall have dissolved into dust.

Marlborough, as first laid out, as already stated, was twelve by eight miles square, boundaries running nearly north and south, east and west. A part of the original lot was

should be such a display of highlands and lowlands, of forests and clearings. Truly, nature has bestowed upon it many of her choicest charms, attractive beauties, and stirring sublimities.

Its geologic formation is made up largely of primitive rock; its outcropping ledges are composed of granite, percolated frequently with veins of quartz. The drift, or loose



George D. Webb.

formation, consists of silicate and vegetable products. The deposits give evidence of glacial, aqueous, and iceberg action. The grooves cut into the ledges and the pot-holes give assurance of long-continued water action. The minerals consist mainly of granite, gneiss, white and rose quartz, feldspar, mica, beryl, garnets, and plumbago. Quarrying gneiss has become an important industry in town. The sedimentary deposits are made up of sand, clay, and peat, making a soil well calculated for grazing.

The farms, being properly cultivated, yield good crops of Indian corn, oats, potatoes, rye, beans, and barley. All who are tilling after modern methods, guided by the science of agriculture, are learning that farming is no humbug, but is certain to result in good buildings, productive fields, sleek stock, and independent living.

Its climate is favorable to health and long life, as is made manifest from the fact that some twenty-five persons in town are on the other side of threescore and fifteen years.

The inhabited portions are from ten to thirteen hundred feet above the sea, so that the hottest days in summer are seldom sultry, and the coldest in winter are not often ten degrees below zero. It is true that the winters here are long, and the snow is likely to be deep, yet the people, I think, do not suffer from the climate anything as they do in Michigan, South Carolina, London, or Rome.

Since about one third of the surface is growing forests,

unquestionably this has much to do in tempering the atmosphere in hot and cold weather.

The principal forest trees are pine, oak, beech, birch, hemlock, poplar, cherry, basswood, and spruce. The fruit trees are apple, pear, plum, cherry, and peach. The natural fruits consist of the strawberry, blueberry, blackberry, raspberry, and cranberry. The flora is very full; the botanist finds a large variety of plants, all the way from delicate mosses and ferns to Alpine flowers on the top of the Monadnock.

Four ponds are within the town



H. H. Pease.

limits, varying from half to a mile long, and from a third to three fourths of a mile wide. They are beautiful bodies of water, and were they in Scotland or Italy, how they would have been sought after by poets and lovers of nature! A fairer lake of water cannot be found than the Stone pond. These bodies of water abound in fish, as pickerel, perch, dace, eels, and pouts.

The land is intersected by many streams; the largest is the Minniwawa, which warbles and sings as it runs over the stones and down the declivities. Its Glenn falls, near the



Luke Knowlton.

upper end of the village, are enchanting and sublime in high water.

If bears, wolves, and deer were common when the early settlers came here, they have all disappeared, leaving only traditions of their feats and cruelty. Within the remembrance of some living, beavers and minks were numerous, but are now seldom seen. Foxes are plentiful, having great fondness for our hills and dales; as civilization trenches upon them, they appear to advance in cunning and shrewdness. Woodchucks hold their forts as of old; in spite of guns, dogs, and traps, their stock has not diminished. Rabbits and conies frequent the glades and pineries. Striped,



Residences of Fred E. Adams and J. W. Lawrence.

red, and gray squirrels sport in the walls, the orchards, and woods. We are often apprized that hedgehogs and skunks are around, for they are not bashful in imparting their influence to friend and foe. Rats and mice give frequent assurance that their race is not yet run. Hawks whistle and crows caw as they did when the whoop of the Indian and the bark of the wolf echoed among the hills and vales. Some seasons, pigeons flock to the fields and forests: ducks swim the ponds spring and fall; partridges drum the logs and whirl through the thickets, and owls hoot as they did when the sound of the first axe rung in the woods. The robin, the oriole, the bluebird, the phebe, the lark, the woodpecker, the bobolink, the ground-bird, the hair-bird, the king-bird, kinglets, humming-birds, snowbirds, kingfishers, nightingales, night-hawks, and whip-poor-will, are with us every year, at different seasons, to afford us change and enchantment.

The town, at its incorporation, had not far from two hundred inhabitants, and now it has sixteen hundred and ninety-five; while its growth has not been rapid, for the most part, it has been healthful. It has sent twelve through college; produced eight



Stone Pond and Monadnock.

clergymen, five physicians, three lawyers, some seventy-five teachers, and many successful business men and noble women. If the children still continue to rise up, calling their fathers blessed, making their places more than good, it will prosper and increase in numbers, in schools, churches, and pleasant homes. It has now some four hundred dwellings, eighty farms, besides gardens and patches tilled, fifteen manufactories in operation, ten mercantile establishments, two blacksmith shops, two meat markets, a printing-office, a hotel, a bakery, a skate shop, three sawmills, a grist-mill, two pail shops, a sash and door shop, and a mill for getting out chair and hard wood lumber. Marlborough, with its natural advantages, will continue to grow, if the present and future generations are loyal to temperance, industry, the cause of education, and the Christian church.

It is sad that here, as well as else-

where, some of the sons, with all the advantages of the present age, are not making their fathers' places good. Such are not building up, but tearing down; instead of beautifying, they are defacing the place of their birth, and are casting waste and mildew upon their native town, on which the All-good has showered richest benedictions. Let the moral and religious tone be elevated, and it will be sought after, not only in the summer for its mountain, its diversified beauty and sublimity, but by seekers after permanent settlements. Let the people so think and act as to impart confidence, and it will be sought after for its delightful landscapes and healthfulness, but more for its soul beauty and mental lustre. On the right conditions, the town can quadruple its population, living better, becoming far more cultured and enterprising, doing vastly more good, and best of all, growing in capacity to enjoy more and more life.

BY ARTIST'S FALL.

By Gordon Hall Gerould.

Here no voice of storm-torn sea,
 Here no river roars to me.
 Only sound of waters free,
 Dancing down all mad with glee.

DEUS EX MACHINA.

A PHONOGRAPHIC PHANTASY.

By Francis Dana.



HERE were voices in the darkness of the garden.

"But letters," said the deep, strong voice, in a good-natured growl of its own, "*letters*, you know, are such a nuisance!"

"If you call *my* letters a nuisance,—” said the clear, gentle voice. Something in its emphasis suggested a lift of the chin beneath and a little jutting out of the lower lip, and doubtless it would have said much more on the subject, but the other made haste to justify itself.

"Oh! no, Donnie; you know I never meant *that*! Why the very sight of your pretty writing on an envelope—”

"Then you mean what is quite as bad—or worse—yes, worse!” the soft voice decided, after a pause. "You mean that you find it a nuisance to write to *me*. Well, you needn't take the trouble."

"Don!"

"Then, please, what *do* you mean, Thomas? Much of anything?"

"Only," said the voice called Thomas, quite humbly, "that delightful as letters, particularly *our* letters, always are, real, live talk is better."

"Real, live talk," said the gentler voice, reflectively. "By which, I suppose you mean animated conversation? Y-e-s, Tom, it *has* its advantages."

"One of which, Donnie, I mean to take now."

"Stop! don't!" cried the other, in a well-selected tone of severity, yet not without evident glee. "Oh, *dear*!"

"Meaning me?"

"No, not meaning *you*. There," with a cheery sigh that must have been drawn through a smile, "now you may *go*, and I believe you may make up your mind to put up with letters, and feel blest, if you get any, after all you have—said!"

"I won't! Now, Donnie, just think of the advantage of my being able to hear your voice every day. Sha n't I? Think how much better I shall work for it; how it will drive off the blues; and how the glad thoughts will come tripping in at the sound of it, and bring happiness with them! O Donnie!"

"And of *my* being able to hear yours!" said the feminine voice, with selfish enthusiasm. "I can hardly resist the temptation, but, O Tom, Mamma and Elaine would *never* let me."

"Always 'Mamma and Elaine!'" Here the growl grew rather savage. "Need n't ask 'em. Need n't tell 'em! What have 'Mamma and Elaine' to do with it? They need n't listen."

"As if they would!" indignantly. "But if I had such a thing without telling them, Tom, it would be de-

ceiving them, and I should feel so awfully guilty. Besides—they'd find it out."

"Then they would n't be deceived, would they? Look here, Don,—you're of age,—you've a right to do as you please in things that concern you only. Don, if you do n't assert yourself now and then,—if you allow yourself to be dictated to,—"

"Not by you, Tom, at all events," said the gentle voice, very quietly. "You see, Tom," after a moment's silence, "I can assert myself a little."

"Yes, you can. I beg your pardon. But ought I to be the *only* one against whom you can hold your own—the *only* one you can answer back?"

The deep voice made the most of this question and said it feelingly, in an injured tone, but seemed to win no sympathy.

"If you don't like it, 'Tom,'" was the mild reply, "you can do without, you know."

"I *do* like it," with sudden meekness.

"Very well. Now, if the tumult of your thoughts has subsided, Thomas, I will say that Mamma and Elaine are *not* unkind, as you always seem to think—but they simply can't realize that I am grown up. How can they? I can hardly have seemed perceptibly older to them on any one day than on the day before—can I? And so things have gone on, and no special time has come when there seemed to be a reason for any change in their treatment of me."

"Give 'em a reason, Don, and stick to it."

"But if I were to arise in the dignity of my majority and remind them that the law emancipated me two

years ago, and that their behavior to me is—what's the word?"

"Outrageous."

"Nonsense! It's two Latin words—you know what they are—not *infra dig*—but—"

"*Sui generis? Horribile dictu?*"

"No—*ultra vires*. If I told them all that, they'd only be very much astonished, and deeply grieved at what they'd call my 'rebellious spirit—'"

"Did they get that out of Milton?"

"—Much more hurt than I am by continuing to be brought up at the advanced age of which you are so very polite as to keep reminding me, 'Tom—but they would n't understand. How could they? So you'll not find fault with them or with me—'Tom, please say no more about it."

"Well, I must respect your loyalty to them—which is like you—but you'll never persuade me that it does n't hurt you to be treated like a child."

"Now, my dear boy, if they were really unkind, as you say, would they have allowed our engagement?"

"Why, how could they prevent it? You're of a—"

"Stop! Don't say that again!"

"All right, Donnie. But you are, you know."

"They saw it was for my happiness, and they have really said very little against it, that is," with a careful regard for the truth, "much less than they *might* have said."

"Sweet of 'em—horribly sweet!" said the growl, and melted into a persuasive murmur as it continued, "But, Don, about my suggestion?"

"How *obstinate* you are. I have told you four times, that Mamma—"

"I scraped up every dollar I could

and bought them, feeling sure that you would be willing. It took about all I had."

"How absurd of you!"

A door opened from the house, behind the garden, and a not inconsiderable feminine presence stood there in the light and spoke, "Dorothea! You must not stay out there in the night air. Come in at once."

"Yes, Mamma!"—and the door shut.

"I had set my *heart* on it, so," said the deep voice again, in a tone that made it seem probable that whatever "it" might be, it was a hard substance, and had sorely bruised that delicate organ.

The maiden's mind suddenly veered, as maiden's minds may and will.

"So have I, Tom. Yes—I will have the thing and use it, though it will seem uncanny, and I shall surely be found out, besides. I promise—"

Again the door opened.

"Dorothea! How many times must you be told to come in?"

"I'm coming, Elaine! Good night, Tom—and—good by, Tom! Will there be plenty of directions so I shall know how?"

"Plenty, it's simple. Good by, Donnie!"

"Good by, Tom!"

"Good by!"

A pretty, slender figure tripped out of the darkness and in at the door, which, closing harshly, shut in the maiden and the light from a tall man, who left the garden and walked slowly away, after looking back at the house as he went.

"I hate to leave her to those two!" said he, grumbling, now, without restraint. "That sort of

thing is hard enough even for children, but to a woman as sensitive as poor Donnie, it must be torture!"

"That sort of thing" meant what is technically known as "nagging."

"Mamma" and "Elaine," that is to say, Mrs. Tremlett and her elder daughter, had never thought of relaxing that strict supervision and absolute authority over the younger, which might have been good for her as a little girl, but could only be irksome and mortifying to a woman of twenty-three.

Gordon, the owner of the discontented voice, felt this sorely, more even than Dorothea, for he saw, as she could not, that perpetual restraint, fault-finding, and ordering, were wearing her out—that the two ladies who loved her were gently depriving her of all rest and comfort and peace.

He knew that the only way by which he could rescue his damsel in distress was to marry her and make her mistress of a home of her own.

But this, he acknowledged to himself, as he walked away that night, was a vague and distant project.

However, an uncle, who dwelt and prospered in Chicago, had written to him, offering him a position there.

He was to set out on the morrow to meet that beneficent but unknown relative, and, as he looked forward, anticipation of new scenes and hope of better fortune drove away all his sorrows, except that shade of becoming despondency in which no man who has just bidden his lady-love good by for an unknown time should ever be lacking.

"You are very imprudent, Dorothea," said Mrs. Tremlett, as her daughter came in.

"It is so damp in the garden," said Elaine.

"And you have so lately recovered from a cold," said Mrs. Tremlett.

"Really," said Elaine, "you are always running risks, Dorothea. This morning, Mamma, she was out in the dewy grass with no more protection for her feet than those thin boots, which are only meant for indoors."

"How very careless! You ought to have told me you wished to go, Dorothea, and I should have made you put on something more substantial—if I had allowed you to go at all. You will ruin your health. To-night you have been saying good by to Mr. Gordon, I suppose?"

"Yes, Mamma."

"He goes to Chicago to-morrow, then?"

"Yes, Mamma."

"He did not seem elated at the prospect, when he made his farewell call on us this afternoon."

"I hope he'll be successful," said Elaine. "But for some reason he doesn't seem the kind of man who ever will succeed. It's a pity—a great pity!"

"Indeed it is," said Mrs. Tremlett, mournfully. "I feel about him just as you do, Elaine. I have no objection to him, personally, but he is essentially impractical. I am always in the most painful doubt as to whether I did my duty in permitting you to become engaged to him, Dorothea. If you had only told him to wait, my child; and if he is as good a young man, and as devoted to you as he seems, he would have waited till his prospects improved, and left you free, meanwhile. But a long engagement is so trying, and so seldom amounts to anything in the end."

"Donnie never *could* look beyond the gratification of the moment's wish," said Elaine.

"I'm content to wait," said Dorothea, cheerily.

"Well, you'll have contentment enough, then, I fear, poor child."

"I don't see how he ever can marry," said Mrs. Tremlett.

"And when he can, he'll very likely change his mind," said Elaine, "not that it seems as if one could, but I know of so many cases where that has happened. As Mamma says, Dorothea, long engagements are very apt to end so."

"Ours won't," said the maiden, with the courage of her convictions.

"Why Dorothea! What a *temper* you're in to-night," said her mother, with a grieved look. "Such brusque, unpleasant answers! Well, dear, you have my fondest hopes and prayers. 'Hope deferred'—you know. You have really a worn look already, and I am very anxious about you, indeed."

If by any chance it occurred to Dorothea, that her mother had transposed cause and effect, and that if less anxiety were lavished upon her the "worn look" might give place to comparative cheerfulness of expression, she did not say so, but smiled, rather plaintively.

"You need n't be worried, Mamma, dear. I shall do very well, I'm sure."

"But, truly, Dorothea, you are quite pale and seem tired out. I think, Mamma, she ought to go to bed at once, and have a good night's rest," said Elaine.

With which suggestion, Dorothea, having been benevolently goaded to the verge of madness, not unwillingly complied.

Early on the morning of the next day, there came to the house a box, which she contrived to have smuggled up, unseen, to her room.

When Gordon had arrived at Chicago and had talked with the uncle who was his hope, he found his prospects more definite, but likely to take so long in being realized that he felt that one might almost as well be without any prospects, and the sport and plaything of mere possibilities.

The uncle proposed to put him at the head of an Eastern branch of his extensive business—iron, I think, but it does n't matter—so soon as he should be fit to hold the position.

The system by which such fitness could only (from the uncle's point of view) be obtained seemed likely to take up a large part, if not the whole, of the nephew's earthly existence. The uncle, in business, was a devout evolutionist.

His idea was to start Gordon in the lowest stage of his *cosmos*, and evolve him through every department of the business which might afterwards come under his supervision, until, by natural process and without forcing, he should become an able and fully-equipped superintendent.

"But," said Gordon, "I shall be an elderly man before I am in a fairly good place."

"I prefer elderly men in my fairly good places," said the uncle. "They have, as a rule, better heads. But don't let me influence you. I offer the chance. You can take it, or leave it."

Gordon took it.

It condemned him to a long exile from Dorothea—but the *man* within him said, "Better be earning your own living, even if you have to give

her up, than be engaged to her with no prospect of supporting even yourself, much less both."

"Then," said the uncle, "I shall start you as a night watchman in the works. It is a place that requires no brains, no knowledge, or ability,—just the thing for you to begin with, young man."

So Thomas, the germ, took form as Thomas, the night watchman, and, as such, made hourly rounds of the works, passing the interstices of time in a small room, built with a view to such discomfort as might tend to produce the insomnia which is a watchman's first duty, and furnished with a table, a hard, uncompromising chair, a lamp in a swinging bracket, a small mirror, and a clock with a loud, impressive, censorious manner of ticking and striking.

One midnight, when Gordon was thus fulfilling his not too delightful destiny, the uncle, at home in bed, opened his eyes, and, at the call of his awakened mind, his thoughts came scudding back from their dream-winged flight to their usual occupation—the iron business.

"Now I wonder," said he, "what that young fellow is at, at this moment? Bet he thinks he has a soft snap down there with nothing to do and no one to watch him do it. Wonder if he's asleep? Half a mind to go and see—if it ain't a-raining."

He got up and looked out of the window. It *was* raining. That decided him, for if ever there was an obstinate old gentleman, it was this uncle of Gordon's.

"I *will* go down!" said he.

So he dressed, went down stairs, and out; hailed a hack, and was soon rattling along toward the works.

He alighted near them, walked the rest of the way, let himself in at his private door, and, assisted by the overshoes he wore, went noiselessly down the long passage that led to the watchman's room. There he heard a voice, and stopped to listen. The voice was sweet and clear, with gentle modulations, and with a peculiar something in its tone which might have impressed a less practical and more psychical uncle as being a little unearthly.

"—a constant joy and delight to me," it was saying, "but, O Tom, I'm so afraid they will find it out, and I feel so *guilty* about it—not that it's wrong—but I know I ought to tell them; and, yet, if I did, they would perhaps take it away."

"What on earth?" said the uncle, and paused for a reply.

"At such times," the voice said sweetly, "it seems as if we were together, Tom."

"It certainly has that aspect," the uncle thought. "Now, what the deuce does that young rascal mean by making love down here at this time of night?"

The voice went on with its pretty monologue. What it said was flavored with that extreme sweetness that young folk much in love are said to be able to enjoy *ad infinitum*, but which cloyes with persons in a normal condition, like the uncle and ourselves. It infuriated the uncle,—the reader shall be spared.

"*She's* making love to *him*. P'r'aps, poor wretch, he can't help himself. Some designing woman, maybe, who knows he's my nephew, and thinks he's well off, and means to trap him into marriage. 'Taint one of the type-writers; don't know the voice."

Here, however, Tom was heard, in reply to a particularly affectionate speech, to say with fervor, "My own, *own* darling!"

"That's my precious young scallywag himself," said the uncle, and, having stood long in a draughty passage on a damp night, and being overcome with pent-up emotions, sneezed.

The voices stopped. The uncle made a rush for the door, which opened upon him, and disclosed Tom standing alone.

"Who are you? Come in out of that!" cried the watchman, seizing his relative by the collar, with a mighty grip, and pulling him into the light. "Why—my dear Uncle! Is this you?"

"Don't 'dear Uncle' *me*! You scamp! Where—well—really—I—this is very surprising!"

"Yes, sir," said Tom, looking more amused than the circumstances seemed to warrant.

The uncle looked about him high and low, and as he looked, his amazement grew upon him, and his stare became blank to the likeness of imbecility. He and Tom were alone together. It was quite impossible that any one else could have been in the room while the voice was speaking, for no one could have passed out unseen. He looked out of the window; no possible exit there—a sheer brick wall descending some fifty feet into a trench. He looked at the walls and ceiling, at the floor—there was no outlet.

"Good heavens, Tom!" said the uncle, staring harder than ever.

Tom dutifully offered him the hard chair, which he accepted in a dazed manner. "Look here, Tom," said

he "do I—the fact is, I had a very tiresome day of it yesterday—and—I'm just out of bed, and—sleepy, you know—now do I look as if I were—in short, do you see anything the matter with me?"

Gordon, by way of answer, handed him the mirror. He looked, with serious misgivings, at his startled image, with its wide eyes and its scant hair on end, and presently said:

"Tom, I thought I'd come down and see how you were getting on. I naturally—take an interest in my own sister's own son, you know. Glad to find you doing so well, and now I think I'll go back to bed. I'm getting—" Here the uncle stopped and looked up, with a light of sudden intelligence dawning upon his face.

"I see it now, you young dog! I begin to catch on! You need n't ask what I mean, sir, or look innocent! You heard me coming, and thought you'd have the joke your way, eh? Well, sir, you've done it! You're the best ventriloquist I ever heard! I could have sworn I heard a girl in here talking to you. I'd swear it now, if it was n't impossible."

"No, sir," said Tom, "there's been no one here but ourselves. I'm not a ventriloquist. You did hear a voice."

Tom lifted a newspaper from the table, and his uncle saw what had escaped him in his search for trapdoors and fugitives—a phonograph. He contemplated it in silence awhile, and then turned to Gordon.

"Young man," said he, "it seems I have been listening to a private conversation of the most delicate de-

scription. As a stranger to the transaction, I apologize. As your employer, I want to know why in thunder you waste your time—which is *my* time—making love to that attractive but idiotic machine (for, to judge from what it says, I call it a *fool*), and how do you think you're to do my work and play with toys at the same time? *This ain't a nursery!*"

"I'll tell you when I get back, sir," said Tom; "time for my hourly round," and he sought a refuge for his blushes in the outer darkness, while the old gentleman, left to himself, grinned and chuckled and rubbed his chin.

"That's the worst case of spoons I ever saw. The idea of having to bottle up a girl's conversation and pack it around the country! Now, I suppose, if the truth was known, he's got a lock of her hair in every pocket. Well—well—well—I have n't forgotten—a man has to go through that stage. The girl had a sweet voice! Well, we'll see; we'll see!"

And then he fell into a reverie, which lasted until Gordon came in, when he resumed his severely business-like air.

"Well, sir, have you found time to make up an explanation?"

"The explanation, sir, is simple enough—"

"I'll bet it's simple," said the uncle, with feeling, "simple as Simple Simon himself."

"You see," said Gordon, "there's a girl at home who promised to marry me, and I thought, as we should be parted a long time, that it would be pleasant for us to hear each other speak, now and then—and so—"

"And so you proceeded to spend

money on costly toys. I see. You say you do n't intend to be married at once?"

"I don't see much chance of it."

"Neither do I. Perhaps she would n't marry a night watchman?"

"She certainly would—this one—but I don't mean to have her marry one, not till he's better fixed."

"She'll have a long time to wait, Tom. Now I suppose you've a picture of her handy. Eh? If you can't go without her voice you surely can't without her likeness."

Tom showed him a photograph: a sweet, sensible face with large, dark eyes a little sad, and masses of wavy hair.

"Well—well—" said the uncle, more pleasantly than he had spoken before. "It's a lovely face and a sweet voice, Tom Gordon. A sweet voice, even if it does talk nonsense. Perhaps, if I were a girl and talking into a phonograph for the benefit of a good-for-nothing young fellow hundreds of miles away—why, perhaps, I should talk nonsense myself. You each have a machine and send each other the slips, or rolls, or whatever they use in phonographs, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that may be folly, but its *enterprise*! No one can say it *ain't* enterprise! Hm! Well! Just mind you don't forget to make your rounds, and, as for this thing, you ought to keep it at your lodging."

"The walls are very thin in the tenement where I hang out. All my neighbors could hear everything Don—er—the phonograph—said."

"All right," said the old gentleman, "I suppose you'll have to keep it here, then. Good night!"

"Mamma," said Elaine, one morn-

ing, to Mrs. Tremlett, "I have found out something that I think you really ought to know. Something, I regret to say, about Dorothea."

"Dorothea—why what—explain yourself, Elaine—tell me at once!"

"You have noticed those queer little packages Dorothea has been receiving by mail?"

"They have given me some anxiety, Elaine. I have intended to ask her about them, but thought it better to give her the opportunity of telling me about them of her own accord, as she ought."

"I have discovered what they are, Mamma. This morning I was passing Dorothea's room, only a few minutes ago: the door was a little ajar. I heard what astonished me so that I stood and listened—a voice in the room which was certainly not Dorothea's, and which I should have said—if had not *known* that he was away and that no one but Dorothea could *possibly* be in the room—was Mr. Thomas Gordon's."

"Why, Elaine, what *do* you mean?"

"I peeped in, and there was Dorothea grinding away at a phonograph! I sent her on an errand at once, without giving her time to put it away, and guilty enough she looked. No wonder. The idea of deceiving us in this way. I call the whole performance most improper!"

"To think that a daughter of mine could behave so!" said Mrs. Tremlett.

Neither of the ladies stopped for a moment to consider *how* Dorothea had done wrong. They simply took it for granted that it was her duty to let them know all about her affairs, and that whatever she did without

consulting them was wrong *ab initio*. This gave rise to a feeling of offense, which was greatly emphasized by the idea of the sound of the voice of Mr. Thomas Gordon in Dorothea's room,—a not unnatural, though totally unreasonable feeling, from which a properly cultivated sense of the ridiculous would have saved them.

Mrs. Tremlett, deeply grieved, went at once to her younger daughter's room, and found the obnoxious instrument on the table; beside it, several little cylinders, each with its number on a bit of paper neatly pasted to the edge, and a paper of directions lying open on a chair.

"No. 1" was in the phonograph, for Elaine had broken in upon a very early stage of Tom's discourse. Mrs. Tremlett hesitated a moment, looked at the directions that lay at hand, locked herself into the room, and began to grind out utterances. She started nervously as she heard Tom Gordon's familiar tones, but kept bravely on.

It was an uncanny thing—this production of the very voice and words of a man who was so far away—and to her old-fashioned mind seemed almost wrong—a dealing with strange powers, and very like raising a spirit.

The novelty and strangeness of it all so occupied her mind that she never once thought that her act was tantamount to reading a letter meant for another, or listening at a keyhole, and presently she became so interested in what the instrument was saying that she forgot everything else.

"—prospects are not all that could be wished."

"I should think not, indeed," said Mrs. Tremlett.

"Now, Donnie there is one thing,"

said the phonograph very gravely, "about which I must beg you this once to hear me, though you have refused so often."

"Glad she has the grace to refuse him something," said her mother.

"It is about your treatment at home."

"Well, I *never*!" said Mrs. Tremlett, bridling in a manner that must have reduced Tom to sudden silence had he been present otherwise than vocally, but which had no effect on the impassive instrument of speech. "*Treatment*, indeed! What next?"

"I know, dear," said the phonograph, "that I cannot speak unless you will let me,—but please hear me this time. You say—and for your sake it hurts me sorely—that you feel *guilty* in using your phonograph; that your mother and sister would not like it, and might not allow it; and that it seems to you deceitful to use it without their knowledge and consent.

"Is it not a sad state of things that you cannot do an action that is right in itself—an action whose only consequence is to give us both great pleasure in a perfectly proper way—without feeling guilty?"

"Are you so nagged and brow-beaten, Donnie, that you, a woman grown, dare not assert your right to do as you please in what concerns no one but yourself? Is it right that you should be deprived of all choice, in ruling your own life?"

"Surely, there are many things about oneself of which one has more knowledge than others have, and which one can decide better by one's own judgment. Yet what is there in which your own free will is allowed you?"

"Would it be well, do you think, to be deprived of the use of your arms? Would they not shrivel away and lose their loveliness and all their power? Is it better to have the use of your moral faculties taken away by having every question of right or wrong decided for you—by being made accountable to human beings in *everything*—by being forbidden any choice.

"Is it good for you to be snubbed into assent and submission to the wills and ideas of others, however fond of you they may be? Is it good for you to be treated like a child in all things, to have your dresses and hats chosen for you,—I know they are, Donnie,—to be told how you must arrange your hair, when you must practise your music, not to be able to read a new book, or take a walk, or make any trifling purchase, or call on a friend, without permission.

"Do you admire the feet of a Chinese woman of rank, Don? Is constant restraint and repression any better for the mind or soul, or whatever it may be that directs our actions, than for the body?

"Your people are bringing you up at twenty-three—they'll still bring you up at forty, unless I can take you to a home of your own before that; they'll bring up your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave!"

Mrs. Tremlett smiled rather mournfully at this. Her face had lost its angry look and softened under an expression of tenderness and deep thought. Had she been so unkind to the girl she loved so? Was Donnie a woman now? She could not deny it.

"I know they do all this out of love and kindness for you, Donnie,

and yet, though you will not own it, I know how their incessant control must hurt and mortify you. I have watched your face when I have seen you ordered about and treated like a child before strangers.

"They do not realize it, I know that, but, Don, they can be made to realize it, and I know your mother well enough to be sure that if I speak to her about it, her love for you will hear me, and will understand.

"Would she willingly do you harm, Don? Yet she *is* doing you harm; you may deny it to *me*, but not to *yourself*; and would she thank me, if she knew, for keeping silence?"

"Yes, I *would*!" said Mrs. Tremlett, but went on grinding out words nevertheless, and said it sadly, not indignantly. Then said she, "No—I would n't."

"We must wait a long time, I fear, before I can give you a little monarchy of your own to rule over; meanwhile I long that you should have the little freedom that a woman may—the ordinary liberty of a reasonable being.

"Let me write to your mother, then. She will see the justice of what I say. She is too fair not to acknowledge the fact; too good, too fond of you, to be unkind, when she knows.

"That's all about that, Don."

Here came three strange sounds from the instrument. Mrs. Tremlett flushed and started away, then laughed nervously. The sounds were kisses!

"My uncle is not such a bad fellow when you come to know him. I should not have made his acquaintance so easily except through you. He was stand-offish at first, but one

night he came down here to catch me napping, and heard your voice. He apologized quite humbly for listening—”

Mrs. Tremlett started again, perceiving for the first time that she was embezzling conversation (to say nothing of the kisses) in a most unjustifiable manner. She thought a while, cried a little, laughed a good deal, then went down and had a talk with Elaine.

“Donnie,” said she, when that young lady, full of misgivings, came home, “I have just had a severe lecture from an imp in a box. Never mind what it was. It was addressed to you, but it was meant for me, dear. You may tell Mr. Tom Gordon when you write him—or talk to him—that I think he’s right, and so does Elaine, and you may thank him for all three of us, please.”

“Especially for the kisses,” said Elaine, “though Mamma got them all.”

“Elaine!” said Mrs. Tremlett, blushing like a girl.

From that day, Dorothea had a new life, and a very happy one; nor did her mother and sister lose by the change, for they found their wishes anticipated where before they had only been obeyed.

A little over a year passed, and one day a deep voice was heard at the Tremletts in two places at once. Up stairs in Donnie’s room it was saying sadly, “I really do n’t know when I shall be able to see you again.”

Down stairs at the door it was asking cheerily for Mrs. Tremlett, Miss Tremlett, and Miss Dorothea Tremlett.

The two former were not at home,

and Dorothea received Mr. Thomas Gordon, who, after a few exclamations of delight had been exchanged, tendered her a letter in a strange hand:

MISS DOROTHEA TREMLETT,

MY DEAR NIECE-IN-LAW ELECT: This is to recommend to you the bearer, Mr. Thomas Gordon. I have found him faithful, industrious, steady, good tempered, quick, obliging:—the only fault I have to find with him is, that he is a bachelor. If he marries, I’ll give him a job his wife need n’t object to.

Meanwhile, I presume upon our acquaintance (for I have seen your likeness and heard your voice, Miss Donnie, and lovely they both are,—if an old man may be forgiven a personal remark) to ask you to take him into your employ. Very faithfully yours,

WILLIAM H. BENDER.

“You see,” said Tom, “my uncle was awfully taken with you that night he came to the works and heard you talking. He liked the phonograph scheme, too. He made up his mind then to push me ahead fast, on your account, and you can bet, Donnie,—or you could, if you would,—he made me work.

“I thought he was working me for what he could get out of me, but a few days ago he said he thought I’d do to run a branch of the business, and gave me this letter of recommendation. Will it do, Donnie?”

A very happy party of four sat at dinner that evening. “Be sure and give your wife plenty of freedom, Mr. Gordon,” said his prospective mother-in-law, laughing.

“There’s nothing like it for people of age,” said Elaine.

And yet, months after, Mrs. Thomas Gordon said to Thomas, “But you know, Tom, I’m of age, and—”

“Nonsense,” said Tom, “a woman’s lawful guardian is her husband!”

“But, Tom, I’m not afraid of you!” said Dorothea.

WITCH HAZEL.

By C. Jennie Swaine.

When winter days are short and chill,
And all the air is keen as myrrh,
One ghost-like flower may blossom still,
Where Summer's brightest laurels were.

The morns are coldly debonair,
The nights are Winter-gemmed with frost;
But like soft down upon the air,
Its tresses of pale gold are tost.

The shrub is leafless where its grows;
No sap is from its rootlets sent;
Yet this pale elfin in the snows
Swings on in beautiful content.

When woods in winter's loneliness
Lure us to haunts of summer days,
Downward it sways, with elfin kiss,
To show its flower-kirtled sprays.

As omen fraught with good, the flower
Has e'er been sacred to the gods;
Its sap distilled has healing power,
Its stems are still divining rods.

To-day, with longings for the flowers,
I passed a wood path, gray with gloom,
And saw, amid its faded bowers,
A hamamelis spray in bloom.

"Omen of good," I softly sighed,
"By the enchantment of thy name,
Give me to wear, with humble pride,
A grander wreath than earthly fame."

This prouder gift a harp should be,
Whose simple lay will only live
In some sweet dream or memory,
When earth has nothing more to give.

WHITTIER AND HIS POETRY.¹

By Helen Soule Stuart.



T may be assumed, in giving this sketch of Whittier, that all are familiar with his birthplace, his later homes, and all necessary dates concerning him.

He is still so near to us that it seems unnecessary to follow the usual plan of the biographer, as we might feel ourselves in duty bound to do were we speaking of Homer or Virgil, Dante or Milton, or any of those poets of the past.

Whittier must seem much like a next-door neighbor, with whom we have been familiar from our childhood.

The most of us have, sometime in our lives, wandered about amongst the New England hills; so that in a way we have in our minds a picture of his life-long surroundings. Our eyes may never have rested upon his favorite "Job's hill," but we know what the "dome-shaped" hills of New England are. If we have not seen the broad Merrimack, of which he so loved to write, we know what such beautiful streams are; we know of their clear, cool water, their pebbly bottoms, their shady banks; we know how they tumble along, and gurgle, and laugh, until one cannot remain long within sight and sound, and not enter into their joyous mood.

We may not have seen the interior of Whittier's first home in the little

town of Haverhill, but after the word etching he gave us in "Snow Bound," we do not need any nearer acquaintance. The great "fireplace," the "crane," the "Turks' heads on the andirons," the "bull's-eye watch," the "motley-braided mat," the "white-washed wall," the "sagging beam," form as vivid a picture in our minds, as we reread that poem, as could be there, had we once stood in that "old, rudely-fashioned room."

We have had descriptions of the Amesbury home until we seem familiar with every tree and shrub about it, and we feel, were we permitted to cross its threshold, we could go "straight from one room opening into another," until reaching his study and pausing there, it would not seem strange should our ear catch the sound of his pen upon the paper, and our eyes fall upon familiar stanzas which there had their birth. Sacred room where words of love for God and nature and humanity were born! We can, with our eyes closed, see the flames of the cheerful fire dance upon the brass andirons of the open hearth. Not the reflection made by our modern flames, roaring over logs which are never consumed, but the sputtering, dancing, old-fashioned blaze of the genuine backlog fire, of which Charles Dudley Warner has so fascinatingly written, that for once we regret these progressive days, and

¹ Read before the Twentieth Century Club, of Detroit, Mich.

long for the "good old days," than which, our grandmothers tell us, there are no better. We can gaze through the window of that study which looks down a sunny little orchard, and farther on, up to the summit of "Powow hill," and those of us who have been permitted to rest our feet upon the sweet, springy heather of Scotland cannot fail to see the resemblance to the home of the "Ayrshire poet" to which other writers have already called our attention; and we can readily understand why he so eagerly pored over the volumes of poems written by Robert Burns which fell into his hands and may have been his inspiration to become a singer himself. The tribute he paid to the Scotch poet is one of gratitude and love. How tenderly he recalls the "summer day" under the "maple's shadow" when he "sang with Burns the hours away."

"New light on home-seen Nature beamed,
New glory over woman;
And daily life and duty seemed
No longer poor and common.

"O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,
I saw the *man* uprising;
No longer common or unclean,
The child of God's baptizing!

"With clearer eyes I saw the worth
Of life among the lowly;
The Bible at his cotter's hearth
Had made my own more holy."

It is a rude picture we see through this study window; it is a wild and lonely spot; it is silent; it is grave. The hand of man has not smoothed these rough edges; here is no carving, no polished surface, and we would have nothing changed, for the man we love and the spot he loved seem related, and as we still look through this "garden window" we murmur a hope that nothing which

modernizes or changes the natural to the artificial may ever be allowed to enter this valley home.

We have but to speak the name "Oak Knoll," and, at once, like a panorama, the scene changes, and we have the picture before "our mind's eye" of a broad drive, shaded by huge trees, leading up to a house conspicuous for its generous porch and its classic columns. The brush- and shrub-covered grounds are before us. Friday, the squirrel, goes bounding from tree to tree; David, the mocking-bird, is singing in our ear; Robin Adair, the dignified shepherd dog, and Jack-a-napes, the frisky little fellow, appear; and the soft, gentle, almost girlish eyes of Phillipa, the Jersey calf, look into ours, and we read in them the story of how this "poet of nature" loved them all. Letting our imagination play a little longer, we hear a sound of laughter, and away down through the trees catch a glimpse of the cloak of little "Red Riding-Hood" and not far away a gleam of white hair and the "flash of that eye which held its fire to the last," and then we know that our "child poet" is having a romp with Phœbe, the "wee bairnie" of Oak Knoll, to whom it is said he gave that dear friendship he yielded to no other one; and, by this friendship, we are reminded of the sturdy Scotchman, Sir Walter Scott, and his similar love for quaint Marjory Fleming, or "Maidie" as Sir Walter Scott loved to call her.

We speak of Mr. Whittier as the "Quaker Poet," and at once his ancestors are before us with all that belongs to the Quaker nature of tenderness, truthfulness, and exactness, so

a detailed account of them is unnecessary and would be tedious; besides, it is not the date of his birth, or the shape and size of his first earthly home, or the blueness of blood which flowed in his veins, that we are most interested in, but the man himself, his place in the world and his influence upon our America.

We sometimes call him the "Quaker Poet," sometimes the "Child Poet," again the "Poet of the People," the "Poet of Freedom," the "Poet of Religion," the "Poet of Nature," but oftener we say just Whittier. All these titles give us an insight into his character, but the last one—the name itself—seems the greatest of all. It sounds like a poem set to music, and every lover of this "Sweet Soul of Song" knows what Oliver Wendell Holmes felt when he wrote:

"Lift from its quarried ledge a flawless stone;
Smooth the green turf and bid the tablet rise,
And on its snow-white surface carve alone
These words,—he needs no more:
 'Here Whittier lies.'"

In the North Carolina mountains there is a bird which at evening-time sings three little notes, which it repeats and repeats. The words it has set to its song seem to be Whittier! Whittier! Whittier! And so plainly are they enunciated that one can easily imagine the little songster knows the meaning of the name it speaks, and is trying in that southern land, which he helped to make free, to keep the memory of the "Abolitionist Poet" green, and is celebrating it with its song. A simple little tune this the bird has composed; one which does not belong with the sonatas of Beethoven or the

songs of Mendelssohn, but it matches well the character of the man whose name it bears.

It will not be anything but pleasant for us to look at this poet from every standpoint, so charming was he in every phase of his character. First, then, under the title, the "Quaker Poet," the word itself suggests volumes. When we pronounce "Quaker," we immediately think "Friend," and he was a "Friend" in all the best sense of the word. Think of what the religion of the Friends is,—of their earnestness, of their truthfulness, of their unswerving devotion to the right; then understand how it was only natural for this man, this Friend, to take up, with all the strength of his Quaker nature, the cause of the down-trodden, without reference to color or race. Whittier could not help taking life in earnest. He had learned life's lessons from only grave and earnest teachers, and this is why "his poetry burst from his heart with the fire and energy of the ancient prophet, yet beneath all his fire and energy was plainly visible the great, tender soul which was often overburdened because of his power to sympathize and help." Was he not a *Friend*?

We say "Child Poet," and at once another side of his character is before us,—that noble simplicity of character which is the delight of every true admirer of Whittier.

When we read "The Barefoot Boy," written after the boy had become a man, we recognize the child soul still present; else how could he have lived over again those boyhood days, when he wandered about the fields and brooks, through the woods

or to the summit of Job's hill with his good Uncle Moses, who, though

" . . . innocent of books,
Was rich in love of fields and brooks;
Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird had meanings clear;
* * * * *
A simple, guileless, childlike man
Content to live where life began."

It was the child soul still living in the man poet that gave him the power to write—

" Blessings on thee, little man!
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan,
With the sunshine of thy face
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give the joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!"

Could any one think of a more charming picture, a glimpse of which we have already given, than that of the white-haired poet romping through the oak-covered grounds with Phœbe, the little "Red Riding Hood," or a more genuine expression of the pleasure of this child companionship than that he gave when, after one of these romps, all out of breath, he exclaimed,—*"Phœbe is seventy; I am seven; and we both act like sixty."*

What reverence he gives to childhood in his verses called *"Child Songs."*

" And still to childhood's sweet appeal
The heart of genius turns,
And more than all the sages teach
From lisping voices learns,—

" We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can;
God hath his small interpreters—
The child must teach the man."

With something of reverence we view this *"Child Poet"* of seventy years and more,—can we for a moment take a backward look, and find the child of seven years letting down

the bars for the cows to pass through and wondering, *"Why am I different from the cows—what am I—what is life?"* and feel much less reverence? Strange combination of man and boy from seven to seventy, and to the end of his life on earth.

We call him *"The Poet of the People,"* and this title holds for us no hidden meaning. Then we know that in some way he must have taught the common people to love him—that he sympathized with them—that he understood them—that he sang for them the songs they held in their hearts, but had not the voice to utter. Why should not the working class love him? He belonged amongst them—he worked with them. He went into the fields as they did; he *"beheld their sorrows, was acquainted with their griefs,"* and so, like the Christ of old, when he spoke *"the common people heard him gladly,"* and unlike that man of Palestine, *"he came unto his own and his own received him."*

We would not place Mr. Whittier above our other American poets in every respect; we could not do so and be just. He was unique and as an interpreter of the thought and life of rural New England, he has no peer. When Longfellow stood upon the hills, or in the woods, or by a brook, he saw with the eye of a cultured artist; and when he sang of the flowers, the streams, and the fields, his melodies had a lofty sound; his voice soared amongst the clouds, while his feet rested ever so lightly upon the clay.

Whittier never sang in classic mood; his tones never went over the heads of the people to whom he sang. He stood close beside them,

and his voice was in their ears as the voice of a guardian spirit.

Referring to himself in the "Tent on the Beach," he writes—

"The common air was thick with dreams—

He told them to the toiling crowd;
Such music as the woods and streams
Sang in his ear he sang aloud;
In still, shut bays, on windy capes,
He heard the call of beckoning shapes,
And, as the gray, old shadows prompted him,
To homely moulds of rhyme he shaped their
legends grim."

It has been said of him that "He did not require a tragedy, or a plot. An incident, if it had some glamour of fancy, or a touch of pathos, was enough for him; he would take it and sing it as something that had happened. He loved the traditions of his own country, and he came to them on their picturesque and human side, and cared for them because of the feeling they could still awaken. It was because he loved a story, and told it for its own sake with the ease of one who sits by the fireside that he succeeded so well in pleasing."

Another one who loved Whittier paid to him this fine tribute—"Our poet got at the heart of the matter. He learned to utter the word "man" so believingly, that it sounded down into the depths of the divine and infinite. He learned to say with Novalis, "He touches heaven, who touches a human body;" and when he uttered the word "man" in full social breadth, lo! it changed and became America. . On the roll of American poets, we know not how he may be ranked hereafter, but among the honored names of New England's past, his place is secure.

We speak of him as the "Poet of Freedom," and at once the "Quaker Poet" and the "Child Poet" disap-

pear, and in their place there stands before us the image of a man

"Whose heart beat high
Against injustice, fraud, and wrong."

Mr. Whittier, as a Quaker, knew what it was to be a martyr for a cause. His ancestors had "suffered 'for conscience' sake" so how could he stand by and silently look on while one of God's children was being oppressed? He believed that all had been created equal, and holding this belief he could not patiently look upon the wrongs of the negro. He had written these words in the epitaph to Charles Sumner—

"God said—'Break thou these yokes! undo
These heavy burdens. I ordain
A work to last thy whole life through,
A ministry of strife and pain.

"Forego thy dreams of lettered ease,
Put thou the scholar's promise by,
The rights of man are more than these.'
He heard, and answered, 'Here am I!'"

This answer sounds like a shout from the Abolitionist poet himself, as heart and soul he plunged into the work. His poems written at this time are remarkable for their vigor and intensity of feeling. The fiercest of all, perhaps, is the one he called "The Pine Tree."

"Lift again the stately emblem on the Bay
State's rusted shield,
Give to Northern winds the pine tree on our
banner's tattered field.
Sons of men who sat in council with their
Bibles round the board,
Answering England's royal missive with a
firm, 'Thus saith the Lord!'
Rise again for home and freedom! set the
battle in array!
What the fathers did of old time we their
sons must do to-day.

"Tell us not of banks and tariffs, cease your
paltry pedler cries;
Shall the good state sink her honor that your
gambling stocks may rise?
Would ye barter man for cotton, that your
gains may sum up higher?

Must we kiss the feet of Moloch? pass our
children through the fire?
Is the dollar only real? God and truth and
right a dream?

Weighed against your lying ledgers, must
our manhood kick the beam?

"Where's the man for Massachusetts? where's
the voice to speak her free?

Where's the hand to light up bonfires from
her mountains to the sea?

Beats her Pilgrim pulse no longer? sits she
dumb in her despair?

Has she none to break the silence? has she
none to do and dare?

O my God! for one right worthy to lift up
her rusted shield,

And to plant again the pine tree in her ban-
ner's tattered field!"

Strong words these for the quiet
Quaker Poet to speak!

It has been truly said of Whittier
that the fact "that his early poetic
career fell in with the anti-slavery
movement was not a misfortune for
his muse; the man fed upon it, and
drew therefrom an iron strength for
the moral nature, which was the bet-
ter half of his endowment. He was,
too, one who was destined to develop,
to reach his powers more by exercis-
ing than by cultivating his poetic
gift; and in the events of the agita-
tion for the abolition of slavery, he
had subjects that drew out his moral
nature with most eloquent heat, and
exalted his spirit to its utmost of
sympathy, indignation, and heroic
trust. The anti-slavery movement
was his education in a true sense,
the gymnastic of his genius."

Going to that part of the historic
South where

"The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland,"

riding over those pikes where—

"On that pleasant morn of early fall
Lee marched over the mountain wall;"

recalling to mind, as we pass over
that historic ground, those

"Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind";

seeing again in imagination Barbara
Frietchie, as,

"Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

"In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet";

seeming again to hear her voice, as

"She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will,

"Shoot, if you must, this old, gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said";

living over again those days, and
standing before the old gabled house
where this gray-haired heroine lived,
one cannot but resent the laugh and
jest which refutes the fact of the in-
cident so vividly pictured by our
"Poet of Freedom." We do not
fancy being told that although Bar-
bara Frietchie lived in those terrible
days of war in the gable-roofed house
which is still pointed out, that the
incident was created by the poet's
fancy. We prefer to be allowed to
think that

"A shade of sadness, a flush of shame
Over the face of the leader came;

"The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word";

and that in that moment of nobler
thought he did exclaim

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! . . ."

Yet after all, what matters it? True
or false, the poem lives, although—

"Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more";

and we see more clearly the heart of
the man who wrote—

"Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

"Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
 Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!
 Peace and order and beauty draw
 Round thy symbol of light and law;
 And ever the stars above look down
 On thy stars below in Frederick town!"

The "Poet of Religion!" And as we pronounce these words, let no one be over-anxious about his creed.

Much has been claimed for Whittier's religion. Those who are anxious about doctrines have tried to fix his creed. The Spiritualists have declared he was of them. The Liberalists have said, "He belongs with us!" Does it, then, matter so much what was his creed? If one were to point out some stanzas which would show his belief, another, in turn, could point to others which hold his own; and this does not mean that he was "all things to all men," but merely that he held so much of truth that in his heart that which you and another may have, could also be found.

This we know, and this is enough, is it not? He believed in God and in immortality; he was willing to trust and wait; and we also know that the essence of his religion was found in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. His life was his creed!

The "Poet of Nature!" What a large sound this title has! A whole volume might be written of him under this name, for it is in his poems of nature that the natural man is most plainly visible.

When he sang his songs of Nature, they were full of expression, there were all the true qualities of the perfect singer whose tones have not been made too unnatural by becoming too artistic. Here was expression without affectation; here was the natural

pathos without the acquired tremolo; here was the true phrasing and interpretation of experience and no hollow imitation; here, at least, in this register, his tones were pure.

Nature was to him always a song of love. The blue sky he looked up to from his valley home, the White Mountains, which from the crown of Po hill formed a picture he loved, the Hampton beach, the fertile farms, the winding valley of the Merrimack, the birds, the flowers, the rocks,—in fact, Nature's whole family was a source of inspiration to him.

Whittier was a farmer's boy, and

"Nature answered all he asked;
 Hand in hand with her he walked,
 Face to face with her he talked,
 Part and parcel of her joy."

Nothing escaped his observant eye. "The flowers of gold along the wayside," "the maple leaf with faintest motion," the "single hay cart creaking down the dusty road," the "hazel's yellow blossoms," were each and all thought-carriers to him.

We may admire the scholar who has Art for his teacher, but we must bow with reverence before the genius whom Nature has taught.

It was to the every-day things which were constantly before him that this poet turned, even in the earliest days of his rhyme-making. Some one has preserved this quaint little verse, said to be one of his first, written when about seven years of age, which is a good illustration of this fact,—

"And must I always swing the flail,
 And help to fill the milking-pail?
 I wish to go away to school:
 I do not wish to be a fool."

While the childishness of this verse may provoke a smile, the evident

earnestness of the little Quaker lad comes nearer exciting tears.

In these days of realism, we readily recognize the realistic in Whittier's poems. Often the stories he told were as plain as the Quaker garb he wore; but as in the eyes of his friends the plainness of his costume was only an added beauty to the man, so could he throw around the every-day things of life so much of beauty and romance that "an old, swallow-haunted barn" or a "pumpkin pie" became as fascinating as a fairy palace or the ambrosial food of the myths.

Could any other one have made into poetry the commonplace story of how

"Meanwhile we did the nightly chores,
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herdsgrass for the cows."

Who but Whittier would attempt to create any interest in clothes-line posts, pigsties, corn-cribs, brush piles, and well-curbs? Yet he could do this and make it a part of his masterpiece.

It is not necessary to ask the question which one has already asked, "What gives to 'Snow Bound' its eternal hold upon our admiration and affection, its high place in literature?"

Read it, and the question is answered. What can we not find in it? Sketches—exquisite sketches from life, which, if we have not experienced, our mothers and grandmothers have.

It seems an ideal interior with its backlog fire, when Whittier says—

"Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar

In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed."

It has been said that not many of Mr. Whittier's poems could be labeled "religious" poems, but there are passages in "Snow Bound" which tell us plainly what his religion was. That passage so familiar that it seems unnecessary to repeat it, yet which speaks so musically to us always the best words of faith, that no more can it become commonplace than can the eyes of one we love—it is this—

"Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our needs is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"

And is there one who has not had occasion to seek for comfort in these tender lines, written after a great sorrow had come to him?

"But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?"

Whittier himself must have recognized in this poem the true and pure ring which was to make it his masterpiece. Not much wonder he wrote to his publisher,—"Do not put this poem on tinted or fancy paper. Let it be white as the snow it tells of."

Much in Whittier's poems has been called irrelevant, redundant, commonplace. We have purposely omitted allusion to criticism. That there is opportunity for words from the critics, we do not deny. He may not have been artistic, but he was natural; and we hold in our memory the image of a man who spent his life on the great needs of humanity, and we know the great heart of humanity answered him.

He went to the people straight from Nature's heart, carrying her message. His fine ear caught her music, and he sang it to them with so much simplicity and naturalness that it was ever an uplifting strain, although he "sang from ear alone," although his compass was limited and his notes few.

A SONG OF THE PINE FOREST.

By Ray Lawrence.

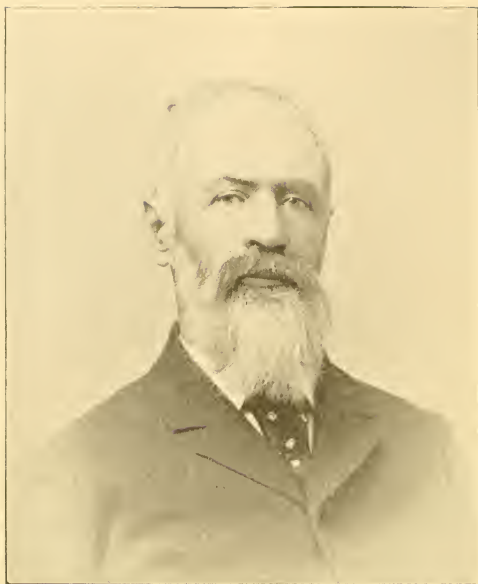
The poets may sing of the laurel and bay,
 And ever green myrtle, immortal are they—
 The chaplets of heroes of ages gone by
 Are fresh and unfaded, tho' centuries die.
 But we, of the Present, will honor assign
 The tree of our woodland, the murmuring pine.

In forests they gather on hilltop, in vale,
 And battle like giants when fierce winds assail;
 They wave their green banners against stormy sky,
 And bend, tho' they break not, when tempests rage high;
 The wild sieges over, in unbroken lines,
 They're victors triumphant, our bold northern pines!

They scorn our cold winter, in dark living green,
 No trace of past conflicts upon them are seen;
 When breezes blow softly, they whispering say,
 "The secrets of ages we are keeping to-day;
 We tell not to man, who is younger than we,
 The wisdom deep hid in the heart of the tree.

"We point to the heavens, deep-flooded with blue,
 Where winds in mad revels sing truths ever new,
 And daily, and nightly, we list to the song
 Of sun, moon, and stars, of centuries long;
 We catch the glad music of celestial spheres,
 The strains yet unheard by man's listening ears!"

Then sing of the laurel and bay, if you will;
 We honor the tree of our New England hill;
 What health-giving odors to Sun-god they yield!
 How sweet are the memories of dryads concealed
 Within the deep shadows, of green forest dim,
 Where pine trees chant softly their sad, vesper hymn!



Warren Tripp.

REPRESENTATIVE AGRICULTURISTS.

By H. H. Metcalf.

WARREN TRIPP, EPSOM.

The town of Epsom is almost wholly an agricultural community, embracing no considerable village, and no manufacturing industries of any magnitude within its limits. The leading farmer of this town is Warren Tripp, who occupies the old homestead within a mile of the railway station at Short Falls, originally settled by his great-grandfather, Richard Tripp, who had previously come from Portsmouth to the north part of the town, and who married Ann, sister of the gallant Major Andrew McClary, of Epsom, who was killed at the Battle of Bunker Hill. His grandfather,

John Tripp, passed his life upon this farm, as did his father, Jeremiah, whose wife was Chloe Prescott, and who died in 1884, ten years after her decease.

Mr. Tripp was born October 16, 1839, being one of a family of six children, of whom himself and a sister, now Mrs. J. L. Prescott, of North Berwick, Me., are survivors. He grew to manhood on the farm, and it has always been his abiding place. June 8, 1862, he married Katie M. Bickford, of Epsom. Two children were born to them, Florus W., a promising young man, who met an untimely death by accident, in 1894, and Annie M., who married Blanchard H.

Fowler, of Epsom, and remains at home, Mr. Fowler being in charge of the farm work during the frequent and continued absence of his father-in-law, who for some years past has been extensively engaged in lumbering in company with Hon. James B. Tennant, of Epsom, the firm operating mills in Hillsborough and Heniker, and, previous to 1895, in Moretown, Vt., their extensive plant in the latter place being then destroyed by fire. For a number of years in early manhood, previous to engaging in the lumber business, Mr. Tripp did a large business in the purchase and sale of cattle, often handling 2,000 head per annum or more.

The original homestead embraces about 100 acres of land, of which about fifty acres is mowing and tillage, but Mr. Tripp has other farms and outlands, to the extent of some 400 or 500 acres, besides his joint interest in several hundred acres more, owned with Mr. Tennant. He wintered the past season, 33 head of neat cattle, and eight horses, the former stock being mostly grade Holsteins. The milk from twenty cows goes to the Short Falls creamery, a coöperative concern which Mr. Tripp was largely instrumental in establishing, and which has proved of great advantage to the farmers of the Suncook valley. The stock and forage are accommodated by a spacious barn, 38 by 91 feet, and another for horses, 36 by 40, recently erected. There are two silos of 60 tons' capacity each, in which are stored the product of eight or ten acres of corn, after the ears are picked therefrom. The soil of the home farm is of excellent quality, it being largely a high interval, free from stones and

easy of cultivation. Its productive capacity has been greatly increased under Mr. Tripp's management, and the best improved modern machinery is brought into use in all departments.

Politically, Mr. Tripp is a Democrat. He has served as selectman, collector, and treasurer of the town, and was the candidate of his party for state senator in 1894. He was a charter member and first vice-grand of Evergreen lodge, I. O. O. F., of Short Falls; was subsequently noble grand, and has almost constantly held some office in the lodge. He is also a member of the Masonic fraternity, of Jewell lodge, and Hiram chapter, Suncook, and of Mt. Horeb Commandery, Concord. He was the first master of McClary grange, of Epsom, subsequently twice elected to the same office, and always deeply interested in the welfare of the order, as well as in that of the Grange State Fair association, of which he was president in 1892 and 1893, and has since been general superintendent.

WILLIAM H. RYDER, BEDFORD.

Among the most thoughtful, practical, and progressive young farmers in Hillsborough county, may very properly be classed William H. Ryder of Bedford, already well known as a successful milk producer and market gardener.

Mr. Ryder is a native of the town of Dunbarton, born March 5, 1869, being the third son of Harris E. and Elizabeth L. (Kimball) Ryder, both parents tracing their ancestry back through three centuries. His father was the owner of a superior farm in Dunbarton, and was prominent in public affairs in that town, serving

in various offices, and for four years as chairman of the board of selectmen; but on account of the destruction of his buildings by fire, in 1875, he removed to Manchester, where he remained five years, the son in the meantime enjoying the benefit of the excellent public schools of the city. In 1880, the family removed to the town of Bedford, and again engaged in agriculture; but William H., having acquired a taste for city life,



William H. Ryder.

sought and obtained a position in the *Mirror* office at Manchester in 1885, with a view to the printer's trade, and in a short time had charge of the engine and boilers and the running of the daily press. In October, 1888, he became foreman of the press room in the Manchester *Telegram* establishment, and continued a year and a half, when he left the business and entered the employ of the Nashua Provision company in Nashua, in the beef trade. Here he remained until August, 1890, when he went to Boston and was engaged with John

P. Squire & Co., but was called home by the illness of his father in October following. He had now, in fact, all he cared for of the city, and concluded to settle down at home and commence farm life in earnest, which he did with a determination to thoroughly master the business along the lines of operation selected—milk production and gardening. He has now a dairy of twenty-two choice cows, every one carefully selected with reference to her milk-producing qualities, and the product goes to the Boston market, while his garden produce is mainly disposed of in Manchester. He has recently increased his acreage by leasing an adjoining farm for a term of years, and proposes a corresponding increase in his dairy. His cows receive the best of care—are fed on scientific principles, and have a supply of pure water constantly before them, furnished by windmill power.

Mr. Ryder is an enthusiastic Patron of Husbandry, having joined Narragansett grange, Bedford, in 1884. He was elected overseer for 1894 and 1895, and master for 1896. He was also steward of Hillsborough County Pomona grange in 1895, and overseer in 1896, and has taken a strong interest in the success of this organization, taking an active part in discussions. He was appointed a district deputy by State Master Bachelder in 1896, and organized two new granges during the year—Naumkeag, No. 141, of Litchfield, and Pelham, No. 244, both under most favorable auspices.

Mr. Ryder is a Republican in politics and was elected supervisor by his town in 1894. He is married and has a son four years of age.

INSPIRATION.

By Fletcher Harper Swift.

I hear a voice come in the restless night ;
It speaks a tongue I can not understand.
I feel it calling,—where I do not know ;
In vain I strive to learn its strange demand.
The voice ne'er ceases through the watches still,
Its notes sound loud,—I can not understand ;
I wait,— for soon I know that there will come
Not mystic words alone, but guiding hand.

THROUGH NEW HAMPSHIRE WITH HAMMER AND PICK.

By Lizzie M. Clough.



BE practical or die, seems to be the motto of this bustling nineteenth century. There is no time to live slowly. But it is the fashion to study something, even though it be at a rattling pace. Perhaps the most practical part of the study of mineralogy, aside from its connection with mining and building, which will not come within the scope of this article, is the ability to name the ordinary rocks and minerals that are found in our vicinity, and to know their prominent characteristics. A mineral is a natural, inorganic, homogeneous body. A rock is an aggregate of minerals. There are about one hundred minerals in New Hampshire, but their combinations in the formation of rocks are many more in number. Only the commonest can be touched upon, for,

although it were easy to write a hundred pages on a subject with as many highways and byways as the science of mineralogy has, the task grows to be a very giant as the number of pages diminish.

In many sections of the state, immense ledges of rock catch the eye, that are studded thickly with long and narrow white crystals of feldspar. While the majority of these are from one to two inches in length, they are not infrequently several inches long, and sometimes so small as to be hardly noticeable. The bed-rock, or matrix, is gray and rugged, dark in hue, and forms an excellent background for the shining crystals. These masses are usually old and withered, often to such a degree that the feldspar is crumbling and may be rubbed to pieces in the fingers, but the hard and durable

setting, usually of quartz, serves to hold in place the softer feldspar. Sometimes a parallel arrangement of the white rectangles can be traced, but more often they are scattered haphazard in every direction. This rock is porphyritic gneiss, and marks the first spots of dry land in our little state after the waters that covered it ages ago began to subside. The largest continuous area stretches from Groton on the north to Fitzwilliam on the south. A smaller belt includes Bethlehem, Franconia, Lincoln, Woodstock, Thornton, and Campton. Small patches are scattered about in other sections. Subsequent upheavals and other phenomena have strewn fragments, small and large, of the same gneiss in every direction, so that it is one of the three commonest rocks in this part of New England. Granite is exactly the same rock as to composition, but there is no evidence of the stratification which is essential to gneiss.

A careless observer might readily conclude that, in those far-away times when glaciers sported with the solid earth on their way to the sea, and earthquakes and other lively phenomena stirred the very rocks into plastic masses, granite and gneiss fell to this part of the land to the exclusion of almost everything else, but this is not the case. The railway train often speed sthrough steep cuts with yawning mouths or jagged arms that seem to clutch at us as we fly by. Perhaps we catch the flash of mica. If upon examination the different constituents prove to be in plates, or laminæ, we may safely pronounce the rock a schist. Often the plates can be forced apart with

the hands. The principal ingredient gives the name, as mica, epidote, chlorite, quartz, or hornblende schist, but the mica schists are by far the commonest. Every grade is met with in New Hampshire, from those almost exclusively of mica to those composed mostly of quartz, *i. e.*, quartz schist. No rock is so rich in accessory minerals. Here are garnets in great abundance. Indeed, the pocket lens will descry tiny garnets in almost any piece of mica schist that is picked up. Crystals of magnetite in shining octahedrons, gleaming iron pyrites, long, smooth, cyanite blades, and fibrolite rectangles, black and lustrous hornblende, jetty tourmaline, soft, greasy talc, epidote, green and glassy, slate, gritty and with an odor of clay,—all this and much more is brought to light by a diligent digging in beds of this common rock.

Granite, gneiss, and schist, these are the commonest New Hampshire rocks. Of course the commonest *mineral* here, as everywhere, is quartz. Nine mineral collections out of ten owe their attractiveness to quartz, for no other one affords such varied forms, beautiful colorings, degrees of transparency, and wide range of distribution. Amethyst, Jasper, chalcedony, onyx, prase, carnelian, sard, agate, chrysoprase, cat's-eye, flint, bloodstone, and petrified wood, are all forms of quartz. The beautiful rose-tinted variety, highly prized by collectors, is known to every one in New Hampshire, as common at Acworth, Groton, Warren, Grafton, Rumney, and the White Mountains.

Great pride do New Hampshire mineralogists take in her beryls. No other part of the world has yielded

such large ones. An enormous crystal, weighing over a ton, was once excavated at Grafton. In the natural history rooms at Boston, one may be seen seventy-seven inches in diameter, also taken from Grafton. It has several strong hoops around it, for beryls, like tourmalines, are extremely brittle, and large ones are moved safely only with great care. The smallest are no larger than a pipe-stem. As a rule, the small crystals are the purest. Light green is the usual color, though brown, yellow, blue, and white ones are common. The botanist who suddenly sees at his feet a long-sought, rare flower, the artist before whose eyes all at once opens a beautiful natural picture, can understand the exultation with which a lover of fine minerals stoops to pick up for the first time one of the clear, blue-green beryls known as aquamarines.

It is a novel experience to a person living in a granite section of the state, to walk up to a man's door, as the writer has done, over a series of broad stones studded with the curious staurolite crystals. The stone itself is a silvery schist, and scattered through it haphazard are the long, diamond-ended crystals. Often two cross each other at right angles, forming crosses, and sometimes at an angle of 120° . The staurolites are much harder than the surrounding matrix, hence the schist weathers or decomposes first, the crosses drop out and are washed down the streams and roads, perhaps to the very foot of the seeker. Sometimes garnets have been pressed into the staurolites, and many crystals have the form of the staurolite and the composition, color, and hardness of the garnet. Is it a

pseudomorph or a gradation of one mineral into the other? The Connecticut valley is the most famous hunting-ground for staurolite seekers. Charlestown, Enfield, Franconia, and Claremont are noted localities. One ascends Green mountain, in Claremont, and may look about in vain for this staurolite schist until a certain point is reached, perhaps half way up the mountain. Then he may look in vain for anything else of any amount. Yet, on second thought, one more stone, abundant on this mountain, is of unusual interest. It belongs to the schist family—that prolific race—and is too handsome for the practical use that is made of it, underpinnings and walls. There is mica enough disseminated through it to give it shine and sparkle, and thickly dotted over the smooth surfaces are countless “eyes” or blotches. It is the bird's-eye maple of the rocks. A slab of this is no mean ornament to any cabinet.

In a certain thriving town of the north country, is a certain babbling brook. When the water is not too high, one may walk over a tessellated pavement, as it were, of radiated hornblende. For some distance, a considerable number of the boulders that line the edges of the brook, and many of the slabs that lie in its bed, present a surface of black and shining stars. While hornblende is one of the commonest of New Hampshire minerals, yet fine cabinet specimens do not as a rule lie around in our pathway, waiting to be picked up and trimmed for exhibition. But such is the case in this instance. Hornblende is an exceedingly tough mineral, our variety mostly black or green-black, and is found in many

different forms,—in disseminated grains, in feathery forms that stand out in bold relief sometimes from a softer bed-rock which has decomposed—forming cameos—in blots and patches on some light-colored rock, bladed, and in long, slender crystals penetrating the gangue like pins in a cushion. Lisbon and Warren abound in hornblende, also Exeter and Hanover, but one is liable to find it in any section of the state.

The mineral hunter in New Hampshire cannot go far without finding a yellow-green, shining substance, sometimes in fine, needle-like crystals, sometimes in green grains, coloring the boulders, often in glassy radiations filling cavities. This is epidote. At Warren there are large crystals, and it is there also intimately associated with hornblende. Indeed, one side of a rock is frequently epidote and the other hornblende. Very large crystals are found in a state of partial decomposition. In this condition, the glassy appearance is replaced by a dull, earthy, greenish-yellow color. Epidote is composed largely of silica, and is easily tested, although its physical characteristics usually serve to prove its identity.

There is a trio of minerals that must have made their appearance in the earth at one and the same time, so nearly alike are they. As sometimes happens with a triplet of brothers, one can not be distinguished from the other until a very close acquaintance is established. Cyanite, composed of silica and alumina, fibrolite, and andalusite made up of the same elements, form this group. Of exactly the same composition, chemical analysis falls powerless to aid in their

discrimination. But if the cyanite is not weathered too much, a heavenly blue color to the long, bladed crystals will identify it. If perfectly formed crystals can be found, a little comfort may be extracted from a close observation of these, as each mineral belongs to a different system of crystallization. The fact that one alters into another, and that every degree of the gradation is to be met with in our state is not of a nature to help in testing. Fibrolite is found about Concord in isolated boulders, and both fibrolite and cyanite are abundant at Lake Penacook.

The micas are too familiar to be dwelt upon. Aside from the prominent part in commerce which muscovite plays, there are few sections of the state in which the beauty of the rocks and ledges is not due to this bright constituent. Biotite, from the presence of iron, was of little practical use until electricity swept over the civilized world with revolutionary force, and appropriated it as one of her servants. The other micas are not abundant enough to be noticed. It would not be right in an enumeration of the common rocks of New Hampshire to omit our limestones, although we can by no means boast the amount and varieties of some other states. Our characteristic stone is granite, and its offspring gneiss, but along the Connecticut valley the rocks are impregnated with carbonate of lime, or calcite, forming limestone. It is an overflow, as it were, of the Vermont calcites or marbles, and if the boundary line of the two states had been drawn with strict regard to mineralogical features, it would have run a little to the east of the present limit. As it is, there are but few

towns in which pure and perfect calcite crystals are found. In Littleton and Lyman, good fossils have been obtained. The limestone is then not white but grayish. For marble, we are obliged to yield the palm to our sister state, Vermont. This term marble, by the way, is not a scientific name, but is loosely applied to any stone that admits of a fine polish. In most cases, however, it is a limestone. The beautiful onyx marbles that are used for trimmings in public buildings, and also cut for table tops, clocks, soda fountains, etc., are limestone, and not "onyx." Real onyx is a kind of quartz, and quite as hard as that mineral itself, hence could not be cut into so many forms, or if that were possible, it would be only at great expense. Any possessor of an onyx ring can satisfy himself of the difference in the two stones by trying each with the point of a knife.

An abundant mineral in this part of New England is talc, or soapstone. Without dwelling on the famous Franconia stone familiar to all, the pretty light green and radiated varieties should be mentioned. The soft, soapy feel of talc is due to magnesia, of which it is largely composed. Many hydrous mica schists have much the same oiliness, but this is owing to the combination of water and soft mica grains. Most mineral cabinets contain specimens of the delicately tinted, starry talc, but this is much commoner in some other parts of the United States than here. A trial with the thumb nail is usually sufficient to determine talc.

One other glory for fine specimens has New Hampshire besides beryl and garnets. Our granite, viewed

as a building stone, is staid and sober. Our quarries that give of their heart's best for fine monuments and walls, are fine grained and homogeneous, but their poor relations out in the open field,—the rough, coarse granites—rude in fracture, coarse in grain, in which no sculptor, however skilful, could see in his mind's eye a possibility of beauty, these are the strong boxes that open up to the mineralogist's chisel and hammer beautiful crystals of accessory minerals. Of all these, none are more perfectly formed, more splendid and clear, than the tourmalines. For an enthusiast to sit on the ground and see scattered around on all sides as the result of a blast, snow-white quartz filled with jet-black needles pointing in all directions, penetrating the hard matrix with as much apparent ease as if it were wax instead of flint, and to see the pure tourmalines in bunches like toads' backs, swelling with their own importance, but dying out in harmless spangles at the other end of the rock, and, on the other side, isolated bugles and beads gleaming now and then from the milky white, like flakes and plums in a delicate pudding—to see this all close at hand, and then to be suddenly overtaken by the thought that the specific gravity of rocks is something greater than that of most common things, and that at best, but a few pounds can be carried away,—whether this be heaven or hades is a question for the psychologist to decide.

Copper, iron, zinc, lead, arsenic, graphite, antimony, fluorite, and apatite are the commonest minerals in New Hampshire not already mentioned, and those who have time and

inclination to search for still other varieties that are with us, but in less abundance, have a rich field before them. Perhaps the greatest discouragement in the attempt to learn the names of common rocks arises from their weathering. For instance, it is an easy matter to learn to recognize hornblende pure. Hornblende weathered and crumbling, and perhaps half changed to chlorite, is not so simple a matter. Indeed, the alteration of rocks and minerals forms a study in itself, and there are often separate names for the different conditions of the same mineral, as saussurite, for decomposed feldspar.

It is possible to so collect, arrange, and label specimens that a printed book on the subject would not be easier to read. Great possibilities lie in a label. Locality means almost as much as the name of the specimen, but the name and locality are not the whole story that the bit of paper can be made to tell. All the names are useful. The chemical name is a hint to some and Greek to others. The colloquial name may enlighten one person but will be useless to another. For example, sphalerite, zinc sulphide, blende, "Black Jack," Haverhill, N. H. Any peculiarity or interesting characteristic, as iridescence, striation, inclusion of air bubbles, foreign incrustation, etc, can be indicated tersely but plainly. The mind of the reader will then read the tale as the electric spark leaps from one carbon point to the other, thus completing the circuit. We all know that peat is the first stage of the great coal formations, but every one does not stop to think that the nearest bog, the haunt of frogs and animalcules, may be also the birthplace

of one of the giants by whose aid men rule the world,—iron. New Hampshire is rich in the different conditions of iron, from the bog ore to magnetite. Bog ore, or limonite, becomes hematite or specular iron, after the elimination of the water. Some force, probably heat, expels a part of the oxygen from hematite, and magnetite is the result. Slight differences in the composition of these give rise to siderite, pyrrhotite, titanite, and other forms. One swamp will not show all these at once, but the shelf or drawer may.

Well arranged series convey valuable instruction, as peat (which is purely vegetable matter), lignite, bituminous coal, anthracite, and graphite (which is pure carbon). Another series branches off from bitumen to the diamond, also pure carbon. A series of hornblendes, not so valuable, but attractive from the tiny needles sprinkled through a mica schist, up the scale of size to the very large crystals which almost exclude mica and so form hornblende schist, may be found anywhere in the state. Series representing the relative hardness, fusibility, lustre, color, specific gravity and system of crystallization are of great use in determining specimens. These characteristics known, many can be named without resort to chemical analysis. Collections that are made to tell these stories of the hills in an interesting way are not so liable, when their first owners are done with them, to fall into that bottomless abyss known as oblivion.

Man is obliged to confess that he cannot cope with a science of such vast reach in time and space as this one of geology. It is a triumph of

matter over mind, as it were. But he may at least respectfully approach it. A piece of sandstone three inches square shows essentially the formation of a range a mile in extent. A curved and wrinkled schist four inches across proves that some powerful pressure was brought to bear upon it at some time, as conclusively as a whole ledge of the same rock in the field could do. A bit of feldspar allowed to break naturally cleaves off at as true an angle as the large boulder from a glacial flow. Two specimens of so common an object as quartz, one, of the tiny crystallized variety known as drusy, and the other, of those massive points many inches in length, say as plainly as words, "I had not time to fully develop myself and show what I am capable of. I cooled quickly and was wedged into a small space, so these tiny crystals are all I could form," and "I cooled slowly. I had plenty of room to stretch myself, as it were, and behold, my crystals are

clear as ether and perfect hexagons. My opportunities, were fine, and I made the most of them." Thus Mineralogy, the handmaiden, in a measure, may entice Geology, the monarch, into the small compass of a cabinet drawer, and hold him captive there.

There may be seen now, in the state library building at Concord, between two and three hundred specimens, the germ of what is intended to be a panorama in stone of the state of New Hampshire from Coös to the sea. "Instruction" is meant to be written in invisible letters on every label. Much time and thought have been spent in the arrangement of the collection, and the aim has been to so select and place the specimens that all who choose may glean a useful fact from each mineral. Every person who has opportunity is invited to contribute specimens from three to four inches across until all phases of the geology and mineralogy of New Hampshire have been faithfully represented.

GOOD BY AND WELCOME.

By Caroline M. Roberts.

The Summer leaves us for a while,
With promise fair to come again,
And bring her blossoms, fruit and grain—
The benediction of her smile.

The Autumn comes in Summer's place,
With regal step and royal state,—
With joy and gladness all elate,
And beauty gleaming in her face.

An artist comes at her command,
Inspired with more than mortal skill,
Who touches valley, plain, and hill,
With tints that glorify the land.

We hail the Autumn with a cry,
Of welcome and a fond caress,
Nor do we love the Summer less,
Though we have said a sad good by.

POLLY TUCKER.

By Annie J. Conwell.

CHAPTER III.



MONDAY night, Nov. 7.

I am glad to get up stairs to you to-night, for I take it for granted that you are interested in the progress of my dilemma. Well, I told Mother what Joe said, and asked her opinion without giving mine. She was much pleased, for she said that both she and Father looked favorably upon what they recognized as Joe's advances, but she had waited for me to say something to her about the matter. *Me* say something, indeed! Why! I thought he came to see Charlie!

She went on to say that if I could care for Joe, it would be a great satisfaction to her, as later I should be so near home. You see, the Mason farm joins ours, and marrying Joe would insure my being near Mother always. Mother spoke of that and of how much she and Father think of the farm and the pleasure it would give them to know that one of their children would live on at the old place when they are done with life. The land has never been owned by any but Tuckers, and was never deeded. She said further that Charlie is anxious to go away, and my own tastes had made her uneasy lest I should not take kindly to farm-life as a permanency; Joe is all that can be desired in a son-in-law, and she thought I should be happy when

once my mind was made up to settle down in a home of my own, even though it was in the country.

Although secretly rebellious, I was forced to acknowledge the truth of her remarks. I realized with a heavy heart that I ought to be happy in the country, for my place was there; that for a farmer's daughter, I had been given advantages which our neighbors' daughters had been denied. I say for a farmer's daughter. That does not mean such intellectual advantages as a city girl would have, for opportunities for culture are few and costly here. But my parents are fond of their home and satisfied with its advantages, so what right have I to let a few girlish fancies stand in the way of their happiness? They love me and would rejoice far more to see me the wife of a thrifty, honest farmer, with my home near them, than to see me the greatest lady in the land.

So partly from a sense of duty and partly from perplexity, I told Joe when he called last night, that if he cared for such half-hearted regard as I could give him, he was welcome to it; but that we were not to consider ourselves engaged, and there was to be no talk of marriage between us for a long time—perhaps not at all. I also told him what Mother had said to me, and the silly fellow was overjoyed. "I am thankful for so much,

Polly," he said, "and am willing to wait patiently for the love which I hope will some day be mine." I did not tell him so, but I expect the sort of half-promise to him will be a sure barrier against outside attractions, and so, you see, my wish is granted, and I'm going to be pleased, perhaps—sometime.

Thanksgiving night, Nov. 24, 1808.

What a long time has passed, dear friend, since I have been up here for a chat with you! I thought I would cultivate a more settled state of mind before I committed any more foolishness to paper. Sometimes I have been half tempted not to write any more, for I wondered if talking out discontent does not increase it, but I do not think it does in this case, for I have had all the ground to fight over every day, and the desire to rush off and spend a little time with you, besides.

Our house has been a very busy place for a week past, for we've been getting ready for Thanksgiving. Does n't that sound festive? I love all the holidays, but the general gathering of kindred on Thanksgiving is best of all. I have a pretty new gown which Mother has had finished for to-day. It is blue, with just no waist at all, for the belt is almost under my arms; the puffed sleeves are short and the neck square, and a little lace ruffle is gathered on the edge of each. When Father was in Riverside last week, he bought me a dainty pair of slippers with high, pointed heels. The skirt of my gown is short and scant, and shows my pretty shoes. I have never told you what I am like, have I? Well, your chatty friend is no beauty. She is

rather tall, very fair, with blue eyes, and a profusion of brown hair, which is held in place by a high back-comb. Can you see me now?

When I came down in all my new finery, Mother said, "Why child! how much you look like Sister Abigail!" She was one of the Perkins beauties, as they were called, and by some said to be the handsomest of them all.

Allowing for a mother's partiality for her only daughter, I still felt gratified that my looks gave her pleasure; for, like all girls, I enjoy having pretty clothes and like to feel that I look well in them.

All the relatives in Father's and Mother's families were at our house this year, for it was our turn to entertain. In a large family connection like ours, each of the older heads of families takes his turn as entertainer, so we had thirty guests to-day. First, they all went to the meeting-house to listen to the Thanksgiving sermon, then came here in company. I will tell you about the singing this morning, for it seemed to me unusually good. Our choir consists of some who sing and many who *used* to sing. To-day more sang and fewer wheezed than usual, and as the full chorus of voices rang out in "Mear," "Antioch," and "St. Martin's," the singers, as individuals, were lost to my view and they became to me only exponents of the music which they voiced. So when in closing, the congregation arose and joined in "Blest be the tie that binds," I sang from a full heart, each person there seeming in a new sense my neighbor. Only at the last verse did my voice falter and then from excess of feeling rather

than from lack of it. With a light heart and glistening eyes, I took my place in the vestibule to wait until Father should bring "old Jerry" to the door.

While I waited, Joe Mason came along and stood talking with me. I was ashamed to be conscious of an impatient feeling at sight of him. I had never felt so before and why should I now, of all times? When I thought my heart was full of the spirit of that dear old hymn, too!

Just then Father drove up and it was a very humble and conscience-stricken Polly who climbed into the chaise and rode silently home with him. We were a little in advance of the rest of the party; I was glad of that, as I had many things to attend to before dinner and in my hurry and the pleasure of greeting our friends, I quite forgot both vexation and self-abasement. The dinner was *fine*. Mother never makes mistakes in cooking; all her loaves are thoroughly baked and never burned; her pies, cakes, preserves, and pickles are sure to be just right; and as for meats,—they would n't dare to be tough or under-done under her management,—so our Thanksgiving feast was enjoyable and enjoyed.

We young people got together on one side of the table and a lively time we had while the sedate matrons exchanged recipes and condolences upon each other's aches and pains. The men were talking about heavy cattle and full barns, and presently I fell to wondering if this was what life had in store for me,—*only* this? "I cannot, cannot have it so," I thought, almost aloud,—when I heard my name called. Rousing myself, I found all eyes were fixed

upon me, while Emily Tucker was entertaining the youngsters with a description of my handsome escort of the day of the quilting.

I was provoked to feel myself blush, as I listened to their nonsense. One of the girls declared that she knew I was hiding something,—an engagement ring, very likely,—or I would never blush so. "How 'll Joe like that?" said our clumsy, blundering cousin, Eben Rand. "I saw him sparkin' you at the door the other night, and I kind o' thought he might hev somethin' to do with that ring business."

"If you are so anxious to know how Joe feels, you had better ask him," I replied, and fortunately for me, the company arose from the table just then. Cousin Emily and I cleared off the table, and Aunt Jane and Aunt Esther washed the dishes as we brought them out. When we girls had finished, we called the rest of the young people and away we went down to the barn to have a good time, while the older people did their visiting together.

We swung until we were tired, then one of the boys produced a rope and called for "Copenhagen." We had great sport, and just when the fun was at its height some one opened the barn door, and imagine our surprise when we looked up and discovered Mr. Ladd standing in the doorway.

CHAPTER IV.

He at once came towards us, hat in hand, and apologized for his intrusion. He said he was riding by the barn, when he heard shouts of laughter (I shouldn't wonder if we were rather noisy) just as his horse

stopped and utterly refused to take another step, so what could he do but dismount and see what was the matter? We laughed heartily at his lame excuse and the way in which it was made, but most of all at the wistful glances which he cast at our rope. All the party made him welcome, and Elizabeth invited him to join in the game, which he lost no time in doing. Indeed, he seized that rope as eagerly as if it were his only chance for happiness. After that, we were merrier than ever. Somehow all the girls got their fingers tapped by Mr. Ladd before the game was finished, for he seemed to have a hundred eyes and hands to match. It grew dusky in the barn long before we thought it ought to, and into the house we had to go, for there was a pretense of supper to go through before the evening fun could begin.

"I think I'll go along home now, if that horse of mine don't object," laughed Mr. Ladd, as he moved towards the door. "Suppose he will, Charlie?" "Well, I had no difficulty in getting him into the stable, but I don't believe you can get him out so early as this without trouble," replied Charlie. "I guess you had better leave him where he is, while you come with us up to the house."

"Yes, *do*," urged the crowd, and after a moment's hesitation he consented. I did not insist upon his staying, for I was afraid that I wanted him to too much. He went at once to Mother and apologized for intruding upon a strictly family gathering. He said, "I remember the husking and the temptation to repeat the delightful experiences of that evening

is not to be resisted. So here I am. You may scold me if you like, if you will forgive me afterwards and let me stay." Of course everybody laughed, and Mother and Father made him welcome. Indeed, how could they do anything else, when he stood there looking like nothing in the world so much as a spoiled child bent upon enjoying mischief which he had gotten into? I fancied they were pleased because he wanted to come, and I know they were glad to have such nice company to introduce to our friends. Supper was soon dispatched for dinner was a fact of too recent occurrence to be soon forgotten, so leaving the older women to look after the clearing up, we young ones adjourned to the parlor, where the spinnet is. We sang for an hour, heartily. Mr. Ladd joined in, sang every song, his fine tenor voice adding largely to the effect of our simple music.

We had just stopped singing when Abel Locke arrived with his fiddle, and we needed no other hint to repair to the kitchen for a dance by the firelight,—no other light being considered half so favorable to a general good time. Some of the younger cousins mustered courage to do their first dancing that night by our firelight's ruddy glow.

Such a jolly, happy set as we were! And, at the close, when Father took Aunt Jerusha, *his* aunt, out to dance, and Uncle Simon pranced down the centre with Mother, the shouting and laughter was enough to frighten anybody unused to hearty, country mirth.

At last, we could neither laugh nor dance any more, but were glad to drop into the nearest seat while apples, pop-corn, and sweet cider

went the rounds. Suddenly, some one discovered that the tall, old clock had stopped and that it was really eleven o'clock. The women rushed off for bonnets and wraps while the men brought the horses to the door, and a general leave-taking followed. Soon they went away, each one declaring that the very best Thanksgiving which he or she could remember.

Mr. Ladd claimed to have enjoyed himself more than anybody else, because he had not expected such a frolic and had no right to be there anyway. In fact, he confessed that he had ridden out after dinner to get away from some tiresome people who were visiting the Sherburnes.

He said he hardly thought his aunt had intended to grant him unlimited leave of absence when she excused him while she chatted with her friends, and he made a funny grimace when he hinted at the lecture which he knew was in store for him. But he didn't look penitent and he did look happy when he went away, and I know his presence among us gave great pleasure to all who were here.

When Father was locking up the house, he said, "Well, wife, I don't know when we have had such a real old-fashioned Thanksgiving; I kind o' think Mr. Ladd kept the ball rolling, don't you?" then as he opened the clock door,— "Why, Patience! these weights ain't half way down,—that clock never stopped without help, I know; strange!"—and he went off to bed wondering who stopped the clock.

To you I will confess that I think I know who did it—but then, too much should not be expected of a thoughtless young *Ladd*.

Monday, November 28.

Well, I've had my good time and have had to pay for it, too. Joseph Mason called here Sunday evening, and I soon saw that something was wrong with him. As soon as we were alone, he began. He said that he had heard from various sources of our Thanksgiving jollification and of Mr. Ladd's presence at it and he thought it more than strange that he had not been invited, when he was almost one of the family, while a stranger was made welcome. Wasn't I the same as engaged to him and what did I mean, anyway, by letting that city chap dangle 'round after me as I did? I was too angry to explain the facts of the case to him,—more angry than I can tell. At last I found sufficient voice to declare that I was not engaged to him,—that the most I had ever promised was to try to think favorably of what he had said to me, but he knew as well as I did that I was not engaged to him.

"I know what the matter is," Joe retorted, "that Ladd has made all the trouble. I should n't have spoken to you quite so soon if he had n't appeared, and been so bewitched by you at the husking; I knew then that unless I got some sort of a promise from you soon, I never should. Now you know the whole story, and can make what you like of it."

"Very well," I replied, "I make this of it: Your jealousy of a little polite attention to me from a stranger, led you into the great blunder of asking me to marry you and now you have blundered still more by telling me all this. You are not bound to me at all, please remember,—you are quite free to seek some more tracta-

ble damsel,—some one who will enjoy being scolded for nothing. *I* do n't, so I'll bid you good-night;" and away I went to bed and left him to get out of the house the best way he could. I heard him tramp up and down the kitchen for half an hour or more, then he went out and slammed the door.

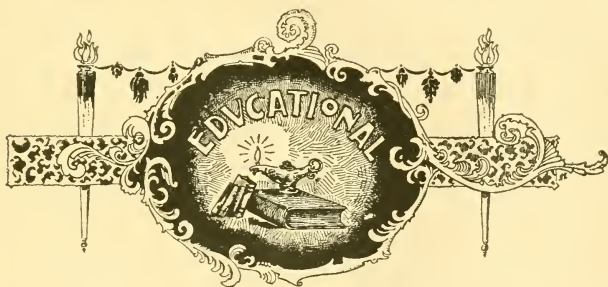
I haven't told mother yet, for I dread to. She will be disappointed, I know, but for myself, I am glad to

be free from that shadow of a promise. I did think everything of Joe as a friend and comrade, but when I tried to regard him as a lover, he was almost disagreeable to me.

I just wish I could put things back on their old footing before Joe foolishly wished to be to me what he cannot.

I do n't want him for a lover, but I do miss my friend.

[To be continued.]



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

THE RURAL SCHOOL PROBLEM.¹

By Dr. C. C. Rounds, formerly of Plymouth Normal School.

The rural school problem we seem fated to have always with us, and throughout the country it remains essentially the same. Here, one attempt has been made at its solution, and there, another, but these attempts have rarely been made from any comprehensive view of the conditions essential to a complete reform. In educational conventions or discussion, it is seldom that

the rural school has had directly a voice. Cities and the larger towns have gone on improving their schools as concentration of wealth and of intelligence have made such improvement possible, while in many cases the rural school of to-day meets the demand of its time less efficiently than did the school of a generation ago; consequently, the differences in culture between city and coun-

¹ An address delivered before the American Institute of Instruction at Bethlehem, 1896, and published in No. 1 of *Nature and Human Nature Series*.

try have widened, and these differences in educational conditions and possibilities are among the chief causes of the decadence of the country town.

The statement, "as is the teacher, so is the school," has a large measure of truth, yet the best teacher may be handicapped by unfavorable conditions. Nevertheless, the first necessity is for good teachers. How shall these be obtained? Although the normal school has been doing its work for more than a half century, and has done it well, but a very small proportion of the rural schools have trained teachers. Were the school year as long, the salary of the teacher as large, the other conditions as favorable in the school of the country as in that of the town, the case would be different; but to wait for all these changes is to sacrifice another generation. As conditions now are, we can no more expect graduates from complete courses in the normal schools to give their lives to the rural schools than we can expect graduates from four-year courses in the agricultural colleges to settle down on New England farms.

These facts are well known, and various attempts have been made to meet them. There is the teachers' institute of one, two, or three days. These give a certain amount of inspiration. Illumination is needed. There is the summer school of two or three weeks. This accomplishes more, but its influence, too brief at the best, reaches but few of the vast number that need its uplifting. In the West, the summer normal institute of four to six weeks, specially planned for the country school teacher, carries the work further, and as the time is lengthened more definite good will result. Yet this is not enough by far. An agency

is needed intermediate between the brief convention or institute and the normal school, with its two or four years' course, so far beyond the reach of the majority of rural school teachers. What shall it be?

Several facts must be kept in mind in the solution of the problem: 1. A large proportion of the teachers of rural schools cannot afford the time and expense of a two years' course in a normal school. 2. The receipts from employment in the rural school under present conditions do not remunerate one for the expense of a normal school course. This is a simple matter of business, and sentiment will not change the facts. 3. Other conditions remaining the same, the attendance at a school is at an inverse ratio to the distance between school and home. This is especially true for a short course.

To meet these conditions, there is needed a normal training school with a short course of one-half year, the usual length of one term at the existing state normal schools. If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. This should be a normal school on wheels,—one half year in one place, then changing to another. The place, a village which will give over its schools to this normal training school for the term, for model and practice schools. All attempts to prepare teachers for the work of the school-room without training in teaching is a delusion and a snare. These training schools, organized as primary schools in one room and as grammar schools in another, will show and teach what can be done with schools in the simplest form of gradation. All the grades should be, for a part of the course, brought together to illustrate the work of the one-teacher school, such work as in the un-

graded school can and should be done. Such a school would have its regular faculty of two or three teachers, whose work would extend through a complete school year.

This the general organization,—what the work? Simple treatment of matter essential to good teaching would be grounded on the simple principles of psychology and ethics. Not attempting to sound the depths of philosophy, essentials may be taught and comprehended, and teaching thus grounded upon fundamental truths of human experience may come into the spirit and method of Him who taught as one having authority and not as the scribes. Deficiencies in education would be supplemented by sound teaching; principles of teaching and of school management would be taught and illustrated. Many might learn to do well what they had never done at all; most would learn to do better what they had done poorly. From these schools would come many students for fuller courses of training and a wider usefulness.

Some work of this kind must be done. A larger and richer country life must be made possible. Country and city conjoined make up the nation, and though mutually dependent, there is a large measure of truth in a recent statement, "burn the city and leave the country, and the city will be rebuilt; destroy the country, and the city must perish."

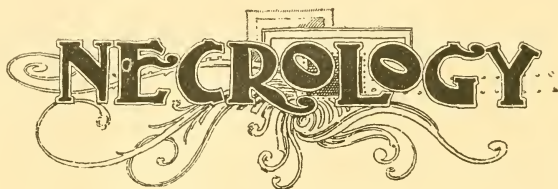
From country to town, the tide of humanity is constantly flowing, as rivers flow to the sea. The ancient Russians held it highly criminal to pollute the waters; we poison the stream from source to mouth. Let us take good care that this other stream flow as strong and pure as human agency can make it.

The better teacher in the rural school will call for a larger school and better conditions of organization, equipment, and supervision, and all these will call for more money. This additional burden must not be laid upon the country town. Often these towns tax themselves to sustain poor schools fourfold what the city finds necessary for its complete system. A higher tax would drive all movable capital from the town, and thus complete its ruin. We have passed from the district to the town as the smallest unit of organization and administration. The state must become in larger measure than now the unit for support; there must be a wider assertion of the principle that the property of the state must be held for the education of the children of the state. Not only on broad humanistic grounds, but on grounds of political expediency, we are all in a sense the keeper, not only of our brothers, but of our brothers' children.

What shall we pass on to the next generation? Not merely our wit and literature, not merely accumulations of wealth, but the boys and girls of to-day, the men and women who will make the America of the twentieth century. According to the character of this product of our time, must the nation rise or fall. Journeying through the wide extent of our undeveloped country and noting the immense expanse over which the forces of sun and air are still at play, the undeveloped forces still latent in the soil, waterfalls still content with beauty, the imagination in vain tries to grasp the boundless possibilities of the future. The loss and waste from failure to educate is greater, beyond all comparison greater, than these; for this loss is a failure to develop centres of spiritual forces which underlie, which

organize, direct, and control all else. "The average intellect of the present day is not equal to the problems presented to it." The vast majority of the people do not rise above the condition of intellectual mediocrity. When we note in any department of effort what one strong, well-trained mind has contributed to the life and thought and

action of its time, what a centre of force it has become, what permanent contribution it has made to the resources of humanity, and compare this with the vast procession that merely moves on through its allotted course, and leaves no sign, we may appreciate the work which must be done, and done *now*.



MRS. ALICE A. DOW.

Mrs. Alice A. Dow, of whose busy and helpful life a sketch recently appeared in another department of this magazine, died at Haverhill, Mass., November 8. She was a native of Portsmouth and married, in 1878, Hon. Moses B. Dow of Plaistow. She was, at the time of her death, Worthy Pomona of the state grange, and was also active and prominent in church, temperance, and village improvement work.

DR. NATHANIEL DORMAN.

Nathaniel Dorman, M. D., was born in Kennebunk, Me., Nov. 2, 1804, and when four years of age his father was lost at sea, leaving his wife with several small children and without means of support. Nathaniel was energetic, early manifesting a love for study, and, relying on his own resources, worked his way through Bowdoin college, taking a course of medical lectures at Dartmouth college after his graduation. He then settled at Alton, where he practised his profession for 30 years. In 1837, he was appointed postmaster, and was honored with many positions of trust. He brought up nine children, none being his own. In 1867, he moved to Rochester, with a view to retiring from practice. On the morning of October 22, he was found dead in bed, having retired in his usual health.

J. Y. SCRUTON.

J. Y. Scruton was born in Farmington in 1821, but resided during most of his life in Lewiston, Me., where he died November 15. For more than 40 years, he had been a prominent clothing dealer, and for eight years had been president of the First National bank, having been connected with it since its organization.

REV. BENJAMIN RUSS.

Rev. B. K. Russ died at Gorham as the result of a paralytic shock November 10. He was born at Salem, June 17, 1834, and graduated at Tufts college and divinity school. For 20 years he held a pastorate at Somerville, Mass.

DR. G. H. LARABEE.

George H. Larabee, M. D., was born at Bradford, Vt., 56 years ago, and died at Suncook October 31. He fitted for the practice of his profession at the Bowdoin and Harvard Medical colleges, and served during the war as assistant surgeon with the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. In 1865, he came to Suncook where he had since resided, a most useful and highly esteemed citizen. Outside of his profession, he was prominent in Masonry and had represented his town in the legislature as a Republican.

PROF. H. E. PARKER.

Prof. Henry E. Parker was born in Keene, April 17, 1821, and died in Boston, November 7. His father was Elijah Parker, who was a well-known lawyer in that part of the state. He received his early education at Kimball Union academy at Meriden, after which he went to Dartmouth, where he graduated in 1841. He next attended Union Theological seminary, New York, and from 1857 to 1869 he was pastor of the South Congregational church at Concord, with the exception of a year and a half which he spent at the front as chaplain of the Second N. H. Volunteers. In the fall of 1869, he returned to Dartmouth college as professor of Latin, a position which he held over 21 years, and at the time of his death he held the rank of professor *emeritus*. As professor of Latin, there were few instructors in this country who were his equals. His translations were marvellous for their beauty and purity of English. As a man, his influence on Dartmouth life was specially marked, and his retirement from the institution was greatly felt.

H. B. MARDEN.

Harrison Brown Marden of Plymouth, the veteran stage driver, and one of the best known men in New Hampshire, died November 3, aged 75. He was a native of Allenstown, and, in 1839, began his career as a stage driver, and only left it in 1890. He had driven from every principal station on the line of the old Boston, Concord & Montreal railroad between Concord and the Fabyan house. He became the owner, in 1858, of the Franconia Notch & Pemigewasset Valley stage line, and drove on that system until the railroad was extended as far as North Woodstock. After this, he managed the line between the latter place and the Profile House until he sold out to the Concord & Montreal railroad some five years ago.

REV. A. H. QUINT.

Alonzo Hall Quint was born in Barnstead, March 22, 1828, and died suddenly in Boston, November 4. He was graduated at Dartmouth in 1846, and at Andover Theological seminary in 1852, was the first pastor of the Mather church,

Jamaica Plain from 1853 to 1863; New Bedford, 1864-'75; Allston, 1886-'90; was secretary of the Massachusetts General Association of Congregational Churches from 1856 till 1881, and of the National Council of Congregational Churches of the United States from 1871 till 1883, and its moderator, 1892-'95. At the time of his death, he had been a trustee of Dartmouth college for many years.

In 1861-'64, he was chaplain of the second Massachusetts Infantry. He served in the New Hampshire legislature in 1881-'83. Dartmouth gave him the degree of D. D. in 1866. Dr. Quint was a member of many historical and genealogical societies, and served on the Massachusetts board of education from 1855 till 1861.

He was, from 1859 till 1876, an editor and a proprietor of the *Congregational Quarterly*, contributed numerous articles to the *Dover Inquirer*, and was the author of "The Potomac and the Rapidan, or Army Notes from the Failure at Winchester to the Reinforcement of Rosecrans," (Boston) 1864, and "The Record of the Second Massachusetts Infantry, 1861-'65" (1875), and the "First Parish in Dover, N. H." (1883). For twenty-five years, he was secretary of the Massachusetts General Association of Congregational churches, and its moderator in 1865 and 1882. He was chairman of the business committee of the national council of 1865; was chairman of the committee to call a convention of delegates in 1870, to form a national council of the Congregational churches of the United States; was chairman of the committee to draft its constitution; was temporary presiding officer at the national council, which met at Oberlin, O., in 1871, and was chosen secretary of the council for three years, and was continued by re-elections. He edited "The Congregational Year-Book" for many years.

Dr. Quint preached the last sermon given in the old Brattle Square church before the Massachusetts convention of Congregational ministers: he also preached the election sermon by election of the Massachusetts house of representatives in 1865. He officiated as chaplain at the dedication of the soldiers' monument on the Boston Common.

CAPT. THOMAS MORRISON.

Capt. Thomas Morrison died suddenly at Danversport, Mass., November 9, aged 73 years. He was born in Manchester, December 26, 1823, and at an early age went to New Bedford and engaged in the whale fishery, where he soon rose to the position of master. He retired at an early age with a comfortable fortune, but moved West, and soon engaged in a large lumber business. For sixteen years, he was mayor of Florence, Kan., and for two years, mayor of Emporia, Kan., where he lived before moving to Florence. He was a stanch, life-long Republican, and was always found in the front ranks of workers to promote Republican interests

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.—The editor of this magazine is indebted to Mr. W. L. Metcalf for the photographs of Glen Falls and Bird's-eye View of Marlborough, used in illustrating "A Sketch of Marlborough."

DATE DUE

A fine of **Two Cents** will be charged for each day the book is kept overtime.

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